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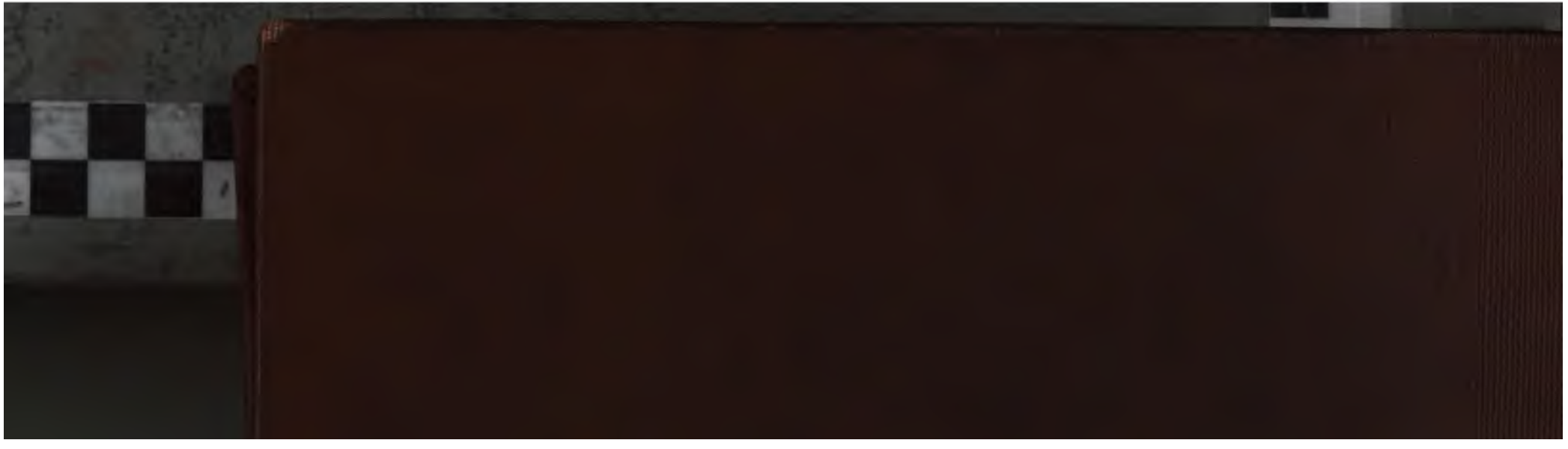

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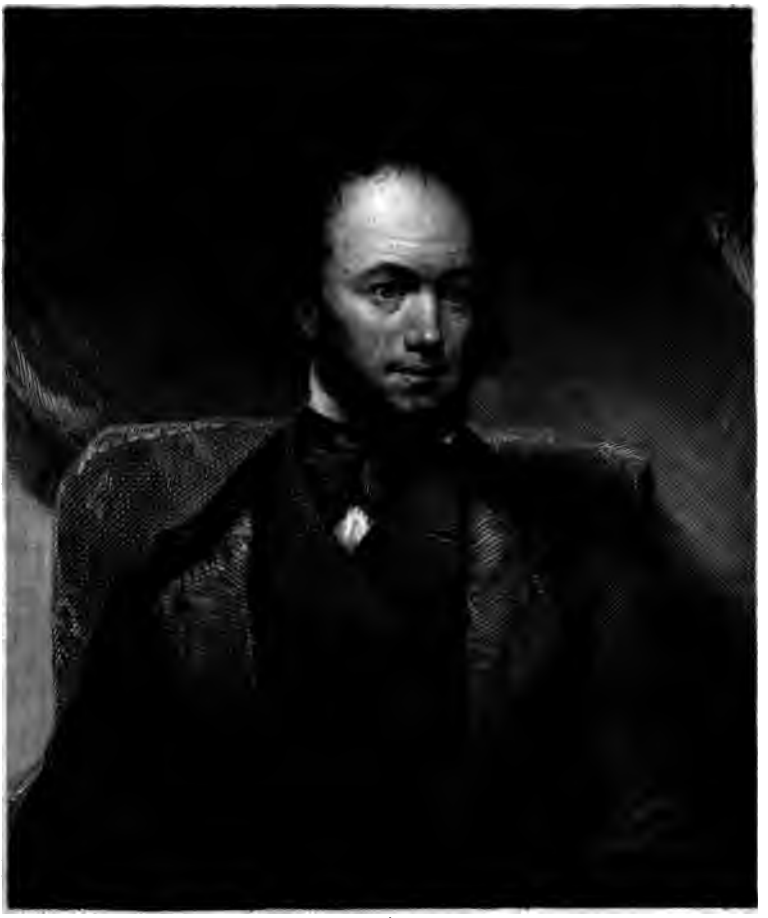

Rufus W. Griswold

THE

FEMALE POETS

OF

AMERICA.

BY RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

I AM OBNOXIOUS TO EACH CARPING TONGUE
THAT SAYS MY HAND A NEEDLE BETTER FITS;
A POET'S PEN ALL SCORN I THUS SHOULD WRONG,
FOR SUCH DESPITE THEY CAST ON FEMALE WITS.....
BUT SURE THE ANTIQUE GREEKS WERE FAR MORE MILD,
ELSE OF OUR SEX WHY FEIGNED THEY THOSE NINE.
AND POESY MADE CALLIOPE'S OWN CHILD?—
SO MONGST THE REST THEY PLACED THE ARTS DIVINE.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS: By Anne Bradstreet. *Boston*, 1640.

Second Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
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(SUCCESSOR TO E. L. CAREY,)
No. 7 HARTS BUILDINGS, SIXTH STREET ABOVE CHESTNUT.
1854.

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NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In the present edition, the preface is augmented, and a few typographical errors are corrected. The suddenness with which it is called for prevented any other alterations.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. Jacob Little,

WHOSE KNOWLEDGE AND TASTE IN THE BEST LITERATURES,
WILL GUIDE HER TO A JUST ESTIMATE OF ITS CONTENTS.
AS ILLUSTRATIONS OF
THE GENIUS, CULTURE, AND CHARACTER OF HER COUNTRYWOMEN.

PREFACE.

less easy to be assured of the genuineness of literary ability in women men. The moral nature of women, in its finest and richest develop- irtakes of some of the qualities of genius; it assumes, at least, the simili- that which in men is the characteristic or accompaniment of the highest f mental inspiration. We are in danger, therefore, of mistaking for the ent energy of creative intelligence, that which is only the exuberance nal "feelings unemployed." We may confound the vivid dreamings of tisfied heart, with the aspirations of a mind impatient of the fetters of d matter, and mortality. That may seem to us the abstract imagining ul rapt into sympathy with a purer beauty and a higher truth than earth ce exhibit, which in fact shall be only the natural craving of affections, ed and wandering. The most exquisite susceptibility of the spirit, and acity to mirror in dazzling variety the effects which circumstances or ding minds work upon it, may be accompanied by no power to origi- or even, in any proper sense, to reproduce. It does not follow, because st essential genius in men is marked by qualities which we may call e, that such qualities when found in female writers have any certain or lation to mental superiority. The conditions of æsthetic ability in the es are probably distinct, or even opposite. Among men, we recognise ure as the most thoroughly artist-like, whose most abstract thoughts still a sensuous cast, whose mind is the most completely transfused and in- ated into his feelings. Perhaps the reverse should be considered the true art in woman, and we should deem her the truest poet, whose emo- re most refined by reason, whose force of passion is most expanded and lled into lofty and impersonal forms of imagination. Coming to the duty icism, however, with something of this antecedent skepticism, I have ed the collection of works which my task brought before me, with fre- admiration and surprise; and leaving to others the less welcome task of ng pretensions, which must inspire interest, if they can not command scence, I content myself with expressing, affirmatively, my own con- , that the writings of Mrs. Maria Brooks, Mrs. Oakes-Smith, Mrs.

Osgood, Mrs. Whitman, and some others here quoted, illustrate as high and sustained a range of poetic art, as the female genius of any age or country can display. The most striking quality of that civilization which is evolving itself in America, is the deference felt for women. As a point in social manners, it is so pervading and so peculiar, as to amount to a national characteristic; and it ought to be valued and vaunted as the pride of our freedom, and the brightest hope of our history. It indicates a more exalted appreciation of an influence that never can be felt too deeply, for it never is exerted but for good. In the aosence from us of those great visible and formal institutions by which Europe has been educated, it seems as if Nature had designed that resources of her own providing should guide us onward to the maturity of civil refinement. The increased degree in which women among us are taking a leading part in literature, is one of the circumstances of this augmented distinction and control on their part. The proportion of female writers at this moment in America, far exceeds that which the present or any other age in England exhibits. It is in the West, too, where we look for what is most thoroughly native and essential in American character, that we are principally struck with the number of youthful female voices that soften and enrich the tumult of enterprise, and action, by the interblended music of a calmer and loftier sphere. Those who cherish a belief that the progress of society in this country is destined to develop a school of art, original and special, will perhaps find more decided indications of the infusion of our domestic spirit and temper into literature, in the poetry of our female authors, than in that of our men. It has been suggested by foreign critics, that our citizens are too much devoted to business and politics to feel interest in pursuits which adorn but do not profit, and which beautify existence but do not consolidate power: feminine genius is perhaps destined to retrieve our public character in this respect, and our shores may yet be far resplendent with a temple of art which, while it is a glory of our land, may be a monument to the honor of the sex.

The American people have been thought deficient in that warmth and delicacy of taste, without which there can be no genuine poetic sensibility. Were it true, it were much to be regretted that we should be wanting in that noble capacity to receive pleasure from what is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art—in that venerating sense—that prophetic recognition—that quick, intense perception, which sees the divine relations of all things that delight the eye or kindle the imagination. One endowed with an apprehension like this, becomes purer and more elevated, in sentiment and aspiration, after viewing an embodi-

f any such conception as that specimen of genius materialized, the Bel-
Apollo, "at the aspect of which," says Winckelmann, "I forget all the
se: I involuntarily assume the most noble attribute of my being in order
worthy of its presence." I shall not inquire into the causes of the denial
is fine instinct exists among us. The earlier speculations upon the sub-
y Depaw and others, were deemed of sufficient importance to be an-
l by the two of our presidents who have been most distinguished in
ire and philosophy: but they have been repeated, in substance, by De
ieville, who had seen, or might have seen, the works of Dana, Bryant,
k, Longfellow, and Whittier; of Irving, Cooper, Kennedy, Hawthorne,
illis; of Webster, Channing, Prescott, Bancroft, and Legaré; of Allston,
, Leutze, Huntington, and Cole; of Powers, Greenough, Crawford,
nger, and Brown. Such prejudices, which could not be dispelled by the
ns of these men, will be little affected by anything that could be offered
yet to an understanding guided by candor, the additional display of a
of literature like the present, exhibiting so pervading an *aspiration* after
autiful—under circumstances, in many cases, so little propitious to its
—and in a sex which in earlier ages has contributed so sparingly to high
will come with the weight of cumulative testimony.

eral persons are mentioned in this volume whose lives have been no
ys of leisure: those, indeed, who have not in some way been active in
al duties, are exceptions to the common rule. One was a slave—one a
tic servant—one a factory girl: and there are many in the list who had
ier time to give to the pursuits of literature but such as was stolen from
al and industrious housewifery, from the exhausting cares of teaching, or
ful repose of sickness. These illustrations of the truth, that the muse is
pecter of conditions, are especially interesting in a country where, though
ty is an axiom, it is not a reality, and where prejudice reverses in the
ation all that theory has affirmed in words. The propriety of bringing
the world compositions produced amid humble and laborious occupa-
has been vindicated by Bishop Potter, with so much force and elegance,
introduction to the Poems of Maria James, that I regret that the limits
preface forbid my copying what I should wish every reader of this book
acquainted with.

en I completed "The Poets and Poetry of America," a work of which
ublic approval has been illustrated in the sale of ten large editions, I
mined upon the preparation of the present volume, the appearance of

which has been delayed by my interrupted health. I must be permitted, however, to congratulate with the public, that since my intention was announced and known, others have relieved me from the responsibility of singly executing that which I had been hardy enough singly to plan and propose. Their merits may compensate for my deficiencies. The first volume of this nature which appeared in this country, was printed in Philadelphia in 1844, under the title of "Gems from American Female Poets, with brief biographies, by Rufus W. Griswold." As Mr. T. B. Read, in his "Female Poets of America," (it is Mr. Read's *publisher* who declares, in the advertisement to this work, that "the biographical notices which it contains have been prepared in *every instance* from facts either within his personal knowledge, or communicated to him directly by the authors or their friends,") and Miss C. May, in her "American Female Poets," (in the preface to which she acknowledges a resort to "printed authorities,") have done me the honor to copy that slight performance with only a too faithful closeness, I owe them apologies for having led them into some errors of fact. Both of them, transcribing from the "Gems," speak of Mrs. Mowatt as the daughter of "the late" Mr. Samuel Gouverneur Ogden: I am happy to contradict the record, by stating that Mr. Ogden still enjoys in health and vigor the honors of living excellence. Mr. Read, reproducing my early mistake, has given Mrs. Hall the Christian name of Elizabeth, and the birthplace of Boston. Nothing but the extraordinary haste with which the trifling volume of 1844 was put together, could excuse my ignorance that the name of the authoress of "Miriam" was Louisa Jane, and that she was a native of Newburyport. In one or the other of these volumes are many more errors, for which I confess myself solely responsible: but it would be tedious to point them out, while it would be scarcely necessary to do so, as they will undoubtedly be corrected, from the present work, should the volumes referred to attain to second editions.

It is proper to state that a large number of the poems in this volume are now for the first time printed. Many authors, with a confidence and kindness which are justly appreciated, not only placed at my disposal their entire printed works, but gave me permission to examine and make use of their literary MSS. without limitation.

New York, *December*, 1848.

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ANNE BRADSTREET.

the works of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, of one and daughter of another of the ear- vernors of Massachusetts, we have illus- ns of a genius suitable to grace a dis- province while the splendid creations enser and Shakspere were delighting netropolis. A comparison of the pro- ons of this celebrated person with those ady Juliana Berners, Elizabeth Melvill, 'ountess of Pembroke, and her other pred- ors or contemporaries, will convince the ious critic that she was superior to any of her sex who wrote in the English age before the close of the seventeenth ary.

e was born in 1613, while her father, nas Dudley — who had been educated in amily of the Earl of Northampton, and served creditably with the army in Flan- — was steward to the Earl of Lincoln, in h situation he remained with a brief in- ption from twelve to sixteen years, and hich he appears to have been succeeded Ir. Simon Bradstreet, of Emanuel Col- — subsequently for a short time steward e Countess of Warwick — who in 1629 ied the future poetess, then about six- years of age, and in the following year with the Dudley family and other non- rmists to New England.

does not appear that Mrs. Bradstreet written anything, which has been print- efore her arrival in America. Here was pleted her education, under the care of her and, and his friends among the learned who then presided over the society of bridge and Boston; and by her experi- and observation in this country nearly er poems seem to have been suggested. first collection of them was printed at on, in 1640, under the title of "Several ns, compiled with great variety of Wit Learning, full of delight; wherein espe- y is contained a compleat Discourse and cription of the Four Elements, Constitu- s, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year, ther with an exact Epitome of the Three t Monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian; and the beginning of the Roman Commonwealth to the end of their last King; with divers other Pleasant and Serious Poems: By a Gentlewoman of New England." In 1650 this volume was reprinted in London, with the additional title of "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America;" and in 1678 a second American edition came from the press of John Foster, of Boston, "corrected by the author, and enlarged by the addition of several other poems found among her papers after her death."

The writer of the preface to the first edition, who was probably her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, of Andover, says: "Had I opportunity but to borrow some of the author's wit, 't is possible I might so trim this curious work with such quaint expressions as that the preface might bespeak thy further perusal; but I fear 't will be a shame for a man that can speak so little, to be seen in the titlepage of this woman's book, lest by comparing the one with the other the reader should pass his sentence that it is the gift of the woman not only to speak most but to speak best. I shall have therefore to commend that, which with any ingenious reader will too much commend the author, unless men turn more peevish than women and envy the inferior sex. I doubt not but the reader will quickly find more than I can say, and the worst effect of his reading will be unbelief, which will make him question whether it can be a woman's work, and ask, 'Is it possible?' If any do, take this as an answer, from him that dares avow it: It is the work of a woman, honored and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanor, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more than so, these poems are the fruit but of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments. . . . This only I shall annex: I fear the displeasure of no person in publishing these poems, but the author, without whose knowledge and contrary to whose ex

pectation I have presumed to bring to public view what she resolved in such a manner should never see the sun."

It is evident, from some lines upon it by Mrs. Bradstreet, that Spenser's Faery Queen was not unknown in Massachusetts, but the fashionable poet of that period was Du Bartas,* translations of whose works, in cumbrous quartos and folios, were read by every person in the country pretending to taste or piety, though they seem to have evinced little genius and still less religion. Among the verses prefixed to Mrs. Bradstreet's volume are some by Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, the witty author of The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, who, puzzled by a comparison of his heroine with the recognised model of the age, declares that—

Mercury showed Apollo Bartas' book,
Minerva this, and wished him well to look
And tell uprightly which did which excel:
He viewed and viewed, and vowed he could not tell.

But Mrs. Bradstreet herself was more modest, and, in the prologue to one of her longer pieces, says—

But when my wondering eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugared lines do but read o'er,
Fool! I do grudge the muses did not part
'Twixt him and me their overfluent store.
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will—
But simple I, according to my skill.

The "copies of verses" which are prefixed to these poems are curious, not only as indicating the position of the author and her associations, but as illustrative of the taste and culture of the time in the city which still claims to be our literary capital. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate of Harvard college, exclaims—

Now I believe Tradition, which doth call
The muses, virtues, graces, females all;
Only they are not nine, eleven, nor three—
Our authoress proves them but one unity.

And further on, to his own sex—

In your own arts confess yourselves outdone—
The moon doth totally eclipse the sun:
Not with her sable mantle muffling him,
But her bright silver makes his gold look dim.

The learned and pious John Norton, w declared this "peerless gentlewoman" to "the mirror of her age and glory of her se said in a funeral ode that could Virgil h her works he would condemn his own to fire, and that—

Praise her who list, yet he shall be a debtor,
For art ne'er feigned, nor nature formed, a bet
Her virtues were so great, that they do raise
A work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise;
When, as her name doth but salute the ear,
Men think that they Perfection's abstract hear.
Her breast was a brave palace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet;
Where Nature such a tenement had ta'en
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane.
Beneath her feet pale Envy bites the chain,
And poisoned Malice whets her sting in vain.
Let every laurel, every myrtle bough,
Be stripped for leaves t' adorn and load her brow
Victorious wreaths, which, for they never fade,
Wise elder times for kings and poets made.
Let not her happy memory e'er lack
Its worth in Fame's eternal almanac,
Which none shall read but straight their loss deplo
And blame their fates they were not born before
Do not old men rejoice their dates did last,
And infants too that theirs did make such haste,
In such a welcome time to bring them forth
That they might be a witness to her worth?

Dr. Cotton Mather in the Magnalia allude to her works as a "monument to her mem ory beyond the stateliest marble;" and John Rogers, one of the presidents of Harvard col lege, addressed to her one of the finest poem written in this country before the Revolution in which he says:—

Your only hand those poesies did compose; [flow
Your head, the source whence all those springs d
Your voice, whence change's sweetest notes arose
Your feet, that kept the dance alone, I trow;
Then veil your bonnets, poetasters, all:
Strike lower amain, and at these humbly fall,
And deem yourselves advanced to be her pedesta

Should all with lowly congees laurels bring,
Waste Flora's magazine to find a wreath,
Or Pineus' banks, 't were too mean offering.
Your muse a fairer garland doth bequeath
To guard your fairer front; here 't is your name
Shall stand immarbled; this—your little frame—
Shall great Colossus be to your eternal fame.

These praises run into hyperbole, and prove perhaps, that their authors were more gal lant than critical; but we perceive from Mrs Bradstreet's poems that they are not desti tute of imagination, and that she was thor oughly instructed in the best learning of he age; and from the general and profound re gret manifested on the occasion of her death

* William de Salluste du Bartas, the most celebrated French poet of his age, was born in 1544, and died in 1590. He was the friend and companion-in-arms of Henri IV., and wrote a canticle upon his victory of Yvri. His works were nearly all, by various hands, translated into English, and one of them, "Gullelmi Sallusti Bartassii, Hebdomas," etc., passed through more than thirty editions in six years. The translation which was probably best known in this country is that of Sylvester, published in London, in a thick folio, in 1632.

y believe she was personally deserv-
unusual respect.

husband was frequently absent from
ne, upon official duties, and several
which she addressed to him in these
have the fervor and simplicity of the
st passion. In one of them she says:

two were one, then surely we;
man were loved by wife, then thee;
wife were happy in a man,
e with me, ye women, if ye can.

nother, apostrophizing the sun:

, make haste—the day 's too long—begone!
nt night's the fittest time for moan.
r, this once—unto my suit give ear—
l my griefs in either hemisphere:
y swift career thou canst make stay,
this boon, this errand, by the way:
nd me to the man, more loved than life:
im the sorrows of his widowed wife;
he love, how can he there abide?
rest 's more than all the world beside....
n the countless steps that thou dost trace
ce a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace,
en thou canst not meet by loving mouth,
ys afar salute her from the south;
one month, I see no day, poor soul!
ne far situate beneath the pole,
day by day long wait for thy arise—
they joy when thou dost light the skies!
n I would say more, but can not well;
séd minds abruptest tales do tell.
art with double speed, mark what I say,
our loves conjure him not to stay!

he prospect of death:

oon, my dear, death may my steps attend,
oon 't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,
th are ignorant; yet love bids me
farewell lines to recommend to thee,
hen that knot's untied that made us one,
seem thine, who in effect am none.
I see not half my days that's due,
Nature would, God grant to yours and you;
any faults that well you know I have,
interred in my oblivious grave;
worth or virtue is in me,
at live freshly in my memory;
hen thou feel'st no grief, as I no harms,
ve thy dead, who long lay in thine arms;
hen thy loss shall be repaid, with gains,
o my little babes, my dear remains,
And if thou lovest thyself or lovest me,
These oh protect from stepdame's injury!
And if chance to thine eyes doth bring this verse,
With some sad sighs honor my absent hearse,
And kiss this paper, for thy love's dear sake,
Who with salt tears this last farewell doth take.

Some of her elegies are marked by similar beauties—as this, upon a grandchild who died in 1665:—

Farewell, dear child, my heart's too much content,
Farewell, sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
Farewell, fair flower, that for a space was lent,
Then ta'en away into eternity.
Blest babe, why should I once bewail thy fate,
Or sigh, the days so soon were terminate,
Sith thou art settled in an everlasting state?

By nature, trees do rot when they are grown,
And plums and apples thoroughly ripe do fall,
And corn and grass are in their season mown,
And time brings down what is both strong and tall.
But plants new set, to be eradicate,
And buds new blown, to have so short a date,
Is by His hand alone, that nature guides, and fate.

And some verses upon the death of a daughter-in-law, in 1669, from which the following is an extract:—

And live I still, to see relations gone,
And yet survive, to sound this wailing tone?
Ah, wo is me, to write thy funeral song
Who might in reason yet have lived so long!
I saw the branches lopped, the tree now fall;
I stood so nigh, it crushed me down withal;
My bruiséd heart lies sobbing at the root,
That thou, dear son, hast lost both tree and fruit;
Thou, then on seas, sailing on foreign coast,
Wast ignorant what riches thou hadst lost,
But oh, too soon those heavy tidings fly,
To strike thee with amazing misery!

Mrs. Bradstreet died on the 16th of September, 1672, in the sixtieth year of her age. Her husband afterward married a sister of Sir George Dunning, and lived to be called the Nestor of New England, dying at Salem in 1697, when he was nearly a century old.

Many of Mrs. Bradstreet's descendants have been conspicuous for their abilities. Among them is the noble poet Dana, who traces his lineage through one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

xnoxious to each carping tongue
says my hand a needle better fits;
's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
such despite they cast on female *wits;*
If what I do prove well, it won't advance—
They'll say, It's stolen, or else it was by chance.

But sure, the antique Greeks were far more mild;
Else of our sex why feigned they those Nine,
And Poesy made Calliope's own child?
So, 'mongst the rest, they placed the arts divine.

But this weak knot they will full soon untie—
The Greeks did naught but play the fool and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are;
Men have precedency, and still excel;
It is but vain unjustly to wage war,
Men can do best, and women know it well;
Pre-eminence in each and all is yours,
Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours.

And oh, ye high-flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or parsley wreath: I ask no bays;
This mean and unrefined ore of mine
Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

EXTRACT FROM CONTEMPLATIONS.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I, once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel, [dwell.
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I

While on the stealing stream I fixed mine eye,
Which to the longed-for ocean held its course,
I marked nor crooks nor rubs that there did lie,
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force.
"O happy flood," quoth I, "that holdst thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

"Nor is't enough that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet:
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet.
Thou emblem true of what I count the best—
O could I leave my rivulets to rest!
So may we press to that vast mansion ever blest.

"Ye fish which in this liquid region 'bide,
That for each season have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, when you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In lakes and ponds you leave your numerous fry:
So Nature taught, and yet you know not why—
You wat'ry folk that know not your felicity!"

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassy hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
And take their trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armor is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongued Philomel perched o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry bird," said I, "that fears no snares;
That neither toils nor hoards up in thy barn;
Feels no sad thoughts, nor 'cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm
Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear, [fair
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost

"The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew;
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak;
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest near'st relations.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow
This weather-beaten vessel racked with pain,
Joys not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
Can make him deeply groan for that divine tribulation.

The mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his bark with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And were become great master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of the sour,
That's full of friends, of honor, and of treasure
Fond fool! he takes this earth e'en for heaven bower.
But sad affliction comes, and makes him see
Here's neither honor, wealth, nor safety:
Only above is found all with security.

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws Oblivion's curtains over kings—
Their sumptuous monuments men know them not
Their names without a record are forgot, [dust
Their parts, their ports, their pomps, all laid in
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, 'scape Time's rust
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone

* That is, anticipate.

MERCY WARREN.

s woman, once so well known as a
ınd whose historical writings are still
ted as among the most valuable au-
es relating to our revolutionary age,
sister of the celebrated James Otis and
fe of James Warren, for many years
ıbly conspicuous in public affairs. She
ɔrn in Barnstable, of a family which
en nearly a century in the Plymouth
, on the 25th of September, 1728. Her
was passed in retirement, but in hab-
l duties suitable for the eldest daugh-
ı gentleman of the first rank in the co-
society. Her education was directed
r the minister of the parish, and after-
ɔy her brother James, who graduated
rvard in 1743, and was a thoroughly
plished scholar. When about twenty-
ırs of age she was married to Mr. War-
en a merchant at Plymouth, and it was
residing with him and her children,
:r years, near that town, at a place to
she gave the name of Clifford, that
rote the greater part of her dramatic
iscellaneous poems.

: popular excitement which preceded
'paration from England, and the rela-
ustained by her brother and her hus-
o the great parties by which the coun-
ıs divided, had a quick and powerful
ıce upon her ardent and sympathetic
and perhaps nothing would give us a
just impression of the feelings of the
han her eloquent and terse correspon-
with the Adamses, with Jefferson,
ıson, Gerry, Knox, and other leading
:ters, upon the aspects and prospects
irs. Her intercourse with the remark-
'omen who seconded so earnestly the
nents of the fathers of the republic,
ıore intimate, and probably would ad-
yet further into the secrets and pas-
of the youthful heart of the nation.
ıtelligence and patriotism are recog-
by Mrs. Adams, who, in a letter to
:itten in 1773, remarks: "You are so
: a lover of your country, and so hearty
rner in all her misfortunes, that it will
greatly aggravate your anxiety to hear how much she is now oppressed and insulted. To you, who have so thoroughly looked through the deeds of men, and developed the dark designs of a 'Rapatio' soul, no action, however base or sordid, no measure, however cruel and villanous, will be a matter of surprise." By "Rapatio" is meant Governor Hutchinson, who is thus designated in The Group, a satirical drama, in two acts, which Mrs. Warren had published, and to which much influence is ascribed in contemporary letters. In the first scene of the second act, in describing the royal governor, she says:

But mark the traitor! his high crime glossed o'er
Conceals the tender feelings of the man,
The social ties that bind the human heart:
He strikes a bargain with his country's foes,
And joins to wrap America in flames,
Yet, with feigned pity and satanic grin,
As if more deep to fix the keen insult,
Or make his life a farce still more complete,
He sends a groan across the broad Atlantic,
And with a phiz of crocodilean stamp,
Can weep and writhe, still hoping to deceive.
He cries, The gathering clouds hang thick about her,
But laughs within—then sobs, Alas, my country!

And in another place, alluding to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor:

India's poisonous weed,
Long since a sacrifice to Thetis, made
A rich regale. Now all the watery dames
May snuff souchong, and sip, in flowing bowls,
The higher-flavored choice hysonian stream,
And leave their nectar to old Homer's gods.

There is certainly very little poetry in these extracts, or in the piece from which they are taken; but as reflexions of the common feeling her satires received the best applause of the day.

Mrs. Warren's residence was changed during the Revolution to Milton, Watertown, and other places; Washington, Lee, Gates, and D'Estaing, were among her occasional guests; and many of the leading statesmen of New England by her fireside formed plans of the execution of which she subsequently became the historian. Her tragedies were written for amusement, in the solitary hour-

in which her friends were abroad, and they are as deeply imbued with the general spirit as if their characters were acting in the daily experience of the country. They have little dramatic or poetic merit, but many passages are smoothly and some vigorously written—as the following, from The Sack of Rome:

SUSPICION.

I think some latent mischief lies concealed
Beneath the vizard of a fair pretence;
My heart ill brooked the errand of the day,
Yet I obeyed—though a strange horror seized
My gloomy mind, and shook my frame
As if the moment murdered all my joys.

REMORSE.

The bird of death that nightly pecks the roof,
Or shrieks beside the caverns of the dead;
Or paler spectres that infest the tombs
Of guilt and darkness, horror or despair,
Are far more welcome to a wretch like me
Than yon bright rays that deck the opening morn.

FORTUNE.

The wheel of fortune, rapid in its flight,
Lags not for man, when on its swift routine;
Nor does the goddess ponder unresolved:
She wafts at once and on her lofty car
Lifts up her puppet—mounts him to the skies,
Or from the pinnacle hurls headlong down
The steep abyss of disappointed hope.

ARDELIA.

She was, for innocence and truth,
For elegance, true dignity, and grace,
The fairest sample of that ancient worth
Th' illustrious matrons boasted to the world
When Rome was famed for every glorious deed.

DECLINE OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

That dignity the gods themselves inspired,
When Rome, inflamed with patriotic zeal,
Long taught the world to tremble and admire,
Lies faint and languid in the wane of fame,
And must expire in Luxury's lewd lap
If not supported by some vigorous arm.

Or these, from The Ladies of Castile:

CIVIL WAR.

'Mongst all the ills that hover o'er mankind,
Unfeigned, or fabled in the poet's page,
The blackest scrawl the sister furies hold,
For red-eyed Wrath or Malice to fill up,
Is incomplete to sum up human wo,
Till Civil Discord, still a darker fiend,
Stalks forth unmasked from his infernal den,
With mad Alecto's torch in his right hand.

THE COURAGE OF VIRTUE.

A soul, inspired by freedom's genial warmth,
Expands, grows firm, and by resistance, strong;
The most successful prince that offers life,
And bids me live upon ignoble terms,
Shall learn from me that virtue seldom fears.
Death kindly opes a thousand friendly gates,
And Freedom waits to guard her votaries through.

Appended to her tragedies are seven miscellaneous poems, generally in a flowing verse, but frequently marked by bad taste and rarely evincing any real poetical power or feeling. The following lines are from the beginning of an epistle to a young gentleman educated in Europe:—

SUPERSTITION.

When ancient Britons piped the rustic lays,
And tuned to Woden notes of vocal praise,
The dismal dirges caught the listening throng
And ruder gestures joined the antique song.
Then the gray druid's grave, majestic air,
The frantic priestess, with dishevelled hair
And flaming torch, spoke Superstition's reign;
While elfin damsels dancing o'er the plain,
Allured the vulgar by the mystic scene,
To keep long vigils on the sacred green.

In A Political Revery, written before the commencement of the war, she gives a view of the future glory of America, and the punishment of her oppressors. After a sketch of the first history of the country, she says:

Here a bright form, with soft majestic grace,
Beckoned me on through vast unmeasured space
Beside the margin of the vast profound,
Wild echoes played and cataracts did bound;
Beyond the heights of nature's wide expanse,
Where moved superb the planetary dance,
Light burst on light, and suns o'er suns displayed
The system perfect Nature's God had laid.

And here the fate of nations is revealed to her. In The Squabble of the Sea-Nymphs is celebrated the destruction of tea in 1774 The following are the concluding lines:

The virtuous daughters of the neighb'ring mead
In graceful smiles approved the glorious deed
(And though the syrens left their coral beds,
Just o'er the surface lifted up their heads,
And sung soft pæans to the brave and fair,
Till almost caught in the delusive snare
To sink securely in a golden dream,
And taste the sweet, inebriating stream);
They saw delighted from the inland rocks,
O'er the broad deep poured out Pandora's box;
They joined, and fair Salacia's triumph sung—
Wild echo o'er the bounding ocean rung;
The sea-nymphs heard, and all the sportive train
In shaggy tresses danced around the main,
From southern lakes down to the northern rills,
And spread confusion round N——— hills.

The lines to the Hon. John Winthrop, who on the determination in 1774 to suspend all trade with England except for the real "necessaries of life," requested a list of articles the ladies might comprise under that head, are in the author's happiest vein of satire:—

S NECESSARY TO THE LIFE OF A WOMAN.

An inventory clear
she needs, Lamira offers here;
es she fear a rigid Cato's frown,
she lays by the rich embroidered gown,
odestly compounds for just enough—
s some dozens of mere flighty stuff:
awns and lustrings, blond, and mecklin laces,
s and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
oaks and hats, of every shape and size,
cardinals, and ribands, of all dyes;
uffles stamped, and aprons of tambour,
s and handkerchiefs at least threescore;
inest muslins that fair India boasts,
e choice heritage from Chinesan coasts.
athers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
ad-dresses in pyramidial shapes;
ards of plate, and porcelain profuse,
ifty dittoes that the ladies use;
poor, treach'rous memory has missed,
ous T——l shall complete the list.
k Lamira, and her wants so few,
an refuse?—they 're but the sex's due.
Clara quits the more dressed negligee,
ibstitutes the careless Polanee,
ome fair one from Britannia's court
jaunty dress or newer taste import;
weet temptation could not be withstood,
h for the purchase's paid her father's blood;
h earthquakes rattle, or volcanoes roar,
e this trifle—and she asks no more:
e stern patriot Clara's suit deny?
eauty asks, and Reason must comply.

n Adams was perhaps a better orator ritic. He writes to Mrs. Warren, up- publication of her poems: "However ıly some European writers may have d with American reputation for genius, ure, and science, I know not where vill find a female poet of their own to to the ingenious author of these com- ms."

he dedication of her poems to Wash- , she says: "Feeling much for the ses of America in the dark days of her on, a faithful record has been kept of ost material transactions, through a that has engaged the attention both philosopher and the politician; and, is spared, a just trait of the most dis- shed characters, either for valor, vir- r patriotism, for perfidy, intrigue, in- consistency, or ingratitude, shall be faithfully transmitted to posterity." The work thus announced was published in three octavo volumes in 1805, under the title of "The History of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution, interspersed with Biographical, Political, and Moral Observations." It will always be consulted as one of the most interesting original authorities upon the revolution. It is written with care, and in a spirit of independence which is illustrated by her notice of the character of her friend Mr. Adams, which was so unfavorable as to cause a temporary interruption of the relations between the two families; but Mrs. Adams in this case, as in that of her husband's quarrel with Mr. Jefferson, finally brought about a reconciliation, which was sealed with a ring which she sent to the historian, containing her own and her husband's hair.

Mrs. Warren continued to the close of her life to feel a lively interest in affairs, and she was intelligent and honest enough to be always a partisan. Though sometimes wrong, as she clearly was in her active opposition to the federal constitution, it was delightful to see even in a woman a contempt for that neutrality in regard to public measures which under a democratic government is invariably the sign of a feeble understanding or of time-serving wickedness. The duke de Rochefoucault, in his entertaining Travels in the United States, speaks of her extensive and varied reading, and declares that at seventy she had "lost neither the activity of her mind nor the graces of her person." In her old age she was blind, but she bore the misfortune with cheerfulness, and continued her intercourse with society. She died in her eighty-seventh year, on the 19th of October, 1814.

There is a portrait of Mrs. Warren, by Copley, in the possession of her family, and an excellent life of her is contained in Mrs. Ellet's recently published "Women of the Revolution."

ELIZABETH GRÆME FERGUSON.

The most polite and elegant society in this country before the Revolution was probably that of Philadelphia, with its connexions in the southeastern part of the colony, and in Delaware and New Jersey. There were "solid men" in Boston, there was much real respectability in New York, and good families were scattered through New England and along the Old Dominion and the Carolinas: but in Philadelphia the distinction of classes was more marked, and the coteries of fashion larger and more exclusive, than elsewhere in America. Of the first rank here were the Græmes, of Græme Park, who by blood, fortune, abilities, and character, were alike entitled to consideration among the provincial gentry. Dr. Thomas Græme was a native of Scotland. He was a physician of large acquirements, and the respectability of his origin, his popular manners, and success in the practice of his profession, made him an eligible match for the daughter of Sir William Keith; and his alliance with the governor led to his appointment to the collectorship of the customs, which he held for many years.

Elizabeth Græme, the youngest of the four children of Thomas Græme and Anne Keith, was born in Philadelphia in 1739. At an early age she evinced uncommon abilities, and the chief care of her mother was to educate her mind and heart so that she should illustrate by her intelligence and virtue the highest grade of female character. Much of her youth was passed at Græme Park, a beautiful country residence, twenty miles from the city, where she was frequently visited by her friends, and where her naturally feeble constitution was so improved, that when she appeared in society, at sixteen, the charms of her person were scarcely less distinguished than the wit and learning which made her a particular star in the metropolitan society. In her seventeenth year she was addressed by a young gentleman of the city, and engaged to be married to him upon his return from London, whither he soon after proceeded to complete his education in the law. This contract for some reason was never fulfilled. To divert her attention from the disappointment, Miss Græme undertook the translation of Fénélon's Telemachus into English heroic verse; and she completed the work, in three years. In an introduction, written in 1769, she observes that "she is sensible the translation has little merit," but that "it is sufficient for her that it amused her in a period that would have been pensive and solitary without a pursuit."

It appears, however, that her health rapidly declined; and it was determined by her father,* after conferences upon the subject with other physicians, that she should seek its restoration by a sea-voyage and a temporary residence in England. She sailed for London under the care of the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters, a gentleman of polished manners and elevated character, whose connexions enabled him to secure her introduction to the most eminent persons and to the first circles in the kingdom. She was particularly noticed by George III.; she became acquainted with Laurence Sterne and other celebrated wits and men of letters; and she formed an intimacy with the well-known Dr. Fothergill, which was maintained by correspondence until his death. She remained in England a year, during which period she kept a journal, in which she described, with happy vivacity, manners and persons, and the contrasts between English and colonial society.

After her return to Philadelphia she occupied the place of her mother in her father's family. Every Saturday evening for several years was set apart for the reception of company, and on these occasions her pleasing manners and brilliant conversation were causes of never-ending admiration to the in-

* It is related that her mother assented to Miss Græme's departure for another reason. This venerable and excellent woman was anticipating, from some disease, a quick dissolution, and she desired the removal of her daughter, to whom she was tenderly attached, lest her presence should distract her attention from heaven, and wean her heart too much from the love of God in the hour of death. Archbishop Lightfoot wished for similar reasons to die from home.

igent society of the city and to the stran-
s whose positions or abilities secured for
m a presentation at Dr. Græme's house.
one of these parties she became acquaint-
with Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a young
ıtleman who had recently arrived in the
ntry from Scotland; and though he was
years younger, her personal attractions
l the congeniality of their tastes soon led
their marriage. Her father died in a few
eks after, and they retired to Græme Park;
the approach of the Revolution, and the
ıesion of Mr. Ferguson to the British par-
in 1775, induced a speedy and perpetual
aration.

Mrs. Ferguson's position made her an ob-
t of respectful consideration to individuals
ɔoth parties during the war. Her domes-
relations were principally with the ene-
, but she was by birth a Pennsylvanian,
l her old friends, some of whom were
ding patriots, treated her with kindness.
: appears in the public history of the time
the bearer of an extraordinary letter from
celebrated Dr. Duché to General Wash-
ton, and as the agent by whom Governor
nstone made those overtures to General
eph Reed which were answered by the
ous declaration — "My influence is but
all, but were it as great as Governor John-
ıe would insinuate, the king of Great Brit-
has nothing in his gift that would tempt
."*

The remainder of Mrs. Ferguson's life was
sed chiefly at Græme Park, in the pur-
s of literature, in domestic avocations,
in offices of friendship. Her income was
ıtly reduced, but her charities were never
rrupted, nor was she ever known to mur-
: at the changed and comparatively deso-
condition of her later years. She cher-
:d an unhesitating faith in the Christian
gion, and was familiar with the masters
ivinity. It is related that she transcribed
whole Bible, to impress its contents more
ply in her memory.

More than twenty years after the comple-
tion of her translation of Telemachus, she rewrote the four volumes, adding occasional notes and observations. In some memoranda dated at Græme Park, May 20, 1788, she says of the copy which received her last corrections: "This is meant for a particular friend, but if I live I intend to give a more correct version, and perhaps, if I meet with encouragement, shall have it printed. I am now quite undetermined as to all my plans in life. I have little reason to think I am to remain here long; but at present I am at this place with only my old and faithful friend Eliza Stedman." She lived until the 23d of February, 1801, but it does not appear that she ever again revised the work, and it has not yet been printed.

She endeavored to make the translation as literal as the poetical form and the genius of our language would permit; it is, however, somewhat diffuse, the twenty-four books making twenty-nine thousand and six hundred lines. I have read Mrs. Ferguson's manuscript (which has been deposited by her heirs in the library of the Philadelphia Library Company), and have compared parts of it with the original and with other translations. She had command of a fine poetical diction, and all the learning necessary for the just apprehension and successful illustration of her author; and it appears to me that Fénélon has not been presented in a more correct or pleasing English dress.

Some of the minor poems, and a considerable number of the letters and other compositions of Mrs. Ferguson, have been published, and they all evince a delicate and vigorous understanding, and an honorable character.

A talent for versification was at that period not uncommon among the educated women of the country, but it was principally exercised in the expression of private feeling or for the amusement of particular circles. Some verses by Mrs. Stockton, welcoming Washington to New Jersey, have been preserved by Marshall, and in the monthly magazines of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, appeared many anonymous poems, evidently by female authors, which were eminently creditable to their literary abilities.

*Sparks's Washington, v. 95, 476; William B. Reed's of President Reed, i. 381; American Remembrancer, 98, &c.

INVOCATION TO WISDOM.

PREFIXED TO THE AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

GRAVE WISDOM, guardian of the modest youth,
Thou soul of knowledge and thou source of truth,
Inspire my muse, and animate her lays,
That she harmonious may chant thy praise.
O could a spark of that celestial fire,
Which did thy favored Fénelon inspire,
Light on the periods of my fettered theme,
And dart one radiant, one illumined beam,
Then struggling Passion might its portrait view,
And learn from thence its tumults to subdue.
This was the pious prelate's great design:
As rays converged to one bright point combine,
So do the fable and the tale unite
The path of Truth by Fancy's torch to light;
Each to one noble, generous aim aspires,
And the rich galaxy at once conspires
To catch the fluttering mind and fix the sense
The end can justify the fine pretence,
For youthful spirits abstract reasonings shun,
And from grave precept void of life they run.
Though heathen gods are introduced to sight,
'T is one Great Being radiates every light:
Seen through the medium of a lesser guide,
From one pure fount is each small rill supplied;
Then, rigid Christian, be not too severe,
Nor think great Cambray in an error here.
In parable the holy Jesus taught—
Unwound the clue with mystic knowledge fraught.
He knew the frailties of man's earthly lot,
That truths important were too soon forgot;
He screened his purpose in the pleasing tale,
Then tore aside the heavenly-woven veil,
Showed his design—the perfect, sacred plan—
And raised to angel what he found but man;
By nice gradation in this scale divine
The glorious meaning did illustrious shine.
Like his great Master, pious Cambray taught,
And all the good of all mankind he sought:
Through his Telemachus he points to view
What youth should fly from and what youth pursue.
He makes pure Wisdom leave the realms above
To screen a mortal from bewitching love,
To lead him through the thorny ways below,
And all those arts of false refinement show
Which end in fleeting joy and lasting wo;
He paints gay Venus in tumultuous rage,
Yet shows her baffled by the guardian sage,
Who draws his pupil from Idalian groves,
From blooming Cyprus and from melting loves.
Passion and Wisdom hold perpetual strife
Through the strange mazes of man's chequered life.
Of all the evils our frail nature knows,
The most acute from Love's emotions flows.
The utmost efforts of the brave are seen,
To check the transports of the Paphian queen;
Minerva gives an energy of soul
Which does the tide of Passion's rage control,
Nor dumps that fire which generous youth should feel,
But only tempers the high-finished steel:
For metal softened, polished, and refined,
Is like th' opening of the ductile mind,
Moulded by flame, made pliant to the hand,
Turned in the furnace to each just command:
This fire is disappointment, grief, and pain,
Which, if the soul with fortitude sustain,
The furnace of affliction makes more bright;
Yet higher burnished in Jehovah's sight,
And it at last shall joyfully survey
The tangled path to where perfection lay,
And bless the briers of life's thorny road
That led to peace, to happiness, and God!

THE PROCESSION OF CALYPSO.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF TELEMACHUS

SHE moved along
Environed by a beauteous female throng.
As some tall oak, the wonder of the wood,
That long the glory of the grove has stood,
Raises its head superb above the rest,
Of the green forest stands the pride confest,
So does Calypso tower in state supreme,
And darts around her an illumined beam.
The royal youth doth her soft charms admire,
And the rich lustre of her gay attire.
Her purple robes hung negligent behind,
Her hair in careless ringlets met the wind,
Her sparkling eyes shone with a vivid fire,
Yet showed no unsubdued, impure desire.
With modest silence the young prince pursued
At awful distance, cautious to intrude;
With downcast eyes the reverend sage came last
Thus the procession through the green grove pas
At length they reached the rural goddess' grot
And as they entered the delightful spot,
Telemachus was much amazed to find
How Nature's beauty could allure the mind.
An elegant simplicity here reigned,
Which all the rules of studied art disdained:
No massy gold, no polished silver, glowed,
No stone that life in all its passions showed,
No lively tints spread vigor o'er a face
And spoke the picture's animating grace;
No Doric pillars, no Corinthian style,
Rose in the turrets of a lofty pile.
Scooped from a rock the concave grotto lay,
Where Nature's touches thousand freaks display
There shells and pebbles the rough sides adorned
That rigid method and dull order scorned;
A vine luxuriant round its tendrils flung;
Beneath its foliage ladened branches hung.
This vernal tapestry careless seemed to hide
The craggy roughness of its rocky side;
The softest zephyrs made meridian suns
Cool as when Sol his morning progress runs;
Meandering fountains stole along the green.
And amaranths adorned the sprightly scene;
The purple violet shed a richness round,
And strewed its beauties on the chequered ground
The flowery chaplets wreath around the lake,
And in small basins mimic baths they make;
The flowers that spring and glowing summer yield
In gay profusion ornament the field.
Not very distant from the grotto stood
A tufted grove of fragrant vernal wood;

The tempting fruit shone rich like burnished gold,
A dazzling lustre charming to behold:
The blossoms white as pure untrodden snow,
Their edges shining with the scarlet's glow;
They bloom perpetual, and perpetual bear,
And waft their incense to the yielding air.
So close their branches, and so near entwined,
They scarcely trembled to the active wind;
No piercing sunbeams could their shades annoy,
No busy eye their sacred peace destroy;
No sounds were heard but sprightly birds that sing,
And the fleet skylark mounting early wing;
A tumbling cascade, in which broken falls
Gushed down in torrents from the rocks' sharp walls,
But softly gliding ere it met the green,
Smooth as a mirror, painted back the scene.
Not on the mountain's top the grot was placed,
Nor yet too lowly at its feet debased;
From all extremes the charming cave was free,
At a small distance from the briny sea,
Where oft you viewed it, softened, calm, and clear,
Like the lulled bosom when no danger's near;
Sometimes enraged, its angry waves were found
Dashing the rocks and bursting every bound.
Your eyes you turn, and from the other side
You see a river roll its ample tide.
There scattered islands rose to charm the sight,
And by the change of novelty delight;
Lindens fall, blooming, ladened flowers sustain,
And raise their heads in lofty, high disdain;
In wanton circles the smooth fountains run,
And gayly glistered in the midday sun;
In rapid motion some their streams unfurled,
While others gently with the zephyrs curled—
By various windings met their former track,
And slowly murmuring, crept all lazy back.
Then in a distant view in groups were seen
Blue, misty mounts, and hills of doubtful green;
Their lofty summits lost above the skies,
And like the clouds deluded wandering eyes,
As pleasing fancy changed its different mode
And whim and caprice did each object robe.
The neighboring mountains were more highly graced:
There liberal Nature clustering vines had placed;
In noble branches the grand bunches hung,
And purple raisins burst beneath the sun;
The foliage sought their lovely charge to hide,
Yet the rich grapes shone through in gorgeous pride.
Then low beneath, mixed with the golden grain,
The fig and olive overspread the plain;
Its tempting fruit the pomegranate displayed,
And globes of gold burst through the vernal shade:
The whole retreat was a delightful grove,
A soft recess for friendship's sweets or love.

APOLLO WITH THE FLOCKS OF KING ADMETUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Beneath the shady elms, where fountains played,
The listening shepherds here his rest invade;
Th' informing song new polished every soul,
But bound their passions in a soft control. . . .

Swiftly the music and the theme would change
To vivid meads where sparkling fountains range,
Whose glittering waters the gay plains adorn,
And all the rules of art-drawn channels scorn;
Winding they sport: the meadows seem to smile,
Their verdure heightened, and enriched their soil.
Hence the enraptured swains began to know
That joys serene from moral pleasures flow;
The happy rustic pitied now the king,
That could not, like the cheerful shepherd, sing;
Their lowly roofs began the great to draw
To view the cottage humbly thatched with straw.
Courtiers too oft are strangers to delight:
They rise unhappy from the restless night;
But here the graces sweetly were arrayed,
Here lovely females every charm displayed—
Soft Innocence and ever-blooming Health,
That cheerful triumph o'er the slaves of wealth;
No torturing envy here the peace invades
Of the mild shepherd in the greenwood shades;
Each day superior shone with new delight,
And gentle slumbers crowned the sportive wight,
The fluttering birds put forth their liveliest notes,
And stretched to music their expanded throats;
The fragrant zephyrs undulate the trees,
And fan to music the enamored breeze;
The rills pellucid murmured to the sound,
And floating harmony rolled all around;
The muses band, the sacred virgin train,
Inspired the numbers of the tuneful swain:
But not supine they dwell in idle joys;
An active vigor, too, their limbs employs:
To run, to wrestle, to obtain the prize,
And chase the stag as he o'er mountains flies,
Was oft the business of a vacant day,
As through the green grove they betook their way
The gods looked down from great Olympus' height,
And almost envied man's supreme delight.

THE INVASION OF LOVE.

FROM THE SEVENTH BOOK OF TELEMACHUS.

Calypso dwelt on Cupid's blooming face,
And clasped him to her in a fond embrace;
Though goddess born, she feels love's soft alarms
As close she strains him in her circling arms.....
The thoughtless nymphs all felt the subtle flame,
But for the strange sensation knew no name,
Yet innate modesty and latent fear
Whispered some power of wondrous force was near.
In silence they the newborn blaze concealed,
And, blushing, dreaded it might be revealed,
The spreading fire a latent heat imparts
And flings its influence o'er their tender hearts.
The princely youth, most careless, too, surveyed
The jocund sweetness which in Cupid played,
Saw all his little freaks with fond surprise,
His thoughtless frolics, and his laughing eyes,
With pleasing transport his fine features traced,
And on his knees the little urchin placed,
Views all the changes in his boyish charms,
Nor feels suspicion of impending harms.

ANNE ELIZA BLEECKER.

Mrs. Anne Eliza Bleecker, a daughter of Brandt Schuyler, of New York, was born in that city in 1752, and when seventeen years of age was married to John J. Bleecker of New Rochelle. After residing about two years in Poughkeepsie, Mr. Bleecker removed to Tomhanick, a secluded little village eighteen miles from Albany, where five years were passed in uninterrupted happiness.—Mrs. Bleecker's mother, and her half-sister, Miss Ten Eyck, passed much of the time with her, and her husband saw the fruition of his hopes in the success of plans which had drawn him from the more populous parts of the colony. It was in this period that Mrs. Bleecker wrote most of her poems which have been preserved. Before her marriage, her playful or serious verses had amused or charmed the circle in which she moved—one of the most intelligent and accomplished then in America—and she now found a solace for the absence of society in the indulgence of a taste for literature. The following extract from one of her poems not only illustrates her style, but gives us a glimpse of her situation:

From yon grove the woodcock rises,
Mark her progress by her notes;
High in air her wings she poises,
Then like lightning down she shoots.

Now the whip-poor-will beginning,
Clamorous on a pointed rail,
Drowns the more melodious singing
Of the cat-bird, thrush, and quail.

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,
Painted by a hand divine,
And observe the ample shadow
Of that solemn ridge of pine.

Here a trickling rill depending,
Glitters through the artless bower;
And the silver dew descending,
Doubly radiates every flower.

While I speak, the sun is vanished,
All the gilded clouds are fled,
Music from the groves is banished,
Noxious vapors round us spread.

Rural toil is now suspended.
Sleep invades the peasant's eyes,
Each diurnal task is ended,
While soft Luna climbs the skies.

Some lines addressed to Mr. Bleecker while on a voyage down the Hudson, suggest the changes of three quarters of a century in the travel and culture along the most beautiful of rivers. She says:

Methinks I see the broad, majestic sheet
Swell to the wind; the flying shores retreat:
I see the banks, with varied foliage gay,
Inhale the misty sun's reluctant ray;
The lofty groves, stripped of their verdure, rise
To the inclemence of autumnal skies. [woods
Rough mountains now appear, while pendant
Hang o'er the gloomy steep and shade the floods;
Slow moves the vessel, while each distant sound
The caverned echoes doubly loud rebound.

It was a custom for the lazy sloops occasionally to rest by the hunting-grounds or in the highlands, but she implores her husband not to tempt

Fate, on those stupendous rocks
Where never shepherd led his timid flocks,

and dreams that instead of the musket-shot, she can hear—

The melting flute's melodious sound,
Which dying zephyrs waft alternate round;
While rocks, in notes responsive, soft complain,
And think Amphion strikes his lyre again.
Ah! 'tis my Bleecker breathes our mutual loves,
And sends the trembling airs through vocal groves.

The approach of the British army under General Burgoyne, in 1777, was the first event to disturb this repose. Mr. Bleecker left Tomhanick to make arrangements for the removal of his family to Albany; but while he was gone, hearing that the enemy was but two miles distant, she hastily started for the city, bearing her youngest child in her arms, and leading the other, who was but four years of age, by the hand. A single domestic accompanied her, and they rested at night in a garret, after a dreary and most exhausting walk through the wilderness. The next morning they met Mr. Bleecker coming from Albany, and returned with him to the city. The youngest of the children died a few days after, and within a month Mrs. Bleecker's mother expired in her arms, at Redhook. The death of her child is commemorated in the following lines, which evince genuine feeling, and are in a very natural style:—

WRITTEN ON THE RETREAT FROM BURGOYNE.

Was it for this, with thee, a pleasing load,
I sadly wandered through the hostile wood—
When I thought Fortune's spite could do no more,

› thee perish on a foreign shore!
r loved babe! my treasures left behind
sunk a cloud of grief upon my mind;
n my children, on my arms I bore
ing treasures from the scalper's power:
I sat down to rest, beneath some shade,
e soft grass how innocent she played,
her sweet sister from the fragrant wild
ts the flowers to please my precious child,
ıscious of her danger, laughing roves,
reads the painted savage in the groves!
n as the spires of Albany appeared,
fallacies my rising grief I cheered:
gn›! I bear," said I, "Heaven's just reproof,
nt to dwell beneath a stranger's roof—
nt my babes should eat dependent bread,
the labor of my hands be fed.
though my houses, lands, and goods, are gone,
hes remain—these I can call my own!"
on my loved Abella hung her head—
her soft cheek the bright carnation fled;
nooth, transparent skin too plainly showed
ierce through every vein the fever glowed.
ıitter anguish o'er her limbs I hung,
and sighed, but sorrow chained my tongue;
gth her languid eyes closed from the day,
lol of my soul was torn away;
ırit fled and left me ghastly clay!
n—then my soul rejected all relief,
ırt I wished not, for I loved my grief:
r, my Abella," cried I, "hear me mourn!
ıe short moment, oh, my child! return;
y complaint detain thee from the skies;
th troops of angels urge thee on to rise"....
ends press round me with officious care,
e suppress my sighs, nor drop a tear;
ignation talked—passions subdued—
ıls serene, and Christian fortitude—
me be calm, nor murmur at my loss,
nrepining bear each heavy cross.
›!" cried I, raging, "stoic bosoms, go!
e hearts vibrate not to the sound of wo;
m the sweet society of men,
ome unfeeling tiger's savage den,
, calm, alone, of resignation preach—
hrist's examples better precepts teach."
› the cold limbs of gentle Lazarus lay,
him weeping o'er the humid clay;
irit groaned, while the beholders said,
rushing eyes, "See how he loved the dead!"
is my boast to harbor in my breast
nsibilities by God expres‡;
ıall the mollifying hand of Time,
ı wipes off common sorrows, cancel mine.

ım this time a pensive melancholy took
ace of the quiet gayety that had pre-
y distinguished her manners; but her
as not marked by any event of partic-
ıterest until the summer of 1781, when
ısband was taken prisoner by a party
es, and her sensitive spirit was crushed
spair. She fled to Albany, where he re-
d her *at the end of a week; but his sud-*
den restoration produced an excitement even deeper than that occasioned by his supposed death, and she never regained her health, nor scarcely her composure. She returned to Tomhanick, and in the spring of 1783 revisited New York, in the hope that a change of scene and the society of her early friends would restore something of her strength and happiness; but war had changed the pleasant places she remembered, and her dearest friends were dead. She went back with her husband to Tomhanick, where she died on the 23d of the following November. Her last return to her home is commemorated in these pleasing verses:

Hail, happy shades! though clad with heavy snows,
At sight of you with joy my bosom glows;
Ye arching pines that bow with every breeze,
Ye poplars, elms, all hail, my well-known trees!
And now my peaceful mansion strikes my eye,
And now the tinkling rivulet I spy;—
My little garden, Flora, hast thou kept,
And watched my pinks and lilies while I wept?
Ah me! that spot with blooms so lately graced,
With storms and driving snows is now defaced:
Sharp icicles from every bush depend,
And frosts all dazzling o'er the beds extend;
Yet soon fair spring shall give another scene,
And yellow cowslips gild the level green;
My little orchard, sprouting at each bough,
Fragrant with clust'ring blossoms deep shall glow:
Oh! then 'tis sweet the tufted grass to tread,
But sweeter slumb'ring in the balmy shade;
The rapid humming-bird, with ruby breast,
Seeks the parterre with early blue-bells drest,
Drinks deep the honeysuckle dew, or drives
The lab'ring bee to her domestic hives;
Then shines the lupin bright with morning gems,
And sleepy poppies nod upon their stems;
The humble violet and the dulcet rose,
The stately lily then, and tulip, blows....
But when the vernal breezes pass away,
And loftier Phœbus darts a fiercer ray,
The spiky corn then rattles all around,
And dashing cascades give a pleasing sound;
Shrill sings the locust with prolonged note,
The cricket chirps familiar in each cot;
The village children, rambling o'er yon hill,
With berries all their painted baskets fill:
They rob the squirrels' little walnut store,
And climb the half-exhausted tree for more.
Or else to fields of maize nocturnal hie,
Where hid, th' elusive watermelons lie
Then load their tender shoulders with the prey,
And laughing bear the bulky fruit away.

Mrs. Bleecker possessed considerable beauty, and she was much admired in society. A collection of her posthumous works, in prose and verse, was published in 1793, and again in 1809, with a notice of her life by her daughter, Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY PETERS.

THIS "daughter of the murky Senegal," as she is styled by an admiring contemporary critic, we suppose may be considered as an American, since she was but six years of age when brought to Boston and sold in the slave-market of that city, in 1761. If not so great a poet as the abbé Grégoire contended, she was certainly a remarkable phenomenon, and her name is entitled to a place in the histories of her race, of her sex, and of our literature.

She was purchased by the wife of Mr. John Wheatley, a respectable merchant of Boston, who was anxious to superintend the education of a domestic to attend upon her person in the approaching period of old age. This amiable woman on visiting the market was attracted by the modest demeanor of a little child, in a sort of "fillibeg," who had just arrived, and taking her home, confided her instruction in part to a daughter, who, pleased with her good behavior and quick apprehension, determined to teach her to read and write. The readiness with which she acquired knowledge surprised as much as it pleased her mistress, and it is probable that but few of the white children of Boston were brought up under circumstances better calculated for the full development of their natural abilities. Her ambition was stimulated: she became acquainted with grammar, history, ancient and modern geography, and astronomy, and studied Latin so as to read Horace with such ease and enjoyment that her French biographer supposes the great Roman had considerable influence upon her literary tastes and the choice of her subjects of composition. A general interest was felt in the sooty prodigy; the best libraries were open to her; and she had opportunities for conversation with the most accomplished and distinguished persons in the city.

She appears to have had but an indifferent physical constitution, and when a son of Mr. Wheatley visited England, in 1772, it was decided by the advice of the family physician that Phillis should accompany him for the benefit of the sea-voyage. In London she was treated with nearly as much consideration as more recently has been awarded to Mr. Frederick Douglass. She was introduced to many of the nobility and gentry and would have been received at court but for the absence of the royal family from the metropolis. Her poems were published under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon, with a letter from her master, and the following curious attestation of their genuineness:

"TO THE PUBLIC.—As it has been repeatedly suggested to the publisher, by persons who have seen the manuscript, that numbers would be ready to suspect they were not really the writings of Phillis, he has procured the following attestation from the most respectable characters in Boston, that none might have the least ground for disputing their original: We, whose names are underwritten, do assure the world that the poems specified in the following page* were (as we verily believe) written by Phillis, a young negro-girl, who was, but a few years since, brought an uncultivated barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the disadvantage of serving as a slave in a family in this town. She has been examined by some of the best judges, and is thought qualified to write them.

His Excellency THOMAS HUTCHINSON, Governor.
The Hon. ANDREW OLIVER, Lieut. Governor.

The Hon. Thomas Hubbard,	The Rev. Chas. Chauncey, D. D.,
The Hon. John Erving,	The Rev. Mather Byles, D. D.,
The Hon. James Pitts,	The Rev. Edw'd Pemberton, D.D.,
The Hon. Harrison Gray,	The Rev. Andrew Elliot, D. D.,
The Hon. James Bowdoin,	The Rev. Samuel Cooper, D. D.,
John Hancock, Esq.,	The Rev. Mr. Samuel Mather,
Joseph Green, Esq.,	The Rev. Mr. John Moorhead,
Richard Carey, Esq.,	Mr. John Wheatley (her master)."

In 1774 — the year after the return of Phillis to Boston — her mistress died; she soon lost her master, and her younger mistress, his daughter; and the son having married and settled in England, she was left without a protector or a home. The events which immediately preceded the Revolution now engrossed the attention of those acquaintances who in more peaceful and prosperous times would have been her friends; and though she took an apartment and attempted in some way to support herself, she saw with fears the approach of poverty, and at last, in despair, resorted to marriage as the only alternative of destitution.

Grégoire, who derived his information from M. Giraud, the French consul at Boston in 1805, states that her husband, in the

* The words "following page" allude to the contents of the manuscript copy, which are wrote at the back of the above attestation.

ity of his understanding to that of groes, was also a kind of phenome- at he "became a lawyer, under the Doctor Peters, and plead before the s the cause of the blacks;" and that putation he enjoyed procured him a "* But a later biographer† of Phil- ires that Peters "kept a grocery, in reet, and was a man of handsome nd manners, wearing a wig, carry- ne, and quite acting the gentleman;" e proved utterly unworthy of the dis- ed woman who honored him with ance;" that he was unsuccessful in s, failing soon after their marriage, as too proud and too indolent to ap- self to any occupation below his fan- gnity." Whether Peters practised nd law or not, it appears pretty cer- t he did not make a fortune, and that ch was a very unhappy one, though k the author last quoted, who is one amily, shows an undue partiality for ernal ancestor. Peters in his adver- s not very unreasonable in demand- t his wife should attend to domestic —that she should cook his breakfast n his stockings; but she too had cer- tions of "dignity," and regarded as her beneath her such unpoetical oc- ns. During the war they lived at ngton, in the interior of Massachu- nd in this period Phillis became the of three children. After the peace, turned to Boston, and continued to re, most of the time in wretched pov- ll the death of Phillis, on the 5th of ber, 1794.

les the poems included in the editions and 1835, she wrote numerous pieces have not been printed, one of which red to in the following letter from ngton:

"CAMBRIDGE, February 28, 1776.

PHILLIS: Your favor of the 26th of October each my hands till the middle of December. ough, you will say, to have given an answer Granted. But a variety of important occur- ontinually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologise for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me, in the elegant lines you enclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honor of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints. If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near headquarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

In a note to the memoir of Phillis published by one of her descendants, it is stated that after her death, her papers, which had been confided to an acquaintance, were demanded by Peters, and yielded to his importunity; and that Peters subsequently went to the south, carrying with him these papers, which were never afterward heard of. The MSS., however, are still in existence: they are owned by an accomplished citizen of Philadelphia, whose mother was one of the patrons of the author. I learn from this gentleman that Phillis wrote with singular fluency, and that she excelled particularly in acrostics and in other equally difficult tricks of literary dexterity.

The intellectual character of Phillis Wheatley Peters has been much discussed, but chiefly by partisans. On one hand, Mr. Jefferson declares that "the pieces published under her name are below the dignity of criticism," and that "the heroes of the Dunciad are to her as Hercules to the author of that poem;" and on the other hand, the abbé Grégoire, Mr. Clarkson, and many more, see in her works the signs of a genuine poetical inspiration. They seem to me to be quite equal to much of the contemporary verse that is admitted to be poetry by Phillis's severest judges; though her odes, elegies, and other compositions, are but harmonious commonplace, it would be difficult to find in the productions of American women, for the hundred and fifty years that had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Bradstreet, anything superior in sentiment, fancy, or diction.

—In a portrait of Phillis, prefixed to her poems and declared to be an extraordinary likeness, she is represented as of a rather pretty and intelligent appearance. It is from a picture painted while she was in London

quiry concerning the Intellectual and Moral Fac- Literature of Negroes, followed with an Account es and Works of Fifteen Negroes and Mulattoes, ised in Science, Literature, and the Arts: By H. , formerly Bishop of Blois, Member of the Con- Senate, of the Institute of France, &c., &c. Trans- D. B. Warden, Secretary of Legation, &c. Brook-

† memoir prefixed to the edition of her poems pub- Light & Horton, Boston, 1835.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—1770.

HAIL, happy saint! on thine immortal throne,
Possessed of glory, life, and bliss unknown:
We hear no more the music of thy tongue;
Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
Thy sermons in unequalled accents flowed,
And every bosom with devotion glowed;
Thou didst, in strains of eloquence refined,
Inflame the heart, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy, we the setting sun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it shines no more.
Behold the prophet in his towering flight!
He leaves the earth for heaven's unmeasured height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our sight.
There Whitefield wings with rapid course his way,
And sails to Zion through vast seas of day.
Thy prayers, great saint, and thine incessant cries,
Have pierced the bosom of thy native skies.
Thou, moon, hast seen, and all the stars of light,
How he has wrestled with his God by night.
He prayed that grace in every heart might dwell;
He longed to see America excel;
He charged its youth that every grace divine
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine.
That Savior, which his soul did first receive,
The greatest gift that even a God can give,
He freely offered to the numerous throng
That on his lips with list'ning pleasure hung.
"Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
Take him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream,
Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme;
Take him, my dear Americans," he said,
"Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid:
Take him, ye Africans, he longs for you;
Impartial Savior, is his title due:
Washed in the fountain of redeeming blood,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God."
But though arrested by the hand of death,
Whitefield no more exerts his lab'ring breath,
Yet let us view him in the eternal skies,
Let every heart to this bright vision rise;
While the tomb safe retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine reanimates his dust.

FANCY.

FROM A POEM ON THE IMAGINATION.

THOUGH Winter frowns, to Fancy's raptured eyes
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may burst their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flowery riches deck the plain;
Showers may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose. . . .
Fancy might now her silken pinions try
To rise from earth, and sweep the expanse on high;
From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dyes,
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.
The monarch of the day I might behold,
And all the mountains tipped with radiant gold,
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
Which Fancy dresses to delight the muse;
Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
And northern tempests damp the rising fire:
They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea—
Cease, then, my song, cease then the unequa

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

TO MRS. S. W.

ADIEU, New England's smiling meads,
Adieu, the flowery plain;
I leave thine opening charms, O Spring!
And tempt the roaring main.

In vain for me the flow'rets rise,
And boast their gaudy pride,
While here beneath the northern skies
I mourn for health denied.

Celestial maid of rosy hue,
Oh let me feel thy reign!
I languish till thy face I view,
Thy vanished joys regain.

Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear,
At sad departure's hour;

Nor unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest;
But let no sighs, no groans for me,
Steal from its pensive breast.

In vain the feathered warblers sing,
In vain the garden blooms,
And on the bosom of the spring
Breathes out her sweet perfumes,

While for Britannia's distant shore
We sweep the liquid plain,
And with astonished eyes explore
The wide-extended main.

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame!
Complacent and serene,
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.

To mark the vale where London lies,
With misty vapors crowned,
Which cloud Aurora's thousand dyes,
And veil her charms around.

Why, Phœbus, moves thy car so slow?
So slow thy rising ray?
Give us the famous town to view,
Thou glorious king of day!

For thee, Britannia, I resign
New England's smiling fields;
To view again her charms divine,
What joy the prospect yields!

But thou, Temptation, hence away,
With all thy fatal train,
Nor once seduce my soul away,
By thine enchanting strain.

Thrice happy they, whose heavenly shiel
Secures their soul from harms,
And fell Temptation on the field
Of all its power disarms!

SUSANNAH ROWSON.

ANNAH HASWELL, a daughter of Lieu- William Haswell of the British navy, out seven years of age when her father, widower, was sent to the New Eng- ation, in 1769. After being wrecked ell's island, the family, consisting of nenant, his daughter, and her nurse, ettled at Nantasket, where Haswell l a native of the colony, and resided beginning of the Revolution, when, half-pay officer, he was considered a r of war, and sent into the interior, and iently, by cartel, to Halifax, whence eeded to London. His other children vo sons, who became officers in the an navy, in which they were honor- stinguished.

Haswell, while a child, in Massa- s, was often in the company of James id his sister, Mrs. Warren, who were with her precocity, and careful edu- and she won then many encomiums ie great orator, which were remem- n after years with more delight than plaudits of the dress circle or the of the critics. She arrived in London he year 1784, and in 1786 was married o William Rowson, who was probably e way connected with the theatre. In ne year she published her first novel, ia, which was dedicated to Georgiana, ss of Devonshire, who became her pa- s and introduced her to the Prince of , through whom she obtained a pen- r her father. She next edited Mary or st of Honor, a novel, published in 1785, rote, in quick succession, A Trip to Par- , A Critique of Authors and Perform- he Fille de Chambre, The Inquisitor, ria, and Charlotte Temple, the tale by she is now chiefly known, of which than twenty-five thousand copies were a few years.

793 Mrs. Rowson returned to the Uni- ates, and was for three years engaged actress, in the Philadelphia theatre. as pretty and graceful, and was a fa- in genteel comedy, but while attentive to her professional duties, she was still in- dustrious as an author, and wrote The Trials of the Heart, a novel; Slaves in Algiers, an opera; The Female Patriot, a comedy; and The Volunteers, a farce relating to the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania. In 1795, while temporarily in Baltimore, she wrote The Standard of Liberty, a poetical address to the armies of the United States, which was recited from the stage by Mrs. Whitlock, one of the most accomplished ac- tresses of the day, before all the uniformed companies of the city, in full dress. In 1796 she was engaged at the Federal-street theatre in Boston, where, at the end of a season, she closed her histrionic career, by appearing at her benefit, in her own comedy of The Amer- icans in England.

She now opened a school for young wo- men, which soon became very popular, so that it was thronged from the West Indies, the British provinces, and all the states of the Union. It was continued at Medford, New- ton, and Boston, many years, with uniform success. But the business of instruction did not engross her attention, since she found time to compile a Dictionary and several other school books, and to write Reuben and Rachel, an American novel; Biblical Dialogues, a work evincing considerable re- search and reflection, and a volume of poems, and for two years to sustain a weekly ga- zette chiefly by her own contributions. She died in Boston, on the second of March, 1824, in the sixty-second year of her age.

Mrs. Rowson translated several of the odes of Horace and the tenth Eclogue of Virgil, and she wrote many original songs and other short pieces, of which the most ambitious was an irregular poem On the Birth of Ge- nius, which was once much admired. Only a few of her songs are now remembered, and these less for any poetical qualities than for a certain social and patriotic spirit. Her "America, Commerce, and Freedom," is one of our few national songs. It would not dishonor a Dibdin, but it bears no marks of a feminine genius.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest a life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing!
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And though landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass,
To America, commerce, and freedom!

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends delighted greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full-flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em,
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, commerce, and freedom!

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And if we meet a brother tar
Who wants, we freely give it.
No freeborn sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it;
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more—
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 't is the first of our joys
To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em:
'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
In this land of commerce and freedom!

KISS THE BRIM, AND BID IT PASS.

When Columbia's shores, receding,
Lessen to the gazing eye,
Cape nor island intervening
Break th' expanse of sea and sky;
When the evening shades, descending,
Shed a softness o'er the mind,
When the yearning heart will wander
To the circle left behind—
Ah, then to Friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim, and bid it pass.

When, the social board surrounding,
At the evening's slight repast,
Often will our bosoms tremble
As we listen to the blast;
Gazing on the moon's pale lustre,
Fervent shall our prayers arise
For thy peace, thy health, thy safety,
Unto Him who formed the skies:
To Friendship oft we'll fill the glass,
Kiss the brim, and bid it pass.

When in India's sultry climate,
Mid the burning torrid zone,
Will not oft thy fancy wander
From her bowers to thine own?
When, her richest fruits partaking,
Thy unvitiated taste
Oft shall sigh for dear Columbia,
And her frugal, neat repast:
Ah, then to Friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim, and bid it pass!

When the gentle eastern breezes
Fill the homebound vessel's sails,
Undulating soft the ocean,
Oh, propitious be the gales!
Then, when every danger's over,
Rapture shall each heart expand;
Tears of unmixed joy shall bid thee
Welcome to thy native land:
To Friendship, then, we'll fill the gl
Kiss the brim, and bid it pass.

THANKSGIVING.

Autumn, receding, throws aside
Her robe of many a varied dye,
And Winter in majestic pride
Advances in the lowering sky.
The laborer in his granary stores
The golden sheaves all safe from spoil,
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treasures to reward his toil.
To solemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full strain in hallelujahs rise,
To waft the sacred incense to the skies.

Now the hospitable board
Groans beneath the rich repast—
All that luxury can afford
Grateful to the eye or taste;
While the orchard's sparkling juice
And the vintage join their powers;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous Heaven bids be ours.
Let us give thanks: Yes, yes, be sure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor;
Give them wherewith to purchase clothes and
This the best way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light,
Wit and Genius now aspire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight;
Now the viol's sprightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, sport, and play,
Raise the song, or lead the dance.
Come, sportive Love, and sacred Friendship
Help us to celebrate our harvest home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours, [
Unless you grace the scene, and lead the lau

MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

ARGARETTA V. BLEECKER was a daughf Mrs. Anne Eliza Bleecker, of whose nd writings a notice has been given in receding pages.* She was born at Tomck in 1771, and was about twelve years ge when her mother died. Her educa, which had thus far been conducted with and judgment, was continued under the teachers of New York, where she made appearance in society, soon after the close ie Revolution, as a highly accomplished of the best connexions, and a liberal for-. Her home was thronged with suitors, with a perversity which is often paral-l, she preferred the least deserving, one Peter Faugeres, an adventurer who shone rawing rooms in the flimsy and worn-out ume of French infidelity, and him, in option to the wishes of her father, she mar-. Mr. Bleecker died in 1795, and Fauss squandered the estate, and treated his in a scandalous manner, until 1798, when was relieved of his presence by the yellow r. It seems, from some allusions in her ns to the wretch Thomas Paine, as well om her admiration of Faugeres, that she a deeper sympathy with the vulgar skepm of the time than was possible for a an who united much capacity with vir but observation of its tendencies had aps led her to reflection, and she now e to believe that an inquiring and trustspirit is quite as profound as one that ts and despises. She became a teacher n academy at New Brunswick, but her titution was broken and her mind enfeeby her misfortunes, and she died, in the ity-ninth year of her age, in Brooklyn, ie ninth of January, 1801.

rs. Faugeres in 1793 edited the posthus works of her mother, to which she apled several of her own compositions, in e and verse. In 1795 she published sarius, a tragedy, in five acts, which is en of in the preface as her "first dramatrformance," as if she contemplated the devotion of her attention to this kind of literature; and in the third number of the New York Weekly Magazine, for the same year, is an extract from a MS. comedy by her, but this appears never to have been printed.

Belisarius* was evidently suggested by the fine romance of Marmontel, but Mrs. Faugeres combines the tradition of the putting out of the eyes of the great Byzantine, with that of Theophanes and Malala, that after a short imprisonment he was restored to his honors. Though unsuited to the stage, this tragedy has considerable merit, and is much superior to the earlier compositions of the author. The style is generally dignified and correct, and free from the extravagant declamation into which the subject would have seduced a writer of less taste and judgment. We have but a glimpse of the private intrigues that are revealed in the secret history by Procopius. Some time after the marriage of Belisarius to Antonina, they are referred to in conversation between Arsaces, a Bulgarian noble, and Julia, the niece of Justinian, of whom Belisarius had been a lover:

Arsaces. My darling Julia, drop these vain regrets,
For Belisarius is no longer thine:
Is he not wedded?

Julia. Too sure he is, and therefore I *will* weep,
For he *was* mine, and naught but wicked craft
E'er rent him from my bosom. Oh, my love!
Oh, my betrothéd love! how are we severed!
Cursed be the monsters of iniquity
Who thus have burst the tenderest bonds asunder
Affection ever knew! Thou art betrayed:
Dungeons, and poverty, and shame, are thine
And everlasting blindness; while I, deserted,
Roam round the world.....

In the second act Belisarius appears, according to the narrative of Tzetzes, in the char-

*Ante, p. 28.

* Of Belisarius there were probably printed only enough copies for subscribers, and it is now among the rarest of American books. While making a collection of nearly eight hundred volumes of poetry and verses written in this country, I never saw it; and Dunlap, who was a very industrious collector of plays, alludes to it in his History of the American Theatre, as a work which had eluded his research. It is not in any of our public libraries—which, indeed, are among the last places to be examined for American literature—and the only copy I have seen—the one now before me—is from the curious collection of Henry A. Brady, Esq.

acter of a beggar, and in wandering through the country he is thus introduced to Gelimer, the captive king of Carthage, whom he himself had long before brought in triumph to Byzantium:

Gelimer, at daybreak, in a garden.—Enter Amala, his wife.

Amala. 'T is yet too soon to labor, love; come, sit.
This air blows fresh, and these sweet, bending flow-
Heavy with dew, shed such a fragrance round, [ers,
And so melodious sings the early lark,
'T would be a pity not to enjoy the hour.
Come, sit upon this sod. See, the morn breaks
In streams of quivering light upon the hills,
And the loose clouds, in changeful colors gay,
Now tinged with crimson, and with amber now,
Sail slow along the brightening horizon.

Gelimer. Yes, my Amala, 't is a lovely morn,
And might inspire me with these calm ideas,
But that my thoughts are dwelling on the stranger,
Who claimed your hospitality, last night.
You said he was a soldier—old, and poor—
And that excites compassion; for I grieve
To see a veteran, who has spent his strength
In the big perils of uncertain war,
Far from his home, his country, and his friends;
Who oft has slept upon the frozen earth,
And suffered grievous want....That he, whose age
Has made him bald, and chilled his sickly veins,
And rendered him quite useless to himself,
Should be turned out upon the world, adrift,
To seek a scanty sustenance from alms!....
'T is much to be lamented.

In the following scene the degraded chiefs recognise each other, and Belisarius relates the story of his barbarous punishment:

Bel. When I first heard it my full heart beat slow,
My wonted fortitude forsook me; and when I thought
It was *Justinian* that urged the blow,
Casting my hopeless eyes to yon bright heaven,
As 't were to take a lasting leave of light,
I wrung my hands, and bathed me in my tears.
The executioner, touched with my sorrows,
Sank on the ground and cried, "You are undone!
Wretched old man, why does your heart not break,
And give you a release from such a wo!"
But it is past, and, tranquil as the flood
When gently kissed by Twilight's softliest gale,
My spirit rests, and scarce consents to weep
When Memory would the piteous tale recall.

That most striking virtue of Belisarius, which appeared to Gibbon "above or below the character of a man," is happily illustrated, though by incidents that would seem very extraordinary were the historians upon this point less explicit and particular. The Prince of Bulgaria endeavors to enlist the blind old general against the Byzantines, and causes his proposals to be accompanied with a flourish of martial instruments, to renew in him

—the memory of past scenes,
When his proud steed, champing his golden bit,
Bore him o'er heaps of slaughtered enemies,
While vanquished thousands at his presence knelt
And kissed the dust o'er which the conqueror rode.

Belisarius says, declining—

Shall I now
Sully the glories of a long life's toil,
And justify the cruelty of my foes?

And then—

—Music, such as lulls *my* wayward cares,
Is often heard within the peasant's hamlet,
What time gray Twilight veils the eastern sky,
When the blithe maiden carols rustic songs
To soothe the infirmities of peevish age,
Or, when the moon shines on the dew-gemm'd plain,
Attunes her voice to chant some lightsome air
For those who dance upon the tufted green.
Such are the strains I love, and such as float
On the cool gale from a far mountain's side,
Where some lone shepherd fills his simple pipe,
Calling the echoes from their dewy beds,
To chase mute sleep away. Ah! blessed is he
If his choice melody be ne'er disturbed
By the death-breathing trumpet's woful tone.

Prince. If thou wert ever thus averse to war,
General, why didst thou fight?

Bel. To purchase peace, not to extend dominion.
Peace was the crown of conquest.

The heroine of the piece is the empress Theodosia, who in the third act inquires of her creature Barsames the result of his last efforts to detect a conspiracy:

Theodosia. Did you see Phædrus?

Barsames. Yes: but he did not know me.
He sat upon a heap of mouldering bones
With his shrunk hands, thus, folded on his breast;
And his sunk eyes were fixed on the ground
Half shut, and o'er his bosom streamed his beard,
Hoary and long. I twice accosted him
Ere he regarded me; then, looking up,
He eyed me with a vague and senseless gaze,
And heaving a most lamentable sigh,
Dropped his pale face upon his breast again.

Theo. I'll go myself, this moment, and give orders
For his removal to some cheerful place,
Where kind attendance, and my best physician,
May woo his scattered senses back again.....
When Reason rises cloudless in his brain,
Embracing courteous Hope, then I will go
And break the vain enchantment.....
This will be sweet revenge! Then let him try
If the bright wit that jeered a woman's foibles
Will light the dungeon where her fury dwells!

After the publication of Belisarius, Mrs. Faugeres was an occasional contributor to the New York Monthly Magazine, and some other periodicals. She appears to have been a favorite among her literary acquaintances, and is frequently referred to in their published poems in terms of sympathy and admiration.

THE HUDSON.

FROM A POEM PUBLISHED IN 1793.

Nile's beauteous waves and Tiber's swelling tide
Have been recorded by the hand of Fame,
And various floods, which through earth's channels glide,
From some enraptured bard have gained a name:
E'en Thames and Wye have been the poet's theme,
And to their charms has many a harp been strung,
Whilst, oh! hoar Genius of old Hudson's stream,
Thy mighty river never has been sung!
Say, shall a female string her trembling lyre,
And to thy praise devote the adventurous song?
Fired with the theme, her genius shall aspire,
And the notes sweeten as they float along.....

Through many a blooming wild and woodland green
The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray;
Now mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
Through arching willows now they steal away:
Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
And many a stately dome, in ancient pride
And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.
There trace the marks of Culture's sunburnt hand,
The honeyed buckwheat's clustering blossoms view—
Dripping rich odors, mark the beard-grain bland,
The loaded orchard, and the flax-field blue;
The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
The copse of hazel, and the tufted bank,
The long green valley where the white flocks rove,
The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank:
The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.

Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,
For many a league the sullen waters glide,
And the deep murmur of the crowded tide
With pleasing awe the wondering voyager fills.
On the green summit of yon lofty clift
A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and slow,
Then down the craggy steep-side dashing swift,
Tumultuous falls in the white surge below.
Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,
Beyond it mountains vast their forests rear,
And long ere Day hath left her burnished car,
The dews of night have shed their odors there.
There hangs a lowering rock across the deep;
Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around;
Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,
While Horror startles at the fearful sound.
The shivering sails that cut the fluttering breeze,
Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweep,
Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,
And sloping pastures specked with fleecy sheep.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CINCINNATI OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK ON THE 4TH OF JULY.

Come, round Freedom's sacred shrine,
Flowery garlands let us twine;
And while we our tribute bring,
Grateful pæans let us sing:
Sons of Freedom, join the lay—
'Tis Columbia's natal day!

Banish all the plagues of life,
Fretful Care and restless Strife,
Let the memory of your woes
Sink this day in sweet repose;
Even let Grief itself be gay
On Columbia's natal day.

Late a despot's cruel hand
Sent oppression through your land;
Piteous plaints and tearful moan
Found not access to his throne;
Or if heard, the poor, forlorn,
Met but with reproach and scorn.

Paine, with eager virtue, then
Snatched from Truth her diamond pen—
Bade the slaves of tyranny
Spurn their bonds, and dare be free.
Glad they burst their chains away:
'Twas Columbia's natal day!

Vengeance, who had slept too long,
Waked to vindicate our wrong;
Led her veterans to the field,
Sworn to perish ere to yield:
Weeping Memory yet can tell
How they fought and how they fell!

Lured by virtuous Washington—
Liberty's most favored son—
Victory gave your sword a sheath,
Binding on your brows a wreath
Which can never know decay
While you hail this blissful day.

Ever be its name revered;
Let the shouts of joy be heard
From where Hampshire's bleak winds blow
Down to Georgia's fervid glow;
Let them all in this agree:
"Hail the day which made us free!"

Bend your eyes toward that shore
Where Bellona's thunders roar:
There your Gallic brethren see
Struggling, bleeding to be free!
Oh! unite your prayers that they
May soon announce *their* natal day.

O thou Power! to whom we owe
All the blessings that we know,
Strengthen thou our rising youth,
Teach them wisdom, virtue, truth—
That when we are sunk in clay,
They may keep this glorious day!

ELIZA TOWNSEND.

ELIZA TOWNSEND, descended from a stock that for two centuries has occupied a distinguished and honorable position in American society, was the first native poet of her sex whose writings commanded the applause of judicious critics;—the first whose poems evinced any real inspiration, or rose from the merely mechanical into the domain of art. The late Mr. Nicholas Biddle, whose judgment in literature was frequently illustrated by the most admirable criticisms, once mentioned to me that a prize ode which Miss Townsend wrote for the Port Folio while he himself was editor of that miscellany, soon after the death of Dennie, was in his opinion the finest poem of its kind which at that time had been written in this country, and many of her other pieces received the best approval of the period, but, as she kept her authorship a secret, without securing for her any personal reputation.

She was born in Boston, and her youth was passed in the troubled times which succeeded the Revolution, when our own country was distracted by the strifes of parties, and Europe was convulsed with the tumultuous overthrows of governments whose subjects had caught from us the spirit of liberty. She sympathized with the feelings which were popular in New England, in regard both to our own and to foreign affairs, as is shown by her Occasional Ode, written in June, 1809, in which Napoleon is denounced with a vehemence and power which remind us of the celebrated ode of Southey, written nearly five years afterward, during the negotiations of 1814. This poem was first printed in the seventh volume of the Monthly Anthology, and though it bears the marks of hasty composition, in some minute defects, it is altogether a fine performance. The splendid genius of Napoleon was not yet revealed in all its magnificence even to those who were the immediate instruments of his will, but to all mankind his name was a word of division, and in this country those whose opinions were fruits of anything else than passion were commonly led by a conservative spirit to distrust the man and to credit the v views of his actions. This was most in Boston, where, at the beginning of Madison's administration, Miss Towns ode was probably deemed not less just poetical.

Among the pieces which she publ about this time was Another Castle ir Air, suggested by Professor Frisbie's a able poem referred to in its title; St commemorative of Charles Brockden Br Lines on the Burning of the Richmond atre; and a poem to Southey, upon th pearance of his Curse of Kehama. At a period she published several poems of a religious cast, by one of which, The In prehensibility of God, she is best known. this, the Rev. Dr. Cheever remarks, ths is equal in grandeur to the Thanatops Bryant," and that "it will not suffer by parison with the most sublime piec Wordsworth or of Coleridge."

Miss Townsend has not written, at for the public, in many years, and ther been no collection of the poems with w in the earlier part of this century, sh riched The Monthly Anthology, The Folio, The Unitarian Miscellany, and periodicals which were then supported b contributions of the youthful Adams, All Buckminster, Webster, Ticknor, Greenv Edward Channing, Alexander Everett, others of whose early hopes the fulfilm written in our intellectual history. S collection would undoubtedly be wel ceived.

There is a religious and poetical dig with all the evidences of a fine and ri cultivated understanding, in most of th ems of Miss Townsend, which entitle to be ranked among the distinguished ary women who were her contempor and in advance of all who in her own c try preceded her.

She is still living, in a secluded mai with her sister, also maiden, in the old ily mansion in Boston. They are the la their race.

AN OCCASIONAL ODE.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1809

First of all created things,
God's eldest born, oh tell me, Time!
E'er since within that car of thine,
Drawn by those steeds, whose speed divine,
Through every state and every clime,
Nor pause nor rest has known,
Mongst all the scenes long since gone by
Since first thou opedst thy closeless eye,
Did its scared glances ever rest
Upon a vision so unblest,
So fearful, as our own!

If thus thou start'st in wild affright
At what thyself hast brought to light,
Oh yet relent! nor still unclose
New volumes vast of human woes.
Thy bright and bounteous brother, yonder Sun,
Whose course coeval still with thine doth run,
Sickening at the sights unholy,
Frightful crime, and frantic folly,
By thee, presumptuous! with delight
Forced upon his awful sight,
Abandons half his regal right,
And yields the hated world to night.
And even when through the honored day
He still benignly deigns to sway,
High o'er the horizon prints his burnished tread,
Oft calls his clouds,
With sable shrouds,
To hide his glorious head!

And Luna, of yet purer view,
His sister and his regent too,
'Beneath whose mild and sacred reign
Thou darest display thy deeds profane,
Pale and appalled, has frowned her fears,
Or veiled her brightness in her tears;
While all her starry court, attendant near,
Only glance, and disappear.

But thou, relentless! not in thee
These horrors wake humanity:
Though sun, and moon, and stars combined,
Ne'er did it change thy fatal mind,
Nor e'er thy wayward steps retrace,
Nor e'er restrain thy coursers' race,
Nor e'er efface the blood thou'dst shed,
Nor raise to life the murdered dead.

Is't not enough, thou spoiler, tell!
That, subject to thy stern behest,
The might of ancient empire fell,
And sunk to drear and endless rest!
Fallen is the Roman eagle's flight,
The Grecian glory sunk in night,
And prostrate arts and arms no more withstand:
Those own thy Vandal flame and these thy conq'ring hand.
Then be Destruction's sable banner furled,
Nor wave its shadows o'er the modern world!

In vain the prayer. Still opens wide,
Renewed, each former tragic scene
Of Time's dark drama; while beside
Grief and Despair their vigils keep,
And Memory only lives to weep
The mouldering dust of what has been.

How nameless now the once-famed earth,
That gave to Kosciuszko birth—
The pillared realm that proudly stood,
Propped by his worth, cemented by his blood!
As towers the lion of the wood
O'er all surrounding living things,
So, mid the herd of vulgar kings,
The dauntless Dalecarlian stood.
"Pillowed by flint, by damps enclosed,"
Upon the mine's cold lap reposed,
Yet firm he followed Freedom's plan;
"Dared with eternal night reside,
And threw inclemency aside,"
Conqu'ror of nature as of man!
And earned by toils unknown before,
Of Blood and Death, the crown he wore.
That radiant crown, whose flood of light
Illumined once a nation's sight—
Spirit of Vasa! this its doom?
Gleams in a dungeon's living tomb!

Where'er the frightened mind can fly,
But nearer ruins meet her eye.
Ah! not Arcadia's pictured scene
Could more the poet's dream engage,
Nor manners more befitting seem
The vision of a golden age,
Than where the chamois loved to roam
Through old Helvetia's rugged home,
Where Uri's echoes loved to swell
To kindred rocks the name of Tell,
And pastoral girls and rustic swains
Were simple as their native plains.
Nor mild alone, but bold the mind,
The soldier and the shepherd joined—
The Roman heraldry restored,
The crook was quartered with the sword.
Their seedtime cheerful labor stored,
Plenty piled their vintage board,
Peace loved their daily fold to keep,
Contentment tranquillized their sleep—
Till through those giant Guards of Stone,*
Where Freedom fixed her "mountain-throne,"
Battle's bloodhounds forced their way
And made the human flock their prey!

Is it Fact, or Fancy tells,
That now another mandate's gone?
Hark! even now those fated wheels
Roll the rapid ruin on!
Lo, where the generous and the good,
The heart to feel, the hand to dare:
Iberia pours her noblest blood,
Iberia lifts her holiest prayer!
The while from all her rocks and vales
Her peasant bands by thousands rise:
Their altar is their native plains,
Themselves the willing sacrifice.
While HE, the "strangest birth of time,"
Red with gore, and grim with crime,
Whose fate more prodigies attend,
And in whose course more terrors blend,
And o'er whose birth more portents lower,
Than ever crowned,
In lore renowned,

* The Alps.

The Macedonian's natal hour!
Now here, now there, he takes his stand,
The stablished earth his footsteps jar;
Goads to the fight his vassal band,
While ebbs or flows, at his command,
The torrent of the war!

Could the bard, whose powers sublime
Scaled the heights of epic glory,
And rendered in immortal rhyme
Of Rome's disgrace the blushing story—
Where, formed of treason and of woes,
Pharsalia's gory genius rose—
Might he again
Renew the strain
That once his truant muse had charmed,
Each foreign tone
Unwaked had lain;
And patriot Spain
And Spain alone
The Spaniard's patriot heart had warmed!

Then had the chords proclaimed no more
His deeds, his death, renowned of yore;
Who,* when each lingering hope was slain,
And Freedom fought with Fate in vain,
Lone in the city, and reft of all,
While Usurpation stormed the wall,
The tyrant's entrance scorned to see—
But died, with dying Liberty.

Those chords had raised the local strain;
That bard a filial flight had ta'en;
Forgot all else: The ancient past,
Thick in Oblivion's mists o'ercast,
Or past and present both combined
Within the graspings of his mind;
In what now is, viewed what hath been;
The dead within the living seen:
Owned transmigration's strange control,
In Spaniards owned the Cato soul;
And wailed in tones of martial grief
The valiant band and hero chief,
Who shared in Saragossa's doom,
And made their Utica their tomb!
Bright be the amaranth of their fame!
May Palafox a Lucan claim!

That bard no more had filled his rhymes
With Cæsar's greatness, Cæsar's crimes:
Another Cæsar waked the string,
Alike usurper, traitor, king.
Another Cæsar! rashly said!
Forgive the falsehood, mighty shade!
Mongst Julius' treasons, still we know
The faithful friend, the generous foe;
And even enmity† could see
Some virtues of humanity.

But thou! by what accursed name
Shall we denote thy features here?
In records of infernal fame
Where shall we find thy black compeer?
Thou, whose perfidious might of mind
Nor pity moves nor faith can bind,

Whose fri
That trust
Whose fo
Dread mo
The Ishm
Who robe
The midn
With who
This Arab
Is honor a

And shall
In treasur
Land of r
Adventure
Of holy fa
And banr
And tourn
The native
Shall all t
For Corsic
These anc
The upsta
Oh, for th
That on
What tim
The roy
May Char
Ne'er, S
Nor the d
The cor

None high
Of sove
Than fair
And bri
Wise, ma
Accomplis
Who first
The might
Illustrious
Thy child
No! rise,
In Heaven
Like Palla
Nerve eve
Pervious o
Still guard
Display th
And lend

God of ba
God of
Make it, c
'T is fait
'T is for th
The cause
Not now a
Peruvia's
Nor mang
Nor Guats
Nor give t
For Corté
Thou, wh
Beyond th
Far throug
The unive

* The younger Cato.
† "His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's."—Ad. Cato.

war in other shape appears,
tined plague of other spheres,
apoleons arise
the earth and cloud the skies;
realms in martial ranks succeed,
Iberians, like Iberians bleed.
d is e'er designed
e destroyers of mankind,
ome seraphim assigned
the it to the patriot mind.
Brutus bright in arms arrayed,
'orde bares the righteous blade!
e vengeance, not our own,
d to *thine* arm alone,
hall be signed the blest release
aried worlds refreshed with peace!
ld the muse but dare to rise
these low and clouded skies,
he threefold heavens to soar,
thy very sight implore!—
—while angels veil them there,
Faith half fears to lift her prayer,
nce profane shall Fancy dare!
re around, a fearful band,
nisters of vengeance stand:
hy bidding stalks the storm;
tning takes a local form;
ds erect their hydra head;
tilence forsakes his bed;
light appears to wait,
darkness stands in awful state!

ee, O Time!
hou speedst thy march of crime
all that's beauteous or sublime,
vest thyself the sworn ally
hor of mortality—
ate Earth, too long supine,
lemon-like thou lovedst to ride,
every work beside,
live to see the end of thine—
at revenge shall see!
er shall move th' Almighty power
date that final hour
he Archangel firm shall stand
e ocean and the land—
m a radiant rainbow sphere,
es seven-fold thunders near—
dread fiat to proclaim:
ear by His tremendous name,
med the earth, the heavens and sea,
all no longer be!

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WRITTEN IN 1812.

whom we have known so long, so well,
didst hymn the Maid of Arc, and framed
a the wild and wondrous song;
later tale of Times of Old,
us of our own patriarch fathers,
s of their age, who planted here
of Christ—and liberty—and peace!
other climes, of higher hopes,
inspirations, who hast ne'er
From her high birth debased the goddess Muse,
To grovel in the dirt of earthly things;
But learned to mingle with her human tones
Some breathings of the harmonics of heaven!
Joyful to meet thee yet again, we hail
Thy last, thy loftiest lay; nor chief we thank thee
For every form of beauty, every light
Bestowed by brilliancy, and every grace
That fancy could invent and taste dispose.
Or that creating, consummating power,
Pervading fervor, and mysterious finish,
That something occult, indefinable,
By mortals genius named; the parent sun
Whence all those rays proceed; the constant fount
To feed those streams of mind; th' informing soul
Whose influence all are conscious of, but none
Could e'er describe; whose fine and subtle nature
Seems like th' aerial forms, which legends say
Greeted the gifted eye of saint or seer,
Yet ever mocked the fond inquirer's aim
To scan their essence!
Such alone, we greet not.
Since genius oft (so oft, the tale is trite)
Employs its golden art to varnish vice,
And bleach depravity, till it shall wear
The whiteness of the robes of Innocence;
And Fancy's self forsakes her truest trade,
The lapidary for the scavenger;
And Taste, regardful of but half her province,
Self-sentenced to a partial blindness, turns
Her notice from the semblance of perfection,
To fix its hoodwinked gaze on faults alone—
And like the owl, sees only in the night,
Not like the eagle, soars to meet the day.
Oblivion to all such!—For thee, we joy
Thou hast not misapplied the gifts of God,
Nor yielded up thy powers, illustrious captives,
To grace the triumph of licentious Wit.
Once more a female is thy chosen theme;
And Kailyal lives a lesson to the sex,
How more than woman's loveliness may blend
With all of woman's worth; with chastened love,
Magnanimous exertion, patient piety,
And pure intelligence. Lo! from thy wand
Even faith, and hope, and charity, receive
Something more filial and more feminine.
Proud praise enough were this; yet is there more:
That neath thy splendid Indian canopy,
By fairy fingers woven, of gorgeous threads,
And gold and precious stones, thou hast enwrapped
Stupendous themes that Truth divine revealed,
And answering Reason owned: naught more sub-
Beauteous, or useful, e'er was charactered [lime,
On Hermes' mystic pillars—Egypt's boast,
And more, Pythagoras' lesson, when the maze
Of hieroglyphic meaning awed the world!
Could Music's potent charm, as some believed
Have warmth to animate the slumbering dead,
And "lap them in Elysium," second only
To that which shall await in other worlds,
How would the native sons of ancient India
Unclose on thee that wondering, dubious eye,
Where admiration wars with incredulity!
Sons of the morning! first-born of creation!
What would they think of thee—thee, one of us

Sprung from a later race, on whom the ends
Of this our world have come, that thou shouldst pen
What Varanasi's* venerable towers
In all their pride and plenitude of power,
Ere Conquest spread her bloody banner o'er them,
Or Ruin trod upon their hallowed walls,
Could ne'er excel, though stored with ethic wisdom,
And epic minstrelsy, and sacred lore!
For there, Philosophy's Gantami† first
Taught man to measure mind; there Valmic hymn'd
The conqu'ring arms of heaven-descended Rama;
And Calidasa and Vyasa there,
At different periods, but with powers the same,
The Sanscrit song prolonged—of Nature's works,
Of human woes, and sacred Chrishna's ways.
That it should e'er be thine, of Europe born,
To sing of Asia! that Hindostan's palms
Should bloom on Albion's hills, and Brama's Vedas‡
Meet unconverted eyes, yet unprofaned!
And those same brows the classic Thames had bath'd
Be laved by holy Ganges! while the lotus,
Fig-tree, and cusa, of its healing banks,
Should, with their derva's vegetable rubies,
Be painted to the life!....Not truer touches,
On plane-tree arch above, or roseate carpet,
Spread out beneath, were ever yet employed
When their own vale of Cashmere was the subject,
Sketched by its own Abdallah!

He,‖ too, of thine own land, who long since found
A refuge in his final sanctuary,
From regal bigotry—could thy voice reach him,
His awful shade might greet thee as a brother
In sentiment and song; that epic genius,
From whom the sight of outward things was taken
By Heaven in mercy—that the orb of vision
Might totally turn inward—there concentred
On objects else perhaps invisible,
Requiring and exhausting all its rays;
Who (like Tiresias, of prophetic fame)
Talked with Futurity!—that patriot poet,
Poet of paradise, whose daring eye
Explored "the living throne, the sapphire blaze,"
"But blasted with excess of light," retired,
And left to thee to compass other heavens
And other scenes of being!—

Bard beloved
Of all who virtue love—revered by all
That genius reverence—SOUTHEY! if thou art
"Gentle as bard beseems," and if thy life
Be lovely as thy lay, thou wilt not scorn
This rustic wreath; albeit 'twas entwined
Beyond the western waters, where I sit
And bid the winds that wait upon their surges,
Bear it across them to thine island-home.
Thou wilt not scorn the simple leaves, though culled
From that traduced, insulted spot of earth,
Of which thy contumelious brethren oft
Frame fables, full as monstrous in their kind
As e'er Munchausen knew—with all his falsehood,
Guiltless of all his wit! Not such art thou—
Surely thou art not, if, as Rumor tells,
Thyself in the high hour of hopeful youth
Had cherished nightly visions of delight,
And day-dreams of desire, that lured thee on
To see these sister states, and painted to thee
Our frowning mountains and our laughing vales,
The countless beauties of our varied lakes,
The dim recesses of our endless woods,
Fit haunt for sylvan deities; and whispered
How sweet it were in such deep solitude,
Where human foot ne'er trod, to raise thy hut,
To talk to Nature, but to think of man.
Then thou, perchance, like Scotia's darling son,
Hadst sung our Pennsylvanian villages,
Our bold Oneidas, and our tender Gertrudes,
And sung, like him, thy listeners into tears.
Such were thy early musings: other thoughts,
And happier, doubtless, have concurred to fix thee
On Britain's venerated shore; yet still
Must that young thought be tenderly remembered,
Even as romantic minds are sometimes said
To cherish their first love—not that 't was wisest,
But that 't was earliest.....If that morning dream
Still lingers to thy noon of life, remember,
And for its own dear sake, when thou shalt hear
(As oft, alas! thou wilt) those gossip tales,
By lazy Ignorance or inventive Spleen,
Related of the vast, the varied country,
We proudly call our own—oh! then refute them
By the just consciousness that still this land
Has turned no adder's ear toward thy Muse
That charms so wisely; that whene'er her tones,
Mellowed by distance, o'er the waters come,
They meet a band of listeners—those who hear
With breath-suspending eagerness, and feel
With feverish interest. Be this their praise,
And sure they 'll need no other! Such there are,
Who, from the centre of an honest heart,
Bless thee for ministering to the purest pleasure
That man, whilst breathing earthly atmosphere,
In this minority of being, knows—
That of contemplating immortal verse,
In fit communion with immortal Truth!

* The college of Benares.
† Supposed the earliest founder of a philosophic school.
‡ Sacred books of the Hindoos. ‖ Milton.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

WHERE art thou?—THOU! source and support
That is or seen or felt; thyself unseen, [of all
Unfelt, unknown—alas, unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns—
Life-giving earth, and ever-moving main,
And speaking winds—and ask if these are thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
Though hailed as gods of old, and only less,
Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not thee!
I ask thee from the past: if, in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine), did they behold
And next interrogate Futurity, [thee!
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute:
And Past and Future, vocal on all else,

memories and phantasies,
and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
vain parley with the elements, [ward
mine eyes, and bid the thought turn in-
h material thing its anxious guest,
stillness of the waiting soul,
vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!
at once most dreaded and desired,
d still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee?
ough the rash request be fraught with fate,
an eye may look on thine and live?
the penalty! let that come now,
on or late must come. For light like this
uld not dare to die?
Peace, my proud aim,
h the wish that knows not what it asks.
is will, who hath appointed this,
ry other trial. Be that will
, as ever. For thy curious search,
repared solicitude to gaze
—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
er highest hope with humbleness.
novitiate in these outer courts,
the veil, no longer separating
iest of all—as erst, disclosing
r dispensation; whose results
interminable, tend
the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
for that sublime beatitude,
m promise of a voice from heaven
to the pure in heart!

THER "CASTLE IN THE AIR."

, like Phidias, were it given
form from clay the man sublime,
ike Prometheus, steal from heaven
animating spark divine!"

once in rhapsody you cried:
or complexion, form, and air,
tter what, if thought preside,
fire and feeling mantle there.

n the tablets of his mind
earning, science, taste, imprest;
ty a refuge find
hin the foldings of his breast.

n have suffered much—since we,
! are early doomed to know,
man virtue we can see
ly perfected through wo.

the ensuing breeze we find
en whirlwinds first the skies deform;
ardier grows the mountain hind
ching beneath the wintry storm.

ove all, may Heaven impart
t talent which completes the whole—
nest and the rarest art—
nalyse a woman's soul.

n—that happy, wretched being,
auseless smile, of nameless sigh,
whose joys unbidden spring,
ft who weeps, she knows not why!

Her piteous griefs, her joys so gay,
All that afflicts and all that cheers;
All her erratic fancy's play,
Her fluttering hopes, her trembling fears.

With passions chastened, not subdued,
Let dull inaction stupid reign;
Be his the ardor of the good,
Their loftier thought and nobler aim.

Firm as the towering bird of Jove,
The mightiest shocks of life to bear;
Yet gentle as the captive dove,
In social suffering to share.

If such there be, to such alone
Would I thy worth, beloved, resign;
Secure, each bliss that time hath known
Would consummate a lot like thine.

But if this gilded human scheme
Be but the pageant of the brain,
Of such slight "stuff" as forms our "dream,"
Which, waking, we must seek in vain.

Each gift of nature and of art
Still lives within thyself enshrined;
Thine are the blossoms of the heart,
And thine the scions of the mind!

And if the matchless wreath shall blend
With foliage other than its own,
Or, destined not its sweets to lend,
Shall flourish for thyself alone—

Still cultivate the plants with care;
From weeds, from thorns, oh keep them free.
Till, ripened for a purer air,
They bloom in immortality!

AMERICAN SCENERY.

FROM A POEM ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

Though Nature, with unsparing hand,
Has scattered round thy favored land
Those gifts that prompt the aspiring aim,
And fan the latent spark to flame:
Such awful shade of blackening woods,
Such roaring voice of giant floods,
Cliffs, which the dizzied eagles flee,
Such cataracts, tumbling to the sea,
That in this lone and wild retreat
A Collins might have fixed his seat,
Called Horror from the mountain's brow,
Or Danger from the depths below—
And then, for those of milder mood,
Heedless of forest, rock, or flood,
Gay fields, bedecked with golden grain,
Rich orchards, bending to the plain,
Where Sydney's fairy pen had failed,
Which Mantuan Maro's muse had hailed
Yet, midst this luxury of scene,
These varied charms, this graceful mien,
Canst thou no hearts, no voices, raise,
Those charms to feel, those charms to praise!

LAVINIA STODDARD.

Lavinia Stone, a daughter of Mr. Elijah Stone, was born in Guilford, Connecticut, on the twenty-ninth of June, 1787. While she was an infant her father removed to Paterson, in New Jersey, and here she received, besides the careful instructions of an intelligent and judicious mother, such education in the schools as was at the time common to the children of farmers. In 1811 she was married to Dr. William Stoddard, a man of taste and liberal culture, of Stratford, in Connecticut, and in the then flourishing village of Troy, on the Hudson, they established an academy, which they conducted successfully for several years. Mrs. Stoddard was attacked with consumption, and about the year 1818 she removed with her family to Blakeley, in Alabama, where Dr. Stoddard soon after died, leaving her among strangers and in poverty. Partially recovering her own health, she revisited Troy; but the severity of the climate induced her to return to Blakeley, where she died in 1820.

Mrs. Stoddard wrote many poems, which were printed anonymously in the public journals, or addressed privately to her acquaintances. She was a woman of piety, benevolence, and an independent temper; and the fine poem entitled The Soul's Defiance, her brother has informed me, "was interesting to her immediate friends for the truthfulness with which it portrayed her own experience and her indomitable spirit, which never quailed under any circumstances." This was written in a period of suffering and with a sense of injury. It is the last of her compositions, and perhaps the best. It is worthy of George Herbert.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on—your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its highborn smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter wo
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

SONG.

Ask not from me the sportive jest,
The mirthful jibe, the gay reflection,
These social baubles fly the breast
That owns the sway of pale Dejection.
Ask not from me the changing smile,
Hope's sunny glow, Joy's glittering token,
It can not now my griefs beguile—
My soul is dark, my heart is broken!

Wit can not cheat my heart of wo,
Flattery wakes no exultation,
And Fancy's flash but serves to show
The darkness of my desolation.
By me no more in masking guise
Shall thoughtless repartee be spoken;
My mind a hopeless ruin lies—
My soul is dark, my heart is broken!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

s GOULD is a native of Lancaster, in uthern part of Vermont. Her father ne of the small company who fought first battle of the Revolution, and in ce of all the privations and discourage- of that long and often hopeless war ned in the army until it was disbanded. e Scar of Lexington, The Revolution- oldier's Request, The Veteran and the , and several other pieces, we suppose as referred to him; and it is probably versification of a family incident in h an old man, relating the story of his y campaigns, says to a child—

rried my musket, as one that must be
oosed from the hold of the dead, or the free.
fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord."

Gould's history is in a peculiar degree in a most honorable manner identified her father's. In her youth he removed ewburyport, near Boston, and for many s before his death, (for the touching n entitled My Lost Father, in the last me of her writings, we presume had ence to that event,) she was his house- er, his constant companion, and the f source of his happiness.

iss Gould's poems are short, but they frequently nearly perfect in their kind. rly all of them appeared originally in ials, magazines, and other miscellanies, their popularity has been shown by the subsequent sale of several collective editions. The first volume she published came out in 1832, the second in 1835, and the third in 1841; and a new edition, embracing many new poems, is now (1848) in preparation.

Her most distinguishing characteristic is sprightliness. Her poetical vein seldom rises above the fanciful, but in her vivacity there is both wit and cheerfulness. She needs apparently but the provocation of a wider social inspiration to become very clever and apt in *jeux d'esprit* and epigrams, as a few specimens which have found their way into the journals amply indicate. It is however in such pieces as Jack Frost, The Pebble and the Acorn, and other effusions devoted to graceful details of nature, or suggestive incidents in life, that we recognise the graceful play of her muse. Often by a dainty touch, or lively prelude, the gentle raillery of her sex most charmingly reveals itself, and in this respect Miss Gould manifests a decided individuality of genius.

Miss Gould seems as fond as Æsop or La Fontaine of investing every thing in nature with a human intelligence. It is surprising to see how frequently and how happily the birds, the insects, the trees and flowers and pebbles are made her colloquists. Her poems could be illustrated only by some such ingenious artists as those who have recently amused Paris with *Scenes de la Vie Publique et Privée des Animaux.*

A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast·
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

CHANGES ON THE DEEP.

A GALLANT ship! and trim and tight
Across the deep she speeds away,
While mantled with the golden light
The sun throws back at close of day.
And who, that sees that stately ship
Her haughty stem in ocean dip,
Has ever seen a prouder one
Illumined by a setting sun?

The breath of summer, sweet and soft,
Her canvass swells, while, wide and fair,
And floating from her mast aloft,
Her flag plays off on gentle air.
And, as her steady prow divides
The waters to her even sides,
She passes, like a bird, between
The peaceful deep and sky serene.

And now gray twilight's tender veil
The moon with shafts of silver rends;
And down on billow, deck, and sail,
Her placid lustre gently sends.
The stars, as if the arch of blue
Were pierced to let the glory through,
From their bright world look out and win
The thoughts of man to enter in.

And many a heart that's warm and true
That noble ship bears on with pride;
While, mid the many forms, are two
Of passing beauty, side by side.
A fair young mother, standing by
Her bosom's lord, has fixed her eye,
With his, upon the blessed star
That points them to their home afar.

Their thoughts fly forth to those, who there
Are waiting now, with joy to hail
The moment that shall grant their prayer,
And heave in sight their coming sail.
For, many a time the changeful queen
Of night has vanished, and been seen,
Since, o'er a foreign shore to roam,
They passed from that dear, native home.

The babe, that on its father's breast
Has let its little eyelids close,
The mother bears below to rest,
And sinks with it in sweet repose.
The while a sailor climbs the shroud,
And in the distance spies a cloud:
Low, like a swelling seed, it lies,
From which the towering storm shall rise.

The powers of air are now about
To muster from their hidden caves;
The winds, unchained, come rushing out,
And into mountains heap the waves.
Upon the sky the darkness spreads!
The Tempest on the Ocean treads;
And yawning caverns are its track
Amid the waters wild and black.

Its voice—but who shall give the sounds
Of that dread voice?—The ship is dashed
In roaring depths—and now she bounds
On high, by foaming surges lashed.

And how is she the storm to bide?
Its sweeping wings are strong and wide!
The hand of man has lost control
O'er her—his work is for the soul!

She's in a scene of Nature's war:
The winds and waters are at strife;
And both with her contending for
The brittle thread of human life
That she contains; while sail and shroud
Have yielded, and her head is bowed.
Then who that slender thread shall keep
But He whose finger moves the deep?

A moment—and the angry blast
Has done its work and hurried on.
With parted cables, shivered mast—
With riven sides, and anchor gone,
Behold the ship in ruin lie;
While from the waves a piercing cry
Surmounts the tumult high and wild,
And shouts to heaven, "My child! my child

[illegible]her in the whelming surge
Lifts up her infant o'er the sea,
While lying on the awful verge
Where time unveils eternity—
And calls to Mercy, from the skies
To come and rescue, while she dies,
The gift that, with her fleeting breath,
She offers from the gates of death.

It is a call for Heaven to hear.
Maternal fondness sends above
A voice, that in her Father's ear
Shall enter quick, for God is love.
In such a moment, hands like these
Their Maker with their offering sees;
And for the faith of such a breast
He will the blow of death arrest!

The moon looks pale from out the cloud,
While Mercy's angel takes the form
Of him, who, mounted on the shroud,
Was first to see the coming storm.
The sailor has a ready arm
To bring relief, and cope with harm;
Though rough his hand, and nerved with ste
His heart is warm and quick to feel.

And see him, as he braves the frown
That sky and sea each other give!
Behold him where he plunges down,
That child and mother yet may live,
And plucks them from a closing grave!
They're saved! they're saved! the madd
wave
Leaps foaming up, to find its prey
Snatched from its mouth and borne away.

They're saved! they're saved! but where is
Who lulled his fearless babe to sleep!
A floating plank on that wild sea
Has now his vital spark to keep!
But, by the wan, affrighted moon,
Help comes to him; and he is soon
Upon the deck with living men
To clasp that smiling boy again.

And now can He, who only knows
Each human breast, behold alone
What pure and grateful incense goes
From that sad wreck to his high throne.
The twain, whose hearts are truly one,
Will early teach their prattling son
Upon his little heart to bear
The sailor to his God, in prayer:

"O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves, that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep!
And, when their voyage of life is o'er,
May they be welcomed to the shore
Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
And angels sing, 'They 're saved!—they 're saved!' "

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his tender finger twines
Those scattered locks, that, with the flight
Of fourscore years, are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, "Grandpa, what wounded you?"

"My child, 't is five-and-fifty years
This very day, this very hour,
Since, from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!

"And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'T is since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

"When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet reap
The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

"But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword:
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield:
And be thou spared, like me, to tell
What bore thee up, while *others fell!*"

THE SNOWFLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot!
And there will my course be ended!"
'T was this a feathery Snowflake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"Oh, no!" said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

"And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting Flake,
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given!"

THE WINDS.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains and over the deep
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds: but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we!—but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud or high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still 'tis we.
And ye list and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight:
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powder'd its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers—and
All pictured in silver sheen! [these
But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

THE WATERFALL.

Ye mighty waters, that have joined your forces,
Roaring and dashing with this awful sound,
Here are ye mingled; but the distant sources
Whence ye have issued—where shall they b
found?

Who may retrace the ways that ye have taken,
Ye streams and drops? who separate you all,
And find the many places ye've forsaken,
To come and rush together down the fall?

Through thousand, thousand paths have ye bee
roaming,
In earth and air, who now each other urge
To the last point! and then, so madly foaming,
Leap down at once from this stupendous verge

Some in the lowering cloud a while were centred,
That in the stream beheld its sable face,
And melted into tears, that, falling, entered
With sister waters on this sudden race.

Others, to light that beamed upon the fountain,
Have from the vitals of the rock been freed,
In silver threads, that, shining down the mountain
Twined off among the verdure of the mead.

And many a flower that bowed beside the river,
In opening beauty, ere the dew was dried,
Stirred by the breeze, has been an early giver
Of her pure offering to the rolling tide.

Thus, from the veins, through earth's dark bosom
pouring,
Many have flowed in tributary streams;
Some, in the bow that bent, the sun adoring,
Have shone in colors borrowed from his beams

But He, who holds the ocean in the hollow
Of his strong hand, can separate you all!
His searching eye the secret way will follow
Of every drop that hurries to the fall!

We are, like you, in mighty torrents mingled,
And speeding downward to one common home;
Yet there's an Eye that every drop hath singled,
And marked the winding ways through which
we come.

Those who have here adored the Sun of heaven,
And shown the world their brightness drawn
from him,
Again before him, though their hues be *seven*,
Shall blend their beauty, never to grow dim.

We bless the promise, as we thus are tending
Down to the tomb, that gives us hope to rise
Before the Power to whom we now are bending,
To stand his bow of glory in the skies!

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

The full orbed moon has reached no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane; and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of Peace—the Source of light,
Where man for God prepared the place,
And God to man unveils his face.

Her tribute all around is seen;
She bends, and worships like a queen!
Her robe of light and beaming crown
In silence she is casting down;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth—.
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging purity!

Pale traveller, on thy lonely way,
'Tis well thine homage thus to pay;
To reverence that ancient pile,
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle
Which many a pious foot has trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod;
Where many a sacred tear was wept
From eyes that long in death have slept!

The temple's builders—where are they?
The worshippers?—all passed away,
Who came the first, to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer!
Man's generation passes soon;
It wanes and changes like the moon.
He raises the perishable wall,
But, ere it crumbles, he must fall!

And does he sink to rise no more?
Has he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king? no spark, to save
From darkness, ashes, and the grave?
Thou holy place, the answer, wrought
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!
The Spirit that established thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!

THE ROBE.

'T was not the robe of state
Which the high and the haughty wear,
That my busy hand, as the lamp burned late,
Was hastening to prepare.

It had no clasp of gold,
No diamond's dazzling blaze,
For the festive board; nor the graceful fold
To float in the dance's maze.

'T was not to wrap the breast
With gladness light and warm;
For the bride's attire—for the joyous guest,
Nor to clothe the sufferer's form.

'T was not the garb of wo
We wear o'er an aching heart,
When our eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
And our dearest ones depart.

'T was what we all must bear
To the cold, the lonely bed!
'T was the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead!

I saw the fair young maid
In the snowy vesture drest;
So pure, she looked as one arrayed
For the mansions of the blest.

A smile had left its trace
On her lip at the parting breath,
And the beauty in that lovely face
Was fixed with the seal of death!

THE CONSIGNMENT.

Fire, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence intrust:
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This—in childhood's rosy morn,
This was gayly filled and sent.
Childhood is for ever gone:
Here, devouring element!
This was Friendship's cherished pledge;
Friendship took a colder form:
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be bright and warm!

These—the letter and the token,
Never more shall meet my view!
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too!
This—'t was penned while purest joy
Warmed the heart, and lit the eye.
Fate that peace did soon destroy,
And its transcript now will I!

This must go! for, on the seal
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel;
'T was a heart string breaking, too!
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
Go, for ever disappear!

This is his, who seemed to be
High as heaven, and fair as light:
But the visor rose, and he—
Spare, O Memory, spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath
While I take it, hand and name,
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These—the hand is in the grave,
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Still, my breast shall be an urn
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Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still, my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!

THE WINTER BURIAL.

The deep toned bell peals long and low
On the keen, midwinter air;
A sorrowing train moves sad and slow
From the solemn place of prayer.

The earth is in a winding sheet,
And nature wrapped in gloom;
Cold, cold the path which the mourners' feet
Pursue to the waiting tomb.

They follow one who calmly goes
From her own loved mansion door,
Nor shrinks from the way through gathered snows,
To return to her home no more.

A sable line, to the drift crowned hill,
The narrow pass they wind;
And here, where all is drear and chill,
Their friend they leave behind.

The silent grave they're bending o'er,
A long farewell to take;
One last, last look, and then, no more
Till the dead shall all awake!

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone—
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long. in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The chi'dren of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it is happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

THE SHIP IS READY.

Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady.
Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
High in air the streamer's playing.
Spread the sails—the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee!
Then, as, down to ocean glancing,
In the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee!

When the lonely night watch keeping
All below thee still and sleeping—
As the needle points the quarter
O'er the wide and trackless water,
Let thy vigils ever find thee
Mindful of the friends behind thee!
Let thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those who wake for thee!

When, with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean—
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky with tranquil splendor,
Where the shining hosts attend her:
Let the brightest visions be
Country, home, and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,
Danger, wreck, and death, before thee,
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts, to Heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy seat, to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee!

HE CHILD ON THE BEACH.

beautiful, artless child,
down on the beach to me,
sat, and a pensive hour beguiled
atching the restless sea.

ad seen her face before,
nine was to her unknown;
each rejoiced on that peaceful shore
ther to meet alone.

ek was the rose's opening bud,
row of an ivory white;
s were bright as the stars that stud
ky of a cloudless night.

h my side as she gayly sped,
the step of a bounding fawn,
bles scarce moved beneath her tread,
he little light foot was gone.

e love of a holier world than this
nnocent heart seemed warm;
the glad young spirit looked out with bliss
i its shrine in her sylphlike form.

l seemed spreading the scene to span
opened before her view,
nging for power to look the plan
he universe fairly through.

mbed and stood on the rocky steep,
a bird that would mount and fly
er the waves, where the broad, blue deep
ed up to the bending sky.

aced her lips to the spiral shell,
breathed through every fold;
oked for the depth of its pearly cell,
a miser would look for gold.

nall, white fingers were spread to toss
foam, as it reached the strand:
n them along in the purple moss,
l over the sparkling sand.

reen sea egg, by its tenant left,
l formed to an ocean cup,
eld by its sides, of their spears bereft,
fill, as the waves rolled up.

e hour went round, and she knew the space
r mother's soft word assigned;
she seemed to look with a saddening face
all she must leave behind.

earched mid the pebbles, and, finding one
ooth, clear, and of amber dye,
eld it up to the morning sun,
l over her own mild eye.

"Here," said she, "I will give you this,
t you may remember me!"
he sealed her gift with a parting kiss,
l fled from beside the sea.

thy token is by me yet:
me 'tis a dearer gem
ever was brought from the mine, or set
he loftiest diadem.

ies me back to the far off deep,
l places me on the shore,
e the beauteous child, who bade me keep
r pebble, I meet once more.

And all that is lovely, pure, and bright,
In a soul that is young, and free
From the stain of guile, and the deadly blight
Of sorrow, I find in thee.

I wonder if ever thy tender heart
In memory meets me there,
Where thy soft, quick sigh, as we had to part,
Was caught by the ocean air.

Blest one! over Time's rude shore, on thee
May an angel guard attend,
And "a white stone bearing a new name," be
Thy passport when time shall end!

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

'Tis midnight—all is peace profound!
But, lo! upon the murmuring ground,
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
Of distant wheels is heard!
They come—they pause a moment—when,
Their charge resigned, they start, and then
Are gone, and all is hushed again,
As not a leaf had stirred.

Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child, to be thy stay
In life's decline—or sisters, they
Who shared thine infant glee?
A brother on a foreign shore?
Is he whose breast thy token bore,
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
A wide, tumultuous sea?

If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright or boding seal
On every trembling thread
That strings thy heart, till morn appears,
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
As line on line is read.

Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
Upon his distant grave!
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped—nor death restore
Thy son from out the wave!

Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled.
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,
Thy blooming bride, perchance, has filled
Her corner of the tomb.
May be, the home where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
In midnight's awful gloom!

And while, alternate, o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief—
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup which thou hast sent for me,
I know 'tis good, prepared by thee,
Though filled with joy or grief!

CAROLINE GILMAN.

CAROLINE HOWARD was born in Boston, in 1794, and in 1819 was married to the Rev. Samuel Gilman, one of the most accomplished scholars of the Unitarian church, who is known as an author by his very clever work entitled Memoirs of a New England Village Choir, and by numerous elegant papers in the reviews. Soon after their marriage they removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where Dr. Gilman has ever since been actively engaged in the duties of his profession.

Mrs. Gilman is best known as a writer of prose, and her works will long be valued for the spirit and fidelity with which she has painted rural and domestic life in the northern and in the southern states. Her Recollections of a New England Housekeeper, and Recollections of a Southern Matron, are equally happy, and both show habits of minute observation, skill in character-writing, and an artist-like power of grouping; they are also pervaded by a genial tone, and a love of nature, and good sense. Her other works are, Love's Progress, a Tale; The Poetry of Travelling in the United States; Tales and Ballads; Stories and Poems for Children; and Verses of a Lifetime. She edited for several years, in Charleston, a literary gazette called The Southern Rose; published a collection of the Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, a heroine of the Revolution; and illustrated the extent of her reading in poetical literature, by two ingenious volumes, entitled Oracles from the Poets, and The Sybil.

The poems of Mrs. Gilman are nearly all contained in Verses of a Lifetime, just issued (at the close of the year 1848) by James Munroe & Company, of Boston. They abound in expressions of wise, womanly feeling, and are frequently marked by a graceful elegance of manner.

ROSALIE.

'T is fearful to watch by a dying friend,
Though luxury glistens nigh;
Though the pillow of down be softly spread
Where the throbbing temples lie—

Though the loom's pure fabric enfold the form,
Though the shadowy curtains flow,
Though the feet on sumptuous carpets tread
As "lightly as snow on snow"—

Though the perfumed air as a garden teems
With flowers of healthy bloom,
And the feathery fan just stirs the breeze
In the cool and guarded room—

Though the costly cup for the fevered lip
With grateful cordial flows,
While the watching eye and the warning hand
Preserve the snatched repose.

Yes, even with these appliances,
From wealth's unmeasured store,
'T is fearful to watch the spirit's flight
To its dim and distant shore.

But oh, when the form that we love is laid
On Poverty's chilly bed,
When roughly the blast to the shivering limbs
Through crevice and pane is sped—

When the noonday sun comes streaming in
On the dim or burning eye,
And the heartless laugh and the worldly tread
Is heard from the passers by—

When the sickly lip for a pleasant draught
To us in vain upturns,
And the aching head on a pillow hard
In restless fever burns—

When night rolls on, and we gaze in wo
On the candle's lessening ray,
And grope about in the midnight gloom,
And long for the breaking day—

Or bless the moon as her silver torch
Sheds light on our doubtful hand,
When pouring the drug which a moment wrests
The soul from the spirit-land—

When we know that sickness of soul and heart
Which sensitive bosoms feel,
When helpless, hopeless, we needs must gaze
On woes we can not heal:

This, this is the crown of bitterness!
And we pray, as the loved one dies,
That our breath may pass with their waning pulse,
And with theirs close our aching eyes.

My story tells of sweet Rosalie,
Once a maiden of joy and delight,
A ray of love, from her girlish days,
To her parents' devoted sight.

The girl was free as the river wave
That dances to ocean's rest,
And life looked down like a summer's sun
On her pure and gentle breast.

She saw young Arthur—their happy hearts
Like two young streamlets shone,
That leap along on their mountain path,
Then mingle their waters as one.

They parted: he roved to western wilds
To seek for his bird a nest,
And Rosalie dwelt in her father's halls,
And folded her wings to rest.

But her father died, and a fearful blight
O'er his child and his widow fell—
They sunk from that day in the gloomy abyss
Where sorrow and poverty dwell.

Consumption came, and he whispered low
To the widow of early death;
He hastened the beat of her constant pulse,
And baffled the coming breath.

He preyed on the bloom of her still soft cheek,
And shrivelled her hand of snow;
He checked her step in its easy glide,
And her eye beamed a restless glow.

He choked her voice in its morning song,
And stifled its evening lay,
And husky and coarse rose her midnight hymn
As she lay on her pillow to pray.

Poor Rosalie rose by the dawning light,
And sat by the midnight oil;
But the pittance was fearfully small that came
By her morning and evening toil.

'T was then in *her* lodging the night-wind came
Through crevice and broken pane;
'T was there that the early sunbeam burst
With its glaring and burning train.

When Rosalie sat by her mother's side,
She smothered her heart's affright,
And essayed to smile, though the monster Want
Stood haggard and wan in her sight.

She pressed her feet on the cold damp floor,
And crushed her hands on her heart,
Or stood like a statue so still and pale,
Lest a tear or a cry should start.

Her household goods went one by one
To purchase their scanty fare;
And even the little mirror was sold
Where she parted her glossy hair.

Then hunger glared in her full blue eye,
And was heard in her tremulous tone;
And she longed for the crust that the beggar eats,
As he sits by the wayside stone.

The neighbors gave of their scanty store,
But their jealous children scowled;
And the eager dog, that guarded the street,
Looked on the morsel and howled.

Then her mother died—'t was a blessed thing!
For the last faint embers had gone
On the chilly hearth, and the candle was out
As Rosalie watched for the dawn.

'T was a blessèd exchange from this dark, cold earth
To those bright and blossoming bowers,
Where the spirit roves in its robes of light,
And gathers immortal flowers!

Poor Rosalie lay on her mother's breast,
Though its fluttering breath was o'er,
And eagerly pressed her passive hand,
Which returned the pressure no more.

In darkness she closed the fixing eyes,
And saw not the deathly glare—
Then straightened the warm and flaccid limbs
With a wild and fearful care.

And ere the dawn of the morrow broke
On the night that her mother died,
Poor Rosalie sank from her long, long watch,
In sleep by her mother's side.

'T was a sorrowful sight for the neighbors to see,
(When they woke from their kindlier rest,)
The beautiful girl, with her innocent face,
Asleep on the corpse's breast.

Her hair flowed about by her mother's side,
And her hand on the dead hand fell;
Yet her breathing was light as the lily's roll,
When waved by the ripple's swell.

There was surely a vision of heaven's delight
Haunting her exquisite rest,
For she smiled in her sleep such a heavenly smile
As could only beam out from the blest.

'T was fearful as beautiful: and as they gazed,
The neighbors stood whispering low,
Nor dared they remove her white arm from the dead,
Where it seemed in its fondness to grow.

Life is not always a darkling dream:
God loves our sad waking to bless—
More brightly, perchance, for the dreary shade
That heralds our happiness.

A stranger stands by that humble door,
A youth in the flush of life,
And sudden hope in his thoughtful glance
Seems with sorrow and care at strife.

Manly beauty and soul-formed grace
Stand forth in each movement fair,
And speak in the turn of his well-timed step,
And shine in his wavy hair.

With travel and watchfulness worn was he,
Yet there beamed on his open brow
Traces of faith and integrity,
Where conscience had stamped her vow.

'T was Arthur: he gazed on those two pale forms,
Soon one was clasped to his heart;
In piercing accents he called her name—
That voice made the life-blood start!

Not on the dead doth she ope her eyes—
Life, love, spread their living wings;
And she rests on her lover's breast as a child
To its nursing mother clings.

A pure white tomb in the near graveyard
Betokens the widow's rest,
But Arthur has gone to his forest-home,
And shelters his dove in his nest.

THE PLANTATION.

Farewell, awhile, the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
And list the mockbird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray.

Then tread the shading avenue
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum tree, with its flickered shade,
Or chinquapen's perfume.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
The rich magnolia stands,
And here, in softer loveliness,
The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully,
Idly I twine its wreaths,
Or stop to catch the fragrant air
The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around—the red bird darts
Like flame from tree to tree;
The whip-poor-will complains alone,
The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare scuds by my path,
And seeks the thicket nigh;
The squirrel climbs the hickory bough,
Thence peeps with careful eye.

The hummingbird, with busy wing,
In rainbow beauty moves,
Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
The soaring eagle flies,
There builds her eyry mid the clouds,
And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,
And see—his weary train,
With mingled howlings, scent the woods
Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove,
And list the negro's song—
The theme, his owner and his boat—
While glide the crew along.

And when the leading voice is lost,
Receding from the shore,
His brother boatmen swell the strain,
In chorus with the oar.

There stands the dairy on the stream,
Within the broad oak's shade;
The white pails glitter in the sun,
In rustic pomp arrayed.

And she stands smiling at the door,
Who "minds" that *milky way*—
She smooths her apron as I pass,
And loves the praise I pay.

Welcome to me her sable hands,
When in the noontide heat,
Within the polished calibash,
She pours the pearly treat.

The poulterer's feathered, tender charge,
Feed on the grassy plain;
Her Afric brow lights up with smiles,
Proud of her noisy train.

Nor does the herdman view his flock
With unadmiring gaze,
Significant are all their names,
Won by their varying ways.

Forth from the negroes' humble huts
The laborers now have gone;
But some remain, diseased and old—
Do they repine alone?

Ah, no: the nurse, with practised skill,
That sometimes shames the wise,
Prepares the herb of potent power,
And healing aid applies.

On sunny banks the children play,
Or wind the fisher's line,
Or, with the dexterous fancy braid,
The willow baskets twine.

Long ere the sloping sun departs
The laborers quit the field,
And, housed within their sheltering huts,
To careless quiet yield.

But see yon wild and lurid clouds,
That rush in contact strong,
And hear the thunder, peal on peal,
Reverberate along.

The cattle stand and mutely gaze,
The birds instinctive fly,
While forkéd flashes rend the air,
And light the troubled sky.

Behold yon sturdy forest pine,
Whose green top points to heaven—
A flash! its firm, encasing bark
By that red shock is riven.

But we, the children of the South,
Shrink not with trembling fears;
The storm, familiar to our youth,
Will spare our ripened years.

We know its fresh, reviving charm,
And, like the flower and bird,
Our looks and voices, in each pause,
With grateful joy are stirred.

And now the tender rice upshoots,
Fresh in its hue of green,
Spreading its emerald carpet far,
Beneath the sunny sheen;

Though when the softer, ripened hue
Of autumn's changes rise,
The rustling spires instinctive lift
Their gold seeds to the skies.

There the young cotton-plant unfolds
Its leaves of sickly hue,

But soon advancing to its growth,
Looks up with beauty too.

And, as midsummer suns prevail,
Upon its blossoms glow
Commingling hues, like sunset rays—
Then bursts its sheeted snow.

How shall we fly this lovely spot,
Where rural joys prevail—
The social board, the eager chase,
Gay dance, and merry tale?

Alas! our youth must leave their sports,
When spring-time ushers May;
Our maidens quit the planted flower,
Just blushing into day—

Or, all beneath yon rural mound,
Where rest th' ancestral dead,
By mourning friends, with severed hearts,
Unconscious will be led.

Oh, southern summer, false and fair!
Why, from thy loaded wing,
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,
The seeds of sorrow fling?

MUSIC ON THE CANAL.

I was weary with the daylight,
I was weary with the shade,
And my heart became still sadder
As the stars their light betrayed;
I sickened at the ripple,
As the lazy boat went on,
And felt as though a friend was lost,
When the twilight ray was gone.

The meadows, in a firefly glow,
Looked gay to happy eyes:
To me they beamed but mournfully,
My heart was cold with sighs.
They seemed, indeed, like summer friends—
Alas! no warmth had they;
I turned in sorrow from their glare,
Impatient turned away.

And tear-drops gathered in my eyes,
And rolled upon my cheek,
And when the voice of mirth was heard,
I had no heart to speak:
I longed to press my children
To my sad and homesick breast,
And feel the constant hand of love
Caressing and caressed.

And slowly went my languid pulse,
As the slow canal-boat goes,
And I felt the pain of weariness,
And sighed for home's repose;
And laughter seemed a mockery,
And joy a fleeting breath,
And life a dark, volcanic crust,
That crumbles over death.

But a strain of sweetest melody
Arose upon my ear,
The blessèd sound of woman's voice,
That angels love to hear!

And manly strains of tenderness
Were mingled with the song—
A father's with his daughter's notes,
The gentle with the strong.

And my thoughts began to soften,
Like snows when waters fall,
And open as the frost-closed buds,
When spring's young breezes call;
While to my faint and weary soul
A better hope was given,
And all once more was bright with faith,
'Twixt heart, and earth, and Heaven.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND.

The pomp of death was there—
The lettered urn, the classic marble rose,
And coldly, in magnificent repose,
Stood out the column fair.

The hand of art was seen
Throwing the wild flowers from the gravelled walk,
The sweet wild flowers, that hold their quiet talk
Upon the uncultured green.

And now perchance, a bird,
Hiding amid the trained and scattered trees,
Sent forth his carol on the scentless breeze—
But they were few I heard.

Did my heart's pulses beat?
And did mine eye o'erflow with sudden tears,
Such as gush up mid memories of years,
When humbler graves we meet?

An humbler grave I met,
On the Potomac's leafy banks, when May,
Weaving spring flowers, stood out in colors gay,
With her young coronet:

A lonely, nameless grave,
Stretching its length beneath th' o'erarching trees,
Which told a plaintive story, as the breeze
Came their new buds to wave.

But the lone turf was green
As that which gathers o'er more honored forms;
Nor with more harshness had the wintry storms
Swept o'er that woodland scene.

The flower and springing blade
Looked upward with their young and shining eyes,
And met the sunlight of the happy skies,
And that low turf arrayed.

And unchecked birds sang out
The chorus of their spring-time jubilee—
And gentle happiness it was to me,
To list their music-shout.

And to that stranger-grave
The tribute of enkindling thoughts—the free
And unbought power of natural sympathy
Passing, I sadly gave.

And a religious spell
On that lone mound, by man deserted, rose—
A conscious presence from on high, which glows
Not where the worldly dwell.

TO THE URSULINES.

Oh, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty, and commune with Heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing—
Space for the ringdove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky—
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun to tread his path in might
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS.

The martin's nest—the simple nest!
I see it swinging high,
Just as it stood in distant years,
Above my gazing eye;
But many a bird has plumed its wing,
And lightly flown away,
Or drooped his little head in death,
Since that—my youthful day!

The woodland stream—the pebbly stream!
It gayly flows along,
As once it did when by its side
I sang my merry song:
But many a wave has rolled afar,
Beneath the summer cloud,
Since by its bank I idly poured
My childish song aloud.

The sweet-brier rose—the wayside rose,
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms;
But many a perfumed breeze has passed
And many a blossom fair,
Since with a careless heart I twined
Its green wreaths in my hair.

The barberry bush—the poor man's bush
Its yellow blossoms hang,
As erst, where by the grassy lane
Along I lightly sprang;
But many a flower has come and gone,
And scarlet berry shone,
Since I, a school-girl in its path,
In rustic dance have flown.

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

She bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose;
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Sweet monument of grief,
That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—
'T was near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart,
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart—
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.

SARAH J. HALE.

OSEPHA BUELL, now MRS. HALE, 1 1795 at Newport in New Hamp- ıer her parents had removed soon ose of the Revolution, from Say- ınnecticut. There were then few that part of the country, and per- rom which the parents of Miss Bu- ıave sought for her more than the entary instruction. Her mother, vas a woman of considerable cul- ıd of a fine understanding; she at- efully to the education of her chil- he studies of our author which she lirect were afterward guided by a ıo graduated at Dartmouth college ıd was a good classical and gen- r. But the completion of her ed- s deferred until after her marriage, t place about the year 1814. Her Mr. David Hale, was an accom- vyer, well read in the best litera- nxious for the thorough develop- r abilities, of which he had formed nate. "We commenced," writes "immediately after our marriage, f study, which we pursued togeth- ew interruptions, and these una- during his life. The hours we r this purpose were from eight the evening till ten. In this man- lied French, botany — then almost nce in this country, but for which ıd had an uncommon taste — and ome knowledge of mineralogy, ge- , besides pursuing a long and in- ourse of miscellaneous reading." e died suddenly in September, 1822, en married about eight years, du- ı he had been eminently successful ıg to professional eminence, but aving yet secured even the basis ıe. Mrs. Hale was a widow and and after the strongest feelings of l subsided, and the affairs of her de- band had been settled, she formed he support and education of her hich she subsequently executed energy and perseverance which command admiration, and which with her powers could not fail of success. Literature, which had hitherto been cultivated for its own reward, became now her profession and only means of support.

The first publication of Mrs. Hale was The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems, printed at Concord in 1823. The Genius of Oblivion is a descriptive story in about fifteen hundred octo-syllabic lines — founded upon a tradition of the aboriginal settlement of this country. At the close of the poem is an intimation of a half-formed design to write a sequel to it. She says:

> And hence Columbia's first inhabitants—
> The authors of these Monuments of Old:
> And their destruction, I may sing, perchance,
> If haply this, my tale, so featly told,
> Escape Medusan critics' withering glance,
> And in my country's favor live enrolled,
> As not unworthy of her smile: but this,
> A hope I may but cherish, or—dismiss.

Her next work, however, was Northwood, a Tale of New England, in two volumes, published in Boston in 1827. Her object in this novel is to illustrate common life among the descendants of the Puritans, and she undoubtedly succeeded in sketching with spirit and singular fidelity the forms of society with which she was acquainted by observation. The doctor, the deacon, the family of the squire, and other village characters, are most natural and truthful delineations. But Northwood evinces little of the constructive faculty, and only its portraitures that have been referred to can be much commended.

In 1828 Mrs. Hale removed to Boston to conduct the American Ladies' Magazine, a monthly miscellany established at that time, and edited by her for about nine years. In this work were originally published many of the prose compositions which were subsequently issued in two separate volumes under the titles of Sketches of American Character, and Traits of American Life. In the same period she published Flora's Interpreter, The Lady's Wreath, and several small books for children. She remained in Boston until 1838, when she removed to Philadel-

phia. where she has since resided, as editor of the Lady's Book, one of the most popular and widely-circulated literary periodicals in the English language.

In 1846 Mrs. Hale published a poem more remarkable than any other she has written, for a certain delicacy of fancy and expression, under the name of Alice Ray; and in 1848 appeared her Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems, a collection in which Alice Ray is included, and upon which altogether must rest her best literary reputation. Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, is very much in the style of some of the more fantastic stories of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. The heroine has fled with her lover, an escaped state prisoner, from England to Boston, and the interest of the poem arises from the effective manner in which, while she is waiting his return, in a stormy night, her fears are awakened, and by a vivid recollection of tales of horror heightened to an indescribable dread.

It was two hundred years ago,
When moved the world so very slow,
And when the wide Atlantic sea
Appeared like an eternity.

The following scene, from ghostly stories she heard in childhood, is among the phantasms by which she is haunted, and it exhibits in a favorable light Mrs. Hale's capabilities in this line of art:

Once a holy man was set
Watching where the witches met.
Open Bible, naked sword—
And three candles on the board—
There the godly man was set
Watching where the witches met;
Knowing well his dreadful doom,
Should they drive him from the room.
The candles three were burning bright,
The sword was flashing back the light,
As it struck the deep midnight;
While the holy book he read,
And all was still as are the dead.
Suddenly there came a roar
Like breakers on a rocky shore,
When the ocean's thundering boom
Knells the mariner to his tomb.
The good man felt the struggling strife,
As the ship went down with its load of life!
His seat was shaken by the roar,
And upward seemed to rise the floor!
While round and round, as eddies hurl,
The room and table seemed to whirl!
Yet still the holy book read he,
And prayed for those who sail the sea.

Then came a shrieking, wild and high,
As when flames are bursting nigh,
And their blood has stained the sky!
"Fly! fly! fly!" in a strangling cry,
Was hoarsely rattled on his ear—
While the crackling flames came near!
And still the holy book read he,
And prayed for those where fires might be.
And then appeared a sight of dread:
The roof was opened above his head;
He saw, in the far-off, dusky view,
A bloody hand and an arm come through!—
The lady seemed to see them too.

At the close of the third hour the husband is restored, and all these fearful shadows are dispelled. The plot is simple and the execution of the poem generally finished; but its effect is marred by the introduction of some needless reflections and by occasional changes of the rhythm.

Among the published works of Mrs. Hale is Ormond Grosvenor, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, founded upon the celebrated case of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the revolutionary martyr of South Carolina. This was printed in 1838, but it has since been partly re-written and very much improved. In 1848 she gave to the public Harry Guy, a Story of the Sea, in nearly three thousand lines of most compact versification. Her long and elaborate poems entitled Felicia, and The Rhime of Life, appear from some extracts that have been printed, to possess more impassioned earnestness than her other compositions, and they contain perhaps the clearest expressions of her intellectual and social character.

Mrs. Hale has a ready command of pure and idiomatic English, and her style has frequently a masculine strength and energy. She has not much creative power, but she excels in the aggregation and artistical disposition of common and appropriate imagery. She has evidently been all her life a student, and there has been a perceptible and constant improvement in her writings ever since her first appearance as an author.

Besides her works that have been published in separate volumes, she has written a very large number of tales, sketches, essays, criticisms, poems, and other compositions, which are scattered through the various periodicals with which she has been connected. They are all indicative of sound principles, and of kindness, knowledge, and judgment.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

›NARCH of rivers in the wide domain
re Freedom writes her signature in stars,
›ids her eagle bear the blazing scroll
›her in the reign of peace and love,
mighty Mississippi!—may my song
with thy power, and though an humble rill,
like thy current, through the sea of time,
ng thy name, as tribute from my soul
rvent gratitude and holy praise,
im who poured thy multitude of waves.
adowed beneath those awful piles of stone,
re liberty has found a Pisgah height,
›oking all the land she loves to bless,
jagged rocks and icy towers her guard,
se splintered summits seize the warring clouds,
roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,
rn the mountain's side, scattering their wealth
›wdered pearl and liquid diamond drops—
e is thy source, great river of the west!
›wly, like youthful Titan gathering strength
ar with Heaven and win himself a name,
tream moves onward through the dark ravines,
ing the roots of over-arching trees,
rm its narrow channel, where the star,
fain would bathe its beauty in the wave,
lover's glance steals trembling through the
veil the waters with a vestal's care: [leaves
few of human form have ventured there,
the swart savage in his bark canoe.
t now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;
goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,
ars the rocks it may not spurn aside,
ing, as Curtius leaped adown the gulf,
rising, like Antæus from the fall,
urse majestic through the land pursues,
the broad river o'er the valley reigns!
reigns alone: the tributary streams
umble vassals, yielding to its sway;
when the wild Missouri fain would join
al in the race—as Jacob seized
is red brother's birthright—even so
swelling Mississippi grasps that wave,
rebaptizing, makes the waters one.
reigns alone—and earth the sceptre feels:
ancient trees are bowed beneath the wave,
ent like reeds before the whirlwind's swoop,
on the bosom of the maddened flood,
ating forest, till the waters, calmed,
slumbering anaconda gorged with prey,
a haven to the moving mass,
rm an island in the dark abyss.
reigns alone: old Nile would ne'er bedew
lands it blesses with its fertile tide.
sacred Ganges, joined with Egypt's flood,
ld shrink beside this wonder of the west!
gather Europe's royal rivers all—
snow-swelled Neva, with an empire's weight
er broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;
Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursued,
ugh shaggy forests and from palace walls,
ide its terrors in a sea of gloom;
castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow,
fount of fable and the source of song;
The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
The yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;
And Seine, where Fashion glasses fairest forms;
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world:
Gather their waters in one ocean mass—
Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song!
And thus the peoples, from the many lands,
Where these old streams are household memories,
Mingle beside our river, and are one—
And join to swell the strength of Freedom's tide,
That from the fount of Truth is flowing on,
To sweep earth's thousand tyrannies away.
How wise, how wonderful the works of God!
And, hallowed by his goodness, all are good.
The creeping glow-worm, the careering sun,
Are kindled from the effluence of his light;
The ocean and the acorn-cup are filled
By gushings from the fountain of his love.
He poured the Mississippi's torrent forth,
And heaved its tide above the trembling land—
Grand type how Freedom lifts the citizen
Above the subject masses of the world—
And marked the limits it may never pass.
Trust in his promises, and bless his power,
Ye dwellers on its banks, and be at peace.
And ye, whose way is on this warrior wave,
When the swoln waters heave with ocean's might,
And storms and darkness close the gate of heaven,
And the frail bark, fire-driven, bounds quivering on,
As though it rent the iron shroud of night,
And struggled with the demons of the flood—
Fear nothing! He who shields the folded flower,
When tempests rage, is ever present here.
Lean on "our Father's" breast in faith and prayer
And sleep—his arm of love is strong to save.
Great Source of being, beauty, light, and love,
Creator—Lord—the waters worship thee!
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers—
Ere the glad hills leaped upward, or the earth,
With swelling bosom, waited for her child—
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,
Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,
The joyful anthem of the waters flowed:
And Chaos like a frightened felon fled,
While on the deep the Holy Spirit moved.
And evermore the deep has worshipped God;
And bards and prophets tune their mystic lyres,
While listening to the music of the floods.
Oh, could I catch this harmony of sounds,
As borne on dewy wings they float to heaven,
And blend their meaning with my closing strain!
Hark! as a reed-harp thrilled by whispering winds,
Or naiad murmurs from a pearl-lipped shell,
It comes—the melody of many waves!
And loud, with Freedom's world-awaking note,
The deep-toned Mississippi leads the choir.
The pure, sweet fountains chant of heavenly hope
The chorus of the rills is household love;
The rivers roll their song of social joy;
And ocean's organ voice is sounding forth
The hymn of Universal Brotherhood!

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"There's wisdom in the grass—its teachings would we heed."

THERE knelt beneath the tulip tree
A maiden fair and young;
The flowers o'erhead bloomed gorgeously,
As though by rainbows flung,
And all around were daisies bright,
And pansies with their eyes of light;
Like gold the sun-kissed crocus shone,
With Beauty's smiles the earth seemed strown,
And Love's warm incense filled the air,
While the fair girl was kneeling there.

In vain the flowers may woo around—
Their charms she does not see,
For she a dearer prize has found
Beneath the tulip tree:
A little four-leaved clover, green
As robes that grace the fairy queen,
And fresh as hopes of early youth,
When life is love, and love is truth—
A talisman of constant love
This humble clover sure will prove!

And on her heart that gentle maid
The severed leaves has pressed,
Which through the coming night's dark shade
Beneath her cheek will rest:
Then precious dreams of one will rise,
Like Love's own star in morning skies,
So sweetly bright, we would the day
His glowing chariot might delay.
What tones of pure and tender thought
Those simple leaves to her have taught!

Of old the sacred misletoe
The Druid's altar bound;
The Roman hero's haughty brow
The fadeless laurel crowned.
Dark superstition's sway is past,
And war's red star is waning fast,
Nor misletoe nor laurel hold
The mystic language breathed of old;
For nature's life no power can give,
To bid the false and selfish live.

But still the olive-leaf imparts,
As when, dove-borne, at first,
It taught heaven's lore to human hearts—
Its hope, and joy, and trust;
Nor deem the faith from folly springs,
Which innocent enjoyment brings;
Better from earth root every flower,
Than crush imagination's power,
In true and loving minds, to raise
An Eden for their coming days.

As on each rock, where plants can cling,
The sunshine will be shed—
As from the tiniest star-lit spring
The ocean's depth's are fed—
Thus hopes will rise, if love's clear ray
Keep warm and bright life's rock-strewn way;
And from small, daily joys, distilled,
The heart's deep fount of peace is filled:
Oh, blest when Fancy's ray is given,
Like the ethereal spark, from Heaven!

DESCRIPTION OF ALICE RAY.

THE birds their love-notes warble
Among the blossomed trees;
The flowers are sighing forth their sweets
To wooing honeybees;
The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor
Goes dancing on its way—
But not a thing is so like spring
As happy Alice Ray.

An only child was Alice,
And, like the blest above,
The gentle maid had ever breathed
An atmosphere of love;
Her father's smile like sunshine came,
Like dew her mother's kiss;
Their love and goodness made her home,
Like heaven, the place of bliss.

Beneath such tender training
The joyous child had sprung,
Like one bright flower, in wild-wood bower,
And gladness round her flung;
And all who met her blessed her,
And turned again to pray,
That grief and care might ever spare
The happy Alice Rray.

The gift that made her charming
Was not from Venus caught;
Nor was it, Pallas-like, derived
From majesty of thought:
Her healthful cheek was tinged with brown,
Her hair without a curl—
But then her eyes were love-lit stars,
Her teeth as pure as pearl.

And when in merry laughter
Her sweet, clear voice was heard,
It welled from out her happy heart
Like carol of a bird;
And all who heard were moved to smiles,
As at some mirthful lay,
And, to the stranger's look, replied,
"'Tis that dear Alice Ray."

And so she came, like sunbeams
That bring the April green—
As type of nature's royalty,
They called her "Woodburn's queen!"
A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness,
Like springtime of the year,
Seemed ever on her steps to wait—
No wonder she was dear.

Her world was ever joyous—
She thought of grief and pain
As giants of the olden time,
That ne'er would come again;
The seasons all had charms for her,
She welcomed each with joy—
The charm that in her spirit lived
No changes could destroy.
Her love made all things lovely,
For in the heart must live
The feeling that imparts the charm—
We gain by what we give.

IRON.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—*Psalm* LXXXV. 11.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threat'ning o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

"Iron! iron! iron!"—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield!
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! iron! iron!"—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
"Iron! iron! iron!"—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest millennial day!

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!
Words, the prophet-bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like sybil muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus, for ever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the *queen of love!*

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the Word of God makes known—
Thence are harvests men to nourish—
There let iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will Labor reap the spoil—
Error cease the soul to 'wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral-builder
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air, it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here, as angels do above!

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;—
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes—
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;

And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there:
Oh! young and lovely creatures,
One lamp, from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing—
"There's light for us above!"

I SING TO HIM.

I SING to *him!* I dream he hears
The song he used to love,
And oft that blessed fancy cheers
And bears my thoughts above.
Ye say 'tis idle thus to dream—
But why believe it so?
It is the spirit's meteor gleam
To soothe the pang of wo.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone
That true hearts understand—
The sky, the earth, the forest lone,
Are peopled by his wand;
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill
While gazing on a flower,
And from the gently whisp'ring rill
Is heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,
And long-lost scenes arise;
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same;
The same hope's kindling skies;
The violet-bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree,
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,
My buried love, with thee—

O, these are all before me, when
In fancy's realms I rove;
Why urge me to the world again?
Why say the ties of love,
That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,
Unite no more below?
I'll sing to him—for though in heaven,
He surely heeds my wo!

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

MY son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou *must* go;—but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more br
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the nig
When treading thy lonely way:

But the hearth of home has a constant flame
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam:
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home!

And there, like a star through the midnight cl
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame may gild the *name*,
But the *heart* ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are beams of a wintry day:

How cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's poor wanderer come!—
My son, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom—
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her—
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace—
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

ANNA MARIA WELLS.

Mrs. Wells, formerly Miss Foster, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Her father died while she was an infant, and her mother, in a few years, married Mr. Locke, of Boston, the father of Mrs. Osgood. She began to write verses when very young, but published little until her marriage, in 1829, with Mr. Thomas Wells, of the United States revenue service, who was also an author of considerable merit, as is evident from some pieces by him quoted in Mr. Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry.

In 1830 Mrs. Wells published a small volume entitled Poems and Juvenile Sketches, and she has since been an occasional contributor to several periodicals that have been edited by her personal friends. The poems of Mrs. Wells are characterized by womanly feeling and a tasteful simplicity of diction. Her range is limited, and she has the good sense to enter only the fields to which she is invited by her affections and the natural fancies which are their children. While therefore her successes have not been brilliant they have been honorable, and she has to regret no failures.

ASCUTNEY.

In a low, white-washed cottage, overrun
With mantling vines, and sheltered from the sun
By rows of maple trees, that gently moved
Their graceful limbs to the mild breeze they loved,
Oft have I lingered—idle it might seem,
But that the heart was busy; and I deem
Those minutes not misspent, when silently
The soul communes with nature, and is free.
O'erlooking this low cottage, stately stood
The huge Ascutney: there, in thoughtful mood,
I loved to hold with her gigantic form
Deep converse—not articulate, but warm
With feeling's noiseless eloquence, and fit
The soul of nature with man's soul to knit.
In various aspect, frowning on the day,
Or touched with morning twilight's silvery gray,
Or darkly mantled in the dusky night,
Or by the moonbeams bathed in showers of light—
In each, in all, a glory still was there,
A spirit of sublimity; but ne'er
Had such a might of loveliness and power
The mountain wrapt, as when, at midnight hour,
I saw the tempest gather round her head:
It was an hour of joy, yet tinged with dread.
As the deep thunder rolled from cloud to cloud,
From all her hidden caves she cried aloud:
Wood, cliff, and valley, with the echo rung;
From rock and crag darting, with forked tongue
The lightning glanced, a moment laying bare
Her naked brow, then silence—darkness there!
And straight again the tumult, as if rocks
Had split, and headlong rolled. But nature mocks
All language: these are scenes I ne'er again
May look upon—but precious thoughts remain
On memory's page; and ever in my heart,
Amid all other claims, that mountain hath a part.

THE TAMED EAGLE.

He sat upon his humble perch, nor flew
At my approach;
But as I nearer drew,
Looked on me, as I fancied, with reproach,
And sadness too:
And something still his native pride proclaimed,
Despite his wo;
Which, when I marked—ashamed
To see a noble creature brought so low—
My heart exclaimed:
"Where is the fire that lit thy fearless eye,
Child of the storm,
When from thy home on high,
Yon craggy-breasted rock, I saw thy form
Cleaving the sky?
"It grieveth me to see thy spirit tamed—
Gone out the light
That in thine eyeball flamed,
When to the midday sun thy steady flight
Was proudly aimed!
"Like a young dove forsaken, is the look
Of thy sad eye,
Who, in some lonely nook,
Mourns on the willow bough her destiny,
Beside the brook.
"Oh, let not me insult thy fallen dignity,
Thou monarch bird,
Gazing with vulgar eye
Upon thy ruin; for my heart is stirred
To hear thy cry.
"Yet, something sterner in thy downward gaze
Doth seem to lower,
And deep disdain betrays,
As if thou cursed man's poorly-acted power,
And scorned his praise."

THE OLD ELM TREE.

Each morning, when my waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
There sits a robin on the old elm tree,
And with such stirring music fills my ear,
I might forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as I was wont to do, [new.
When hope was young, and joy and life itself were

No miser, o'er his heaps of hoarded gold,
Nor monarch, in the plenitude of power,
Nor lover, free the chaste maid to enfold
Who ne'er hath owned her love till that blest hour,
Nor poet, couched in rocky nook or bower,
Knoweth more heartfelt happiness than he,
That never tiring warbler of the old elm tree.

From even the poorest of Heaven's creatures, such
As know no rule but impulse, we may draw
Lessons of sweet humility, and much
Of apt instruction in the homely law
Of nature: and the time hath been, I saw
Naught, beautiful or mean, but had for me [tree.
Some charm, even like the warbler of the old elm

And listening to his joy inspiring lay,
Some sweet reflections are engendered thence:
As half in tears, unto myself I say,
God, who hath given this creature sources whence
He such delight may gather and dispense,
Hath in my heart joy's living fountain placed,
More free to flow, the oftener of its waves I taste.

ANNA.

With the first ray of morning light
Her face is close to mine—her face all smiles:
She hovers round my pillow like a sprite
Mingling with tenderness her playful wiles.
All the long day
She's at some busy play;
Or 'twixt her tiny fingers
The scissors or the needle speeds;
Or some sweet story-book she reads,
And o'er it serious lingers.

She steps like some glad creature of the air,
As if she read her fate, and knew it fair—
In truth, for fate at all she hath no care.
Yet hath she tears as well as gladness:
A butterfly in pain
Will make her weep for sadness,
But straight she'll smile again.
And lately she hath pressed the couch of pain:
Sickness hath dimmed her eye,
And on her tender spirit lain,
And brought her near to die.

But like the flower
That droops at evening hour,
And opens gayly in the morning,
Again her quick eye glows,
And health's fresh rose
Her soft cheek is adorning.

Hushed was her childish lay:
Like some sweet bird did sickness hold her in a net;
And when she broke away,
And shook her wings in the bright day,
Her recent capture she did quite forget.
What joy again to hear her blessed voice!
My heart, lie still, but in thy quietness rejoice!
Again, along the floor and on the stair,
Coming and going, I hear her rapid feet;
Again her little, simple, earnest prayer,
Hear her, at bedtime, in low voice repeat.
Again, at table, and the fire beside,
Her dear head rises, smiling with the rest;
Again her heart and mind are open wide
To yield and to receive—bless and be blest—
Pliant and teachable, and oft revealing
Thoughts that must ripen into higher feeling.
Oh, sweet maturity!—the gentle mood
Raised to the intellectual and the good;
The bright, affectionate, and happy child—
The woman, pure, intelligent, and mild!
It must be so: they can not waste on air
A mother's labor and a mother's prayer.

THE FUTURE.

The flowers, the many flowers,
That all along the smiling valley grew,
While the sun lay for hours,
Kissing from off their drooping lids the dew;
They, to the summer air
No longer prodigal, their sweet breath yield:
Vainly, to bind her hair,
The village maiden seeks them in the field.

The breeze, the gentle breeze,
That wandered like a frolic child at play,
Loitering mid blossomed trees,
Trailing their stolen sweets along its way,
No more adventuresome,
Its whispered love is to the violet given;
The boisterous North has come,
And scared the sportive trifler back to heaven.

The brook, the limpid brook,
That prattled of its coolness, as it went
Forth from its rocky nook,
Leaping with joy to be no longer pent—
Its pleasant song is hushed:
The sun no more looks down upon its play—
Freely, where once it gushed,
The mountain torrent drives its noisy way.

The hours, the youthful hours,
When in the cool shade we were wont to lie,
Idling with fresh culled flowers,
In dreams that ne'er could know reality:
Fond hours, but half enjoyed,
Like the sweet summer breeze they passed awa
And dear hopes were destroyed,
Like buds that die before the noon of day.

Young life, young turbulent life,
If, like the stream, it take a wayward course,
'T is lost mid folly's strife—
O'erwhelmed at length by passion's curbless forc
Nor deem youth's buoyant hours
For idle hopes or useless musings given—
Who dreams away his powers,
The reckless slumberer shall not wake to heave

THE WHITE HARE.

It was the sabbath eve—we went,
My Geraldine and I, intent
The twilight hour to pass,
Where we might hear the water flow,
And scent the freighted winds that blow
Athwart the vernal grass.

In darker grandeur—as the day
Stole scarce perceptibly away—
The purple mountain stood,
Wearing the young moon as a crest:
The sun, half sunk in the far west,
Seemed mingling with the flood.

The cooling dews their balm distilled;
A holy joy our bosoms thrilled;
Our thoughts were free as air;
And, by one impulse moved, did we
Together pour instinctively
Our songs of gladness there.

The green wood waved its shade hard by,
While thus we wove our harmony:
Lured by the mystic strain,
A snow-white hare, that long had been
Peering from forth her covert green,
Came bounding o'er the plain.

Her beauty, 'twas a joy to note—
The pureness of her downy coat,
Her wild yet gentle eye—
The pleasure that, despite her fear,
Had led the timid thing so near
To list our minstrelsy.

All motionless, with head inclined,
She stood, as if her heart divined
The impulses of ours—
Till the last note had died—and then
Turned half reluctantly again,
Back to her greenwood bowers.

Once more the magic sounds we tried—
Again the hare was seen to glide
From out her sylvan shade;
Again, as joy had given her wings,
Fleet as a bird she forward springs
Along the dewy glade.

Go, happy thing! disport at will—
Take thy delight o'er vale and hill,
Or rest in leafy bower:
The harrier may beset thy way,
The cruel snare thy feet betray—
Enjoy thy little hour!

We know not, and we ne'er may know
The hidden springs of joy and wo,
That deep within do lie:
The silent workings of thy heart
Do almost seem to have a part
With our humanity!

THE SEA-BIRD.

Sea-bird! haunter of the wave,
Delighting o'er its crest to hover;
Half engulfed where yawns the cave
The billow forms in rolling over;
Sea-bird! seeker of the storm!
In its shriek thou dost rejoice;
Sending from thy bosom warm
Answer shriller than its voice.

Bird, of nervous wingéd flight,
Flashing silvery to the sun,
Sporting with the sea-foam white—
When will thy wild course be done?
Whither tends it? Has the shore
No alluring haunt for thee?
Nook, with tangled vines grown o'er,
Scented shrub, or leafy tree?

Is the purple seaweed rarer
Than the violet of the spring?
Is the snowy foam-wreath fairer
Than the apple's blossoming?
Shady grove and sunny slope—
Seek but these, and thou shalt meet
Birds not born with storm to cope,
Hermits of retirement sweet—

Where no winds too rudely swell,
But in whispers, as they pass,
Of the fragrant flow'ret tell,
Hidden in the tender grass.
There the mockbird sings of love;
There the robin builds his nest;
There the gentle-hearted dove,
Brooding, takes her blissful rest.

Sea-bird, stay thy rapid flight:
Gone! where dark waves foam and dash,
Like a lone star on the night—
Far I see his white wing flash.
He obeyeth God's behest,
All their destiny fulfil:
Tempests some are born to breast—
Some to worship and be still.

If to struggle with the storm
On life's ever-changing sea,
Where cold mists enwrap the form,
My harsh destiny must be—
Sea-bird! thus may I abide
Cheerful the allotment given,
And, rising o'er the ruffled tide,
Escape at last, like thee, to heaven!

MARIA JAMES.

In 1833, Bishop Potter, then one of the professors in Union College, was shown by his wife, who had just returned from a visit to Rhinebeck on the Hudson, the Ode for the Fourth of July which is quoted on the next page, and informed that it was the production of a young woman at service in the family of a friend there, whom he had often noticed on account of her retiring and modest manners, and who had been in that capacity more than twenty years. When further advised that these lines had been thrown off with great rapidity and apparent ease, and that the writer had been accustomed almost from childhood to find pleasure in similar efforts, the information awakened a lively interest, and led him to examine other pieces from the same hand, and finally to introduce them to the public notice, in a preface over his signature to the volume entitled Wales and other Poems, by MARIA JAMES, published in 1839.

MARIA JAMES is the daughter of poor but pious parents who emigrated to this country from Wales, near the beginning of the present century, and settled near the slate quarries in the northern part of New York. Her remaining history is told in an interesting manner in the following extracts from a letter which she addressed to Mrs. Potter:

"Toward the completion of my seventh year, I found myself on ship-board, surrounded by men, women and children, whose faces were unknown to me. It was here, perhaps, that I first began to learn in a particular manner from observation—soon discovering that those children who were handsome or smartly dressed received much more attention than myself, who had neither of these recommendations: however, instead of giving way to feelings of envy and jealousy, my imagination was revelling among the fruits and flowers which I expected to find in the land to which we were bound. I also had an opportunity to learn a little English during the voyage, as 'Take care,' and 'Get out of the way,' seemed reiterated from land's end to land's end.

"After our family were settled in some measure, I was sent to school, my father having commenced teaching me at home some time previous. I think there was no particular aptness to learn about me. After I could read, I took much delight in John Rogers's last advice to his children, with all the excellent et ceteras to be found in the old English Primer. I was also fond of reading the common hymnbook. The New Testament was my only school-book. Thus accomplished, I happened one day to hear a young woman read Addison's inimitable paraphrases of the twenty-third psalm: I listened as to the voice of an angel. Those who know the power of good reading or good speaking, need not be told that, where there is an ear for sound, the manner in which either is done will make every possible difference. This, probably, was the first time that I ever heard a good reader.

"My parents again removing, I found myself in a school where the elder children used the American Preceptor. I listened in transport as they read Dwight's Columbia, which must have been merely from the smoothness of its sound, as I could have had but very little knowledge of its meaning. I was now ten years of age, and as an opportunity offered which my parents saw fit to embrace, I entered the family in which I now reside, where, besides learning many useful household occupations, that care and attention was paid to my words and actions as is seldom to be met with in such situations. I had before me some of the best models for good reading and good speaking; and any child, with a natural ear for the beautiful in language, will notice these things, and though their conversation may not differ materially from that of others in their line of life, they will almost invariably *think* in the style of their admiration.

"The Bible here, as in my father's house, was the book of books, the heads of the family constantly impressing on all, that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' and that to 'depart from iniquity is understanding.' There is scarcely anything that can affect the mind of young persons like those lessons of wisdom which fall from lips they love and respect.

"Besides frequent opportunities of hearing instructive books read, my leisure hours were often devoted to one or the other of these works: first, the Female Mentor, comprising within itself a little epitome of elegant literature; two odd volumes of the Adventurer; Miss Hannah More's Cheap Repository; and Pilgrim's Progress. During a period of nearly seven years which I spent in this family, the newspapers were more or less filled with the wars and fightings of our European neighbors. My imagination took fire, and I lent an ear to the whispers of the muse.

> 'T was then that first she pruned the wing;
> 'T was then she first essayed to sing.'

But the wing was powerless, and the song without melody. As I advanced toward womanhood, I shrunk from the nickname of poet, which had been awarded me: the very idea seemed the height of presumption. In my seventeenth year I left this situation to learn dressmaking. I sewed neatly, but too slow to insure success. My failure in this was always a subject of regret. After this, I lived some time in different situations, my employment being principally in the nursery. In each of these different families I had access to those who spoke the purest English, also frequent opportunities of hearing correct and elegant readers—at least I believed them such by the effect produced on my feelings; and although nineteen years have nearly passed away since my return to the home of my early life, I have not ceased to remember with gratitude the kind treatment received from different persons at this period, while my attachment to their children has not been obliterated by time nor by absence, and is likely to continue till death.....

"With respect to the few poems which you have

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They dwell on the scenes which have past,
Of perils they still may endure—
The haven of rest, where they anchor at last,
Where bliss is complete and secure—
Till its towers and spires arise from afar,
(*To* the eye of faith,) as some radiant star.

been so kind as to overlook, I can hardly say myself how they came to be written. I recollect, many years ago, of trying something in this way for the amusement of a little boy who was very dear to me; except this, with a very few other pieces, long forgotten, no attempt of the kind was made until The Mother's Lament, and Elijah, with a number of epitaphs, which were written previous to those which have been produced within the last six years. The subject of the Hummingbird, (the oldest of these,) was taken captive by my own hand. The Adventure is described just as it happened. Wales is a kind of retrospect of the days of childhood.....Of Ambition, permit me, dear madam, to call your attention to the summer of 1832, when yourself, with the other ladies of this family, were reading Bourrienne's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte: I had opportunities of hearing a little sometimes, which brought forcibly to my mind certain conversations which I heard in the early part of my life respecting this wonderful man. The poem was produced the following summer. In the year 1819, The American Flag appeared in the New York American, signed 'Croaker & Co.': this kindled up the poetic fires in my breast, which, however, did not find utterance until fourteen years afterward, in the Ode on the Fourth of July, 1833. This appearing in print, some who did not know me very well inquired of others, 'Do you suppose she ever wrote it?' Being answered in the affirmative, it was imagined 'she must have had help.' These remarks gave rise to the question, What is poetry? The Album was begun and carried through without previous arrangement or design, laid aside when the mind was weary, and taken up again just as the subject happened to present itself. Friendship was produced in the same way. Many of the pieces are written from impressions received in youth, particularly the Whip-poor-will, the Meadow Lark, the Firefly, &c."

In the Introduction to her poems Bishop Potter vindicates in an admirable manner, against the sneers of Johnson, the propriety of recognising the abilities of the humblest classes. It will be seen that the poems of Maria James will bear a very favorable comparison with the compositions of any of the "uneducated poets" whose names are celebrated in Mr. Southey's fine essay upon this subject.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1833.

I see that banner proudly wave—
Yes, proudly waving yet;
Not a stripe is torn from the broad array,
Not a single star is set;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft in the welkin dome.

Not a leaf is plucked from the branch he bears;
From his grasp not an arrow has flown;
The mist that obstructed his vision is past,
And the murmur of discord is gone:
For he sees, with a glance over mountain and plain,
The Union unbroken, from Georgia to Maine.

Far southward, in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange with the lime tree vies
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard like the ocean's roar,
As its surges break on the rocky shore.

Was it the voice of the tempest loud,
As it felled some lofty tree,
Or a sudden flash from a passing storm
Of heaven's artillery?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again in the scented groves.

The links are all united still
That form the golden chain,
And peace and plenty smile around,
Throughout the wide domain:
How feeble is language, how cold is the lay,
Compared with the joy of this festival day—

To see that banner waving yet—
Ay, waving proud and high—
No rent in all its ample folds,
No stain of crimson dye:
And the eagle spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft in the fields *of air.*

THE PILGRIMS.

TO A LADY.

We met as pilgrims meet,
Who are bound to a distant shrine,
Who spend the hours in converse sweet
From noon to the day's decline—
Soul mingling with soul, as they tell of their fears
And their hopes, as they pass thro' the valley of tears.

And still they commune with delight,
Of pleasures or toils by the way,
The winds of the desert that chill them by night,
Or heat that oppresses by day:
For one to the faithful is ever at hand,
As the shade of a rock in a weary land.

We met as soldiers meet,
Ere yet the fight is won—
Ere joyful at their captain's feet
Is laid their armor down:
Each strengthens his fellow to do and to bear,
In hope of the crown which the victors wear.

Though daily the strife they renew,
And their foe his thousands o'ercome,
Yet the promise unfailing is ever in view
Of safety, protection, and home: [conferred,
Where they knew that their sovereign such favor
"As eye hath not seen, as the ear hath not heard."

We met as seamen meet,
On ocean's watery plain,
Where billows rise and tempests beat,
Ere the destined port they gain:
But tempests they baffle, and billows they brave,
Assured that their pilot is mighty to save.

They dwell on the scenes which have past,
Of perils they still may endure—
The haven of rest, where they anchor at last,
Where bliss is complete and secure—
Till its towers and spires arise from afar,
(To the eye of faith,) as some radiant star.

We met as brethren meet,
Who are cast on a foreign strand,
Whose hearts are cheered as they hasten to greet
And commune of their native land—
Of their Father's house in that world above,
Of his tender care and his boundless love.

The city so fair to behold,
The redeemed in their vestments of white—
In those mansions of rest, where, mid pleasures untold,
They finally hope to unite:
Where ceaseless ascriptions of praise shall ascend
To God and the Lamb in a world without end.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.*

In Gallia's sunny fields,
Where blooms the eglantine,
And where luxuriant clusters bend
The fruitful vine—

The youth to manhood rose,
("T is fancy tells the tale:)
His step was swift as mountain deer
That skims the vale.

And his eagle glance,
Which told perception keen,
"Of will to do and soul to dare,"
Deep fixed within.

Perchance a mother's love,
A father's tender care,
With every kindly household bond,
Were his to share.

Perchance the darling one,
The best beloved was he,
Of all that gathered round the hearth
From infancy.

How fair life's morn to him!
The world was blithe and gay—
Hope, beckoning with an angel's smile,
Led on the way.

He left his native plain,
He bade his home farewell—
And she, the idol of his heart,
The fair Adele.

Though sad the parting hour,
What ardor fixed his breast,
To view the streams, to tread the soil,
Far in the West!

From where the Huron's wave
First greets the ruddy light,
To where Superior, in its glow,
Lies calm and bright—

Where rose the forest deep,
Where stretched the giant shore,
From Del Fuego's utmost bound
To Labrador.

How many a gallant ship
Since then has crossed the sea,
Deep freighted from the western world—
But where is he?

Oh, ne'er beside that hearth
The unbroken ring shall meet,
To tell th' adventurous tale, or join
In converse sweet!

For in that stranger-land
His lonely grave is seen,
Where northern mountains lift their head
In fadeless green.

* The grave here spoken of was pointed out to the writer as the final resting place of a French officer—a single mound, without a stone to mark the spot, in Rutland county, Vermont.

TO A SINGING BIRD.

Hush, hush that lay of gladness,
It fills my heart with pain,
But touch some note of sadness,
Some melancholy strain,
That tells of days departed,
Of hopes for ever flown—
Some golden dream of other years,
To riper age unknown.

The captive, bowed in sadness,
Impatient to be free,
Might call that lay of gladness
The voice of liberty:
Again the joyous carol,
Warm gushing, peals along,
As if thy very latest breath
Would spend itself in song.

Oft as I hear those tones of thine
Will thoughts like these intrude—
"If once compared, thy lot with mine,
How cold my gratitude;
Though gloom or sunshine mark the hours
Thy bosom, ne'ertheless,
Will pour, as from its inmost fount,
The tide of thankfulness."

GOOD FRIDAY.

The scene is fresh before us,
When Jesus drained the cup,
As new the day comes o'er us
When he was offered up—

The veil in sunder rending,
The types and shadows flee,
While heaven and earth are bending
Their gaze on Calvary.

Should mortal dare in numbers,
Where angels, trembling, stand—
Or wake the harp that slumbers
In flaming seraph's hand?

Then tell the wondrous story
Where rolls Salvation's wave,
And give Him all the glory,
Who came the lost to save.

MARIA BROOKS.

ıy be doubted whether, in the long e of those whose works illustrate licate the intellectual character and of woman, there are many names l shine with a clearer, steadier, and ıduring lustre, than that of MARIA IDENTE.

A GOWEN, afterward Mrs. BROOKS, ıom this title was conferred origin- elieve, by the poet Southey, was de- from a Welsh family that settled in :own, near Boston, sometime before olution. A considerable portion of ral fortune of her grandfather was he burning of that city in 1775, and afterward removed to Medford, ıe Mystic river, where Maria Gowen n about the year 1795. Her father ıan of education, and among his inti- ends were several of the professors ard college, whose occasional visits ıe pleasures of a rural life. From iety she derived, at an early period, or letters and learning. Before the ion of her ninth year, she had com- o memory many passages from the ·ts; and her conversation excited vonder by its elegance, variety, and

She grew in beauty, too, as she years, and when her father died, a t, before she had attained the age of . she was betrothed to a merchant n, who undertook the completion of ation, and as soon as she quitted the ·as married to her. Her early wo- l was passed in commercial afflu- ıt the loss of several vessels at sea ı her husband was interested was by other losses on land, and years ent in comparative indigence. In arkable book, Idomen, or The Vale ıri, she says, referring to this period: ble had been hospitable, our doors many; but to part with our well- d dwelling had now become inevit- ·e retired, with one servant, to a re- ıse of meaner dimensions, and were sought no longer by those who had come in our wealth. I looked earnestly around me; the present was cheerless, the future dark and fearful. My parents were dead, my few relatives in distant countries, where they thought perhaps but little of my happiness. Burleigh I had never loved other than as a father and protector; but he had been the benefactor to my fallen family, and to him I owed comfort, education, and every ray of pleasure that had glanced before me in this world. But the sun of his energies was setting, and the faults which had balanced his virtues increased as his fortune declined. He might live through many years of misery, and to be devoted to him was my duty while a spark of his life remained. I strove to nerve my heart for the worst. Still there were moments when fortitude became faint with endurance, and visions of happiness that might have been mine came smiling to my imagination. I wept and prayed in agony."

In this period, poetry was resorted to for amusement and consolation. At nineteen she wrote a metrical romance, in seven cantos, but it was never published. It was followed by many shorter lyrical pieces, which were printed anonymously; and in 1820, after favorable judgments of it had been expressed by some literary friends,* she gave to the public a small volume entitled Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts. It contained many fine passages, and gave promise of the powers of which

* One of the friends here alluded to was the late Dr. Kirkland, president of Harvard college. On a blank leaf of the first copy of the volume that she received, she wrote the following lines, which have not before been printed.

Should e'er my half-fledged muse attain the height
She trembling longs, yet fears to tempt no more,
Still will she bless, though wounded in her flight,
The generous hand that gave her strength to soar.
But should resistless tempests fiercely meet,
And cast her, struggling, to the whelming wave,
Even then, one tender, grateful pulse shall beat
In her torn heart, for him who strove to save.

Writing to me in 1842, Mrs. Brooks enclosed these verses, and observed: "I recall them after an interval of twenty years. They have meaning and sincerity in them; but having during that time extended my acquaintance with muses and angels, I can not now bear to see either of them represented with plumage on their wings. Some of the most celebrated painters have, however, set the example."

We met as brethren meet,
Who are cast on a foreign strand,
Whose hearts are cheered as they hasten to greet
And commune of their native land—
Of their Father's house in that world above,
Of his tender care and his boundless love.

The city so fair to behold,
The redeemed in their vestments of white—
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Impatient to be free,
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The voice of liberty:
Again the joyous carol,
Warm gushing, peals along,
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Oft as I hear those tones of thine
Will thoughts like these intrude—
"If once compared, thy lot with mine,
How cold my gratitude;
Though gloom or sunshine mark the hour
Thy bosom, ne'ertheless,
Will pour, as from its inmost fount,
The tide of thankfulness."

GOOD FRIDAY.

The scene is fresh before us,
When Jesus drained the cup,
As new the day comes o'er us
When he was offered up—

The veil in sunder rending,
The types and shadows flee,
While heaven and earth are bending
Their gaze on Calvary.

Should mortal dare in numbers,
Where angels, trembling, stand—
Or wake the harp that slumbers
In flaming seraph's hand?

Then tell the wondrous story
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· be doubted whether, in the long of those whose works illustrate cate the intellectual character and of woman, there are many names shine with a clearer, steadier, and luring lustre, than that of MARIA DENTE.

GOWEN, afterward Mrs. BROOKS, om this title was conferred origin- lieve, by the poet Southey, was de- rom a Welsh family that settled in wn, near Boston, sometime before lution. A considerable portion of al fortune of her grandfather was e burning of that city in 1775, and afterward removed to Medford, Mystic river, where Maria Gowen about the year 1795. Her father n of education, and among his intiends were several of the professors rd college, whose occasional visits e pleasures of a rural life. From ty she derived, at an early period, r letters and learning. Before the n of her ninth year, she had com- memory many passages from the s; and her conversation excited onder by its elegance, variety, and

She grew in beauty, too, as she ears, and when her father died, a before she had attained the age of she was betrothed to a merchant , who undertook the completion of tion, and as soon as she quitted the is married to her. Her early wo- was passed in commercial afflu- t the loss of several vessels at sea her husband was interested was by other losses on land, and years nt in comparative indigence. In rkable book, Idomen, or The Vale i, she says, referring to this period: le had been hospitable, our doors nany; but to part with our well- dwelling had now become inevit- e retired, with one servant, to a re- se of meaner dimensions, and were sought no longer by those who had come in our wealth. I looked earnestly around me; the present was cheerless, the future dark and fearful. My parents were dead, my few relatives in distant countries, where they thought perhaps but little of my happiness. Burleigh I had never loved other than as a father and protector; but he had been the benefactor to my fallen family, and to him I owed comfort, education, and every ray of pleasure that had glanced before me in this world. But the sun of his energies was setting, and the faults which had balanced his virtues increased as his fortune declined. He might live through many years of misery, and to be devoted to him was my duty while a spark of his life remained. I strove to nerve my heart for the worst. Still there were moments when fortitude became faint with endurance, and visions of happiness that might have been mine came smiling to my imagination. I wept and prayed in agony."

In this period, poetry was resorted to for amusement and consolation. At nineteen she wrote a metrical romance, in seven cantos, but it was never published. It was followed by many shorter lyrical pieces, which were printed anonymously; and in 1820, after favorable judgments of it had been expressed by some literary friends,* she gave to the public a small volume entitled Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts. It contained many fine passages, and gave promise of the powers of which

* One of the friends here alluded to was the late Dr. Kirkland, president of Harvard college. On a blank leaf of the first copy of the volume that she received, she wrote the following lines, which have not before been printed.

Should o'er my half-fledged muse attain the height
She trembling longs, yet fears to tempt no more,
Still will she bless, though wounded in her flight,
The generous hand that gave her strength to soar.
But should resistless tempests fiercely meet,
And cast her, struggling, to the whelming wave,
Even then, one tender, grateful pulse shall beat
In her torn heart, for him who strove to save.

Writing to me in 1842, Mrs. Brooks enclosed these verses, and observed: "I recall them after an interval of twenty years. They have meaning and sincerity in them; but having during that time extended my acquaintance with muses and angels, I can not now bear to see either of them represented with plumage on their wings. Some of the most celebrated painters have, however, set the example."

the maturity is illustrated by Zophiël. The volume was dedicated to a friend

who cheered her first faint lays
With the hope-kindling breath of timely praise,

in the following verses:

Lady, I've woven for thee a wreath—
Though pale the buds that gem it,
Think of the gloom they grew beneath,
Nor utterly contemn it.

Scarce in my cradle was I laid,
Ere Fate relentless bound me,
Deep in a narrow vale of shade,
Where prisoning rocks surround me.

Lady, I've culled a wreath for you,
From the few flowers that grow there,
Because 't was all that I could do
To lull the sense of wo there.

Yet, lady, I have known delight
The heart with bliss overflowing,
Endearing forms have blest my sight
With soul and beauty glowing.

For Hope came all arrayed in light,
And pitying stood before me,
Smiled on each flinty barrier's height,
And to its summit bore me.

She showed many a scene divine—
She told me—and descended—
Of joys that never must be mine—
And then—her power was ended.

Oh, pleasures dead as soon as born,
To be forgotten never!—
Oh, moments fleeting, few, and gone,
To be regretted ever!

A few sweet waves of glowing light
Upon Time's dreary ocean,
Light gales that wake the dead, calm night
To momentary motion;

Bright beams that in their beauty bless
A dark and desert plain,
To show its fearful loneliness,
And disappear again.

Yet oft she hovers o'er me now,
Each soothing effort making:
So mothers kiss the infant's brow,
But can not cure its aching.

Then, lady, oh, accept my wreath,
Though all besides condemn it;
Think of the gloom it grew beneath,
Nor utterly contemn it.

In the two principal poems are presented characters entirely different in mind and person, but equally entitled to admiration. In Judith are exhibited prudence, fortitude, and decision, softened by a feminine sensibility; in Esther a soul painfully alive to every tender emotion, and a noble elevation of mind struggling with constitutional softness and timidity. Many passages remind us of her maturest style, as this description of the slayer of the Assyrian:

With even step, in mourning garb arrayed,
Fair Judith walked, and grandeur marked her air;
Though humble dust, in pious sprinklings laid,
Soiled the dark tresses of her copious hair.

And this picture of a boy:

Softly supine his rosy limbs reposed,
His locks curled high, leaving the forehead bare:
And o'er his eyes the light lids gently closed,
As they had feared to hide the brilliance there.

And this description of the preparations of Esther to appear before Ahasuerus:

"Take ye, my maids, this mournful garb away;
Bring all my glowing gems and garments fair;
A nation's fate impending hangs to-day
But on my beauty and your duteous care."

Prompt to obey, her ivory form they lave;
Some comb and braid her hair of wavy gold;
Some softly wipe away the limpid wave [rolled.
That o'er her dimply limbs in drops of fragrance

Refreshed and faultless from their hands she came,
Like form celestial clad in raiment bright;
O'er all her garb rich India's treasures flame,
In mingling beams of rainbow-colored light.

Graceful she entered the forbidden court,
Her bosom throbbing with her purpose high;
Slow were her steps, and unassured her port,
While hope just trembled in her azure eye.

Light on the marble fell her ermine tread,
And when the king, reclined in musing mood,
Lifts, at the gentle sound, his stately head,
Low at his feet the sweet intruder stood.

Among the shorter poems are several that are marked by fancy and feeling, and a graceful versification, of one of which, an elegy, these are the opening verses:

Lone in the desert, drear and deep,
Beneath the forest's whispering shade,
Where brambles twine and mosses creep,
The lovely Charlotte's grave is made.

But though no breathing marble there
Shall gleam in beauty through the gloom,
The turf that hides her golden hair
With sweetest desert-flowers shall bloom.

And while the moon her tender light
Upon the hallowed scene shall fling,
The mocking-bird shall sit all night
Among the dewy leaves, and sing.

The following clever translation of the Greek of Moschus, from this volume, was made in the author's seventeenth year:

CUPID THE RUNAWAY.

Listen, listen, softly, clear—
Venus' accents woo the ear!
"Gentle stranger, hast thou seen,"
Thus begins the beauteous queen:
"Hast thou seen my Cupid stray,
Lurking, near the public way?

Bring him back, and thou shalt sip
A kiss at least from Venus' lip.
'Tis a boy of well-known name,
Thou canst know him by his fame:
Fair his face, but overspread,
Cheek and brow, with rosy red;
And his eyes of azure bright
Sparkle with a fiery light.
Small and snowy are his hands,
But their tender power commands
Even Pluto's empire wide;
Acheron's polluted tide
Loses at their gentle waving
Half the terror of its raving.
At his dimpled shoulders move
Plumy pinions like a dove,
And or youth or maiden meeting,
When among the flowers he's flitting,
Like a swallow swift he darts,
Perching on their beating hearts.
From his back a quiver fair,
Golden like his curly hair,
Pendent falls in purple ties,
Scattering radiance as he flies.
He the slender dart can throw,
Singing from his polished bow,
Far as heaven: nor will he spare
Even me, his mother, there.
And whene'er a victim bleeds,
Laughing, glorying in his deeds,
Still with added fires to scorch,
He, a little hidden torch,
Deeming not his mischief done,
Kindles at the glowing sun.
If the urchin thou shouldst find,
Let not pity move thy mind;
Suffer not his tears to grieve thee,
They but trickle to deceive thee.
If he smile upon thee, haste,
Heed him not, but bind him fast.
Should he pout his lips to kiss,
Oh! avoid the treacherous bliss!
Turn thy head, nor dare to meet
Of his breath the poison sweet.
Should he ply his potent charms,
And presenting thee his arms,
Graceful kneel, and sweetly say,
'Take my proffered gifts, I pray,'
Do not touch them—still disdain—
All are fraught with venomed pain."

In the summer of 1823 Mr. Brooks died, and a paternal uncle soon after invited the poetess to Cuba, for which island she sailed on the 20th of the following October. Here, in 1824, she completed the first canto of Zophiël, or The Bride of Seven, which had been planned and nearly written before she left Boston, and it was published in that city in 1825. The second canto was finished in Cuba in the opening of 1827; the third, fourth, and fifth, in 1828, and the sixth in the beginning of 1829. The uncle of Mrs. Brooks was now dead, and he had left to her his coffee plantation and other property, which afforded her a liberal income. She returned again to the United States, and resided more than a year in the vicinity of Dartmouth College, where her son was pursuing his studies; and in the autumn of 1830, in company with her only surviving brother, Mr. Hammond Gowen, of Quebec, she went to Paris, where she passed the following winter. The curious and learned notes to Zophiël were written in various places—some in Cuba, some in Hanover, some in Canada (which she visited during her residence at Hanover), some at Paris, and the rest at Keswick, in England, the home of Robert Southey, where she passed the spring of 1831. When she quitted the hospitable home of this much honored and much attached friend, she left with him the completed work, which he subsequently saw through the press, correcting the proofsheets himself, previous to its appearance in London, in 1833. On leaving Keswick, Mrs. Brooks addressed to Southey the following poem; and the subsequent correspondence between the two poets, which I have seen, shows that the promise of continued regard was fulfilled:

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Oh! laureled bard, how can I part,
Those cheering smiles no more to see,
Until my soothed and solaced heart
Pours forth one grateful lay to thee?

Fair virtue tuned thy youthful breath;
And peace and pleasure bless thee now;
For love and beauty guard the wreath
That blooms upon thy manly brow.

The Indian, leaning on his bow,
On hostile cliff, in desert drear,
Cast with less joy his glance below,
When came some friendly warrior near;—

The native dove of that warm isle
Where oft, with flowers, my lyre was drest,
Sees with less joy the sun a while
When vertic rains have drenched her nest,

Than I, a stranger, first beheld
Thine eye's harmonious welcome given
With gentle word, which, as it swelled,
Came to my heart benign as heaven.

Soft be thy sleep as mists that rest
On Skiddaw's top at summer morn;
Smooth be thy days as Derwent's breast
When summer light is almost gone!

And yet, for thee why breathe a prayer?
I deem thy fate is given in trust
To seraphs, who by daily care
Would prove that Heaven is not unjust

And treasured shall thine image be
In Memory's purest, holiest shrine,
While truth and honor glow in thee,
Or life's warm, quivering pulse is mine.

The materials of Zophiël are universal; that is, such as may be appropriated by every polished nation. In all the most beautiful oriental systems of religion, including our own, may be found such beings as its characters. The early fathers of Christianity not only believed in them, but wrote cumbrous folios upon their nature and attributes. It is a fact deserving of notice, that they never doubted the existence and the power of the Grecian and Roman gods, but supposed them to be fallen angels, who had caused themselves to be worshipped under particular forms and for particular characteristics. To what an extent and to how very late a period this belief has prevailed, may be learned from a remarkable little work of Fontenelle,* in which that pleasing writer endeavors seriously to disprove that any preternatural power was illustrated in the responses of the ancient oracles. The Christian belief in good and evil angels is too beautiful to be laid aside. Their actual and present existence can be disproved neither by analogy, philosophy, nor theology, nor can it be questioned without casting a doubt also upon the whole system of our religion. This religion, by many a fanciful skeptic, has been called barren and gloomy; but setting aside all the legends of the Jews, and confining ourselves entirely to the generally received Scriptures, there will be found sufficient food for an imagination warm as that of Homer, Apelles, or Praxiteles. It is astonishing that such rich materials for poetry should for so many centuries have been so little regarded, appropriated, or even perceived.

The story of Zophiël, though accompanied by many notes, is simple and easily followed. Reduced to prose, and a child, or any person of the commonest apprehension, would read it with satisfaction. It is in six cantos, and is supposed to occupy the time of nine months: from the blooming of roses at Ecbatana to the coming in of spices at Babylon. Of this time the greater part is supposed to elapse between the second and third cantos, where Zophiël thus speaks of Egla to Phraërion:

Yet still she bloomed—uninjured, innocent—
Though now for seven sweet moons by Zophiël
watched and wooed.

* Histoire des Oracles.

The king of Medea, introduced in the second canto, is an ideal personage; but the history of that country, near the time of the second captivity, is very confused, and more than one young prince like Sardius might have reigned and died without a record. So much of the main story, however, as relates to human life is based upon sacred or profane history; and we have sufficient authority for the legend of an angel's passion for one of the fair daughters of our own world. It was a custom in the early ages to style heroes, to raise to the rank of demigods, men who were distinguished for great abilities, qualities, or actions. Above such men the angels who are supposed to have visited the earth, were but one grade exalted, and they were capable of participating in human pains and pleasures. Zophiël is described as one of those who fell with Lucifer, not from ambition or turbulence, but from friendship and excessive admiration of the chief disturber of the tranquillity of heaven: as he declares, when thwarted by his betrayer, in the fourth canto:

Though the first seraph formed, how could I tell
The ways of guile? What marvels I believed
When cold ambition mimicked love so well
That half the sons of heaven looked on deceived!

During the whole interview in which this stanza occurs, the deceiver of men and angels exhibits his alleged power of inflicting pain. He says to Zophiël, after arresting his course:

"Sublime Intelligence!
Once chosen for my friend and worthy me:
Not so wouldst thou have labored to be hence,
Had my emprise been crowned with victory.
When I was bright in heaven, thy seraph eyes
Sought only mine. But he who every power
Beside, while hope allured him, could despise,
Changed and forsook me in misfortune's hour."

To which Zophiël replies:

"Changed, and forsook thee? this from thee to me?
Once noble spirit! Oh! had not too much
My o'erfond heart adored thy fallacy,
I had not now been here to bear thy keen reproach;
Forsook thee in misfortune? at thy side
I closer fought as perils thickened round,
Watched o'er thee fallen: the light of heav'n denied,
But proved my love more fervent and profound.
Prone as thou wert, had I been mortal born,
And owned as many lives as leaves there be,
From all Hyrcania by his tempest torn
I had lost, one by one, and given the last for thee.
Oh! had thy plighted pact of faith been kept,
Still unaccomplished were the curse of sin;
Mid all the woes thy ruined followers wept,
Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been."

ion, another fallen angel, but of a ntler than that of Zophiël, is thus d:

Phraërion, formed to dwell on high,
the looks that had been his above;
armonious lip, and sweet blue eye,
he fallen seraph's heart, and changed his
eative in this being born, [scorn to love;
s, daring, fond aspirings hid;
e vortex of rebellion drawn,
l the shining ranks *as others did.*
it little had advanced; defeat
ght so little, scarce to him were worse;
e held in heaven inferior seat,
his bliss, and lighter was his curse.
l no plans for happiness: content
he tendril, fold the bud; his pain
e scarcely felt his banishment.
perchance, had held him in disdain;
d for friendship, from his o'erfraught soul
ich relief his burning thoughts to pour
rs, that oft the strong control [more.
he felt them burst, and could restrain no
as soft, but yet all flame; by turns
ef, remorse, shame, pity, jealousy,
idless in his breast, impels or burns:
ras bliss, his pain was agony.

re the principal preterhuman char- the poem. Egla, the heroine, is a of perfect beauty, who lives with ts not far from the city of Ecbatana, een saved by stratagem from a gen- acre of captives under a former king . Being brought before the reign- rch to answer for the supposed f Meles, she exclaims:

ny birth, nay, born upon that day
rished all my race, my infant ears
ed first with groans; and the first ray
me dimly through my mother's tears.

l is described throughout the poem y with the admiration of virtue, yet betrayed into crime by the pursuit re. Straying accidentally to the Egla, he is struck with her beauty, consolation in her presence. His first e to her is beautifully described: sky room, where she mourned her s suddenly a light, then something very cloud:

The form it hid
erged, as might a youth beseem;
ight scarf, his beauty bare, and white
s bosom on some silver stream;
Narcissus, when to woo the light
morn, that floweret open springs;
the maid he comes with timid gaze,
fans her with his full-spread wings,
nt as the cooling gush that plays
From ivory fount. Each bright prismatic tint
Still vanishing, returning, blending, changing
About their tender mystic texture glint,
Like colors o'er the fullblown bubble ranging,
That pretty urchins launch upon the air,
And laugh to see it vanish; yet, so bright,
More like—and even that were faint compare—
As shaped from some new rainbow. Rosy light,
Like that which pagans say the dewy car
Precedes of their Aurora, clipped him round,
Retiring as he moved; and evening's star
Shamed not the diamond coronal that bound
His curly locks. And still to teach his face
Expression dear to her he wooed, he sought;
And in his hand he held a little vase
Of virgin gold, in strange devices wrought.

He appears however at an unfortunate moment, for the fair Judean has just yielded to the entreaties of her mother and assented to proposals offered by Meles, a noble of the country; but Zophiël causes his rival to expire suddenly on entering the bridal apartment, and his previous life at Babylon, as revealed in the fifth canto, shows that he was not undeserving of his doom. Despite her extreme sensibility, Egla has much strength of character; she is conscientious and cautious, and she regards the advances of Zophiël with distrust and apprehension. Meles being missed, she is brought to court to answer for his murder. Her sole fear is for her parents, who are the only Hebrews in the kingdom, and are suffered to live but through the clemency of Sardius, a young prince who has lately come to the throne, and who, like many oriental monarchs, reserves to himself the privilege of decreeing death. The king is convinced of her innocence, and, struck with her extraordinary beauty and character, resolves suddenly to make her his queen. We know of nothing in its way finer than the description which follows, of her introduction, in the simple costume of her country, to a gorgeous banqueting hall in which he sits with his assembled chiefs:

With unassured yet graceful step advancing,
The light vermilion of her cheek more warm
For doubtful modesty; while all were glancing
Over the strange attire that well became such form.
To lend her space the admiring band gave way;
The sandals on her silvery feet were blue;
Of saffron tint her robe, as when young day
Spreads softly o'er the heavens, and tints the trembling dew.
Light was that robe as mist; and not a gem
Or ornament impedes its wavy fold,
Long and profuse, save that, above its hem,
'T was broidered with pomegranate wreath, in gold.

And, by a silken cincture, broad and blue,
In shapely guise about the waist confined,
Blent with the curls that, of a lighter hue,
Half floated, waving in their length behind;
The other half, in braided tresses twined,
Was decked with rows of pearls, and sapphire's az-
Arranged with curious skill to imitate [ure too.
The sweet acacia's blossoms; just as live
And droop those tender flowers in natural state;
And so the trembling gems seemed sensitive,
And pendent, sometimes touch her neck; and there
Seemed shrinking from its softness as alive.
And round her arms, flour-white and round and fair,
Slight bandelets were twined of colors five,
Like little rainbows seemly on those arms;
None of that court had seen the like before,
Soft, fragrant, bright—so much like heaven her
It scarce could seem idolatry to adore. [charms,
He who beheld her hand forgot her face;
Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
And he who, as she went, beheld her pace,
And locks profuse, had said, "Nay, turn thee not."
Placed on a banquet couch beside the king,
Mid many a sparkling guest no eye forbore;
But, like their darts, the warrior princes fling
Such looks as seemed to pierce, and scan her o'er
Nor met alone the glare of lip and eye— [and o'er;
Charms, but not rare: the gazer stern and cool,
Who sought but faults, nor fault or spot could spy;
In every limb, joint, vein, the maid was beautiful,
Save that her lip, like some bud-bursting flower,
Just scorned the bounds of symmetry, perchance,
But by its rashness gained an added power,
Heightening perfection to luxuriance.
But that was only when she smiled, and when
Dissolved the intense expression of her eye;
And had her spirit love first seen her then,
He had not doubted her mortality.

Idaspes, the Medean vizier, or prime minister, has reflected on the maiden's story, and is alarmed for the safety of his youthful sovereign, who consents to some delay and experiment, but will not be dissuaded from his design until five inmates of his palace have fallen dead in the captive's apartment. The last of these is Altheëtor, a favorite of the king (whose Greek name is intended to express his qualities), and the circumstances of his death, and the consequent grief of Egla and despair of Zophiël, are painted with a beauty, power, and passion, scarcely surpassed:

Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
Entered the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet, [there.
And, lowly bending down, made tuneful parlance
Like perfume, soft his gentle accents rose,
And sweetly thrilled the gilded roof along;
His warm, devoted soul no terror knows,
And truth and love lend fervor to his song.
She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan—she springs
Frantic between a hope beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.
Then thus: "Oh! being, who unseen, but near
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music—all that's dear,
Look, look on me, and spare my agony!
Spirit! in mercy make not me the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives—he draws—
Thou wilt not blast! he draws his harmless breath!"

Still lives Altheëtor; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost—given up. He fain would turn to gaze,
But can not turn, so twined. Now all that stole
Through every vein and thrilled each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told, all wound and clasped
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him? "What a sea of sweets!" he gasped,
But 't was delight, sound, fragrance, all, were breathing.
Still swell'd the transport: "Let me look and thank,"
He sighed, (celestial smiles his lips enwreathing;)
"I die—but ask no more," he said, and sank—
Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
As by soft sleep oppressed; so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tapestried floor,
It seemed an angel lay reposing there.

And Zophiël exclaims—

"He died of love, of the o'erperfect joy
Of being pitied—prayed for—pressed—by thee!
Oh, for the fate of that devoted boy
I'd sell my birthright to eternity.
I'm not the cause of this, thy last distress.
Nay! look upon thy spirit ere he flies!
Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!"
He said, and tears fell fast from his immortal eyes.

Beloved and admired at first, Egla becomes an object of hatred and fear; for Zophiël being invisible to others, her story is discredited, and she is suspected of murdering by some baleful art all who have died in her presence. She is, however, sent safely to her home, and lives, as usual, in retirement with her parents. The visits of Zophiël are now unimpeded. He instructs the young Jewess in music and poetry; his admiration and affection grow with the hours; and he exerts his immortal energies to preserve her from the least pain or sorrow, but selfishly confines her as much as possible to solitude, and permits for her only such amusements as he himself can minister. Her confidence in him increases, and in her gentle society he almost forgets his fall and banishment.

But the difference in their natures causes him continual anxiety; knowing her mortality, he is always in fear that death or sudden blight will deprive him of her; and he consults with Phraërion on the best means of

ıer from the perils of human exist-
)ne evening,

Round Phraërion, nearer drawn,
teous arm he flung: "First to my love!—
ee her safe; then to our task till dawn."
ased, Phraërion answered that embrace;
ıy he with thousand breathing sweets,
usand dewy flowers. "But to what place,"
, "will Zophiël go? who danger greets
'ere peace. The palace of the gnome,
'am, for our purpose most were meet;
, the wave, so cold and fierce, the gloom,
irlpools, rocks, that guard that deep retreat!
' are fountains which no sunny ray
ıced upon, and drops come there at last,
or whole ages, filtering all the way,
ı all the veins of earth, in winding maze
ıve past.
ce from mortal beauty every stain,
oth the unseemly lines of age and pain,
'ery wondrous efficacy rife;
e a spirit whispered of a draught,
ı a drop, by any mortal quaffed, [life.
ave, for terms of years, his feeble, flickering

hyam is the son of a fallen angel, and
ncealed in the bosom of the earth,
; in his possession a vase of the elixir
equeathed to him by a father whom
. permitted to see. The visit of Zo-
d Phraërion to this beautiful but un-
eature will remind the reader of the
creations of Danté:

flower spirit shuddered, looked on high,
n his bolder brother would have fled;
the anger kindling in that eye
l not bear. So to fair Egla's bed [dread,
d and looked; then shuddering all with
drous realms, unknown to men, he led;
ıg long in sunset course his flight,
r flowery Sicily he bent;
ere Italia smiled upon the night, [scent.
ı their nearest shores chose midway his de-
was calm, and the reflected moon
nbled on its surface; not a breath
e broad mirror: night had passed her noon;
t the air! how cold the depths beneath!
ts hover o'er that surface smooth,
s white arm around Phraërion's twined,
areas, his tender cares to soothe, [hind.
ither's nearer wing the other's crossed be-
ased, Phraërion half forgot his dread,
t, with foot as white as lotus leaf,
ry surface of the waves essayed; [grief.
ı his smile of love gave place to drops of
ld he for that fluid, dense and chill,
the sweet floods of air they floated on?
ıe touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
ent Zophiël, panting, hurries on,
:hing his mild brother's tears, with lip
dispered courage 'twixt each glowing kiss)
s to plunge: limbs, wings, and locks, they
p;
er the other's pains, the lover felt but bliss.

Quickly he draws Phraërion on, his toil
Even lighter than he hoped; some power benign
Seems to restrain the surges, while they boil
Mid crags and caverns, as of his design
Respectful. That black, bitter element,
As if obedient to his wish, gave way;
So, comforting Phraërion, on he went,
And a high, craggy arch they reach at dawn of day,
Upon the upper world; and forced them through
That arch, the thick, cold floods, with such a roar,
That the bold sprite receded, and would view
The cave before he ventured to explore.
Then, fearful lest his frighted guide might part
And not be missed amid such strife and din,
He strained him closer to his burning heart,
And, trusting to his strength, rushed fiercely in.
On, on, for many a weary mile they fare;
Till thinner grew the floods, long dark and dense,
From nearness to earth's core; and now, a glare
Of grateful light relieved their piercing sense;
As when, above, the sun his genial streams
Of warmth and light darts mingling with the waves
Whole fathoms down; while, amorous of his beams,
Each scaly, monstrous thing leaps from its slimy
And now, Phraërion, with a tender cry, [caves.
Far sweeter than the landbird's note, afar
Heard through the azure arches of the sky,
By the long baffled, storm worn mariner:
"Hold, Zophiël! rest thee now—our task is done,
Tahathyam's realms alone can give this light!
Oh! though 't is not the life awakening sun,
How sweet to see it break upon such fearful night!"
Clear grew the wave, and thin; a substance white
The wide expanding cavern floors and flanks;
Could one have looked from high, how fair the sight!
Like these, the dolphin, on Bahaman banks,
Cleaves the warm fluid, in his rainbow tints,
While even his shadow on the sands below
Is seen, as through the wave he glides and glints,
Where lies the polished shell, and branching corals
No massive gate impedes; the wave in vain [grow.
Might strive against the air to break or fall;
And, at the portal of that strange domain,
A clear, bright curtain seemed, or crystal wall.
The spirits pass its bounds, but would not far
Tread its slant pavement, like unbidden guest;
The while, on either side, a bower of spar
Gave invitation for a moment's rest.
And, deep in either bower, a little throne
Looked so fantastic, it were hard to know
If busy Nature fashioned it alone,
Or found some curious artist here below.
Soon spoke Phraërion: "Come, Tahathyam, come,
Thou knowest me well—I saw thee once, to love,
And bring a guest to view thy sparkling dome
Who comes full fraught with tidings from above."
Those gentle tones, angelically clear,
Passed from his lips, in mazy depths retreating,
(As if that bower had been the cavern's ear,)
Full many a stadia far; and kept repeating,
As through the perforated rock they pass,
Echo to echo guiding them; their tone
(As just from the sweet spirit's lip) at last
Tahathyam heard: where on a glittering throne
he solitary sat.

Sending through the rock an answering strain, to give the spirits welcome, the gnome prepares to meet them at his palace door:

He sat upon a car (and the large pearl,
Once cradled in it, glimmered now without),
Bound midway on two serpents' backs, that curl
In silent swiftness as he glides about.
A shell, 't was first in liquid amber wet,
Then, ere the fragrant cement hardened round,
All o'er with large and precious stones 't was set
By skilful Tsavaven, or made or found.
The reins seemed pliant crystal, (but their strength
Had matched his earthly mother's silken band),
And, flecked with rubies, flowed in ample length,
Like sparkles o'er Tahathyam's beauteous hand.
The reptiles, in their fearful beauty, drew,
As if from love, like steeds of Araby;
Like blood of lady's lip their scarlet hue; [to see.
Their scales so bright and sleek, 't was pleasure but
With open mouths, as proud to show the bit, [eye
They raise their heads and arch their necks (with
As bright as if with meteor fire 't were lit);
And dart their barbèd tongues 'twixt fangs of ivory.
These, when the quick advancing sprites they saw
Furl their swift wings, and tread with angel grace
The smooth, fair pavement, checked their speed in awe.
And glided far aside as if to give them space.

The errand of the angels is made known to the sovereign of this interior and resplendent world, and upon conditions the precious elixir is promised; but first Zophiël and Phrarion are ushered through sparry portals to a banquet:

High towered the palace, and its massive pile,
Made dubious if of nature or of art,
So wild and so uncouth; yet, all the while,
Shaped to strange grace in every varying part.
And groves adorned it, green in hue, and bright,
As icicles about a laurel tree;
And danced about their twigs a wondrous light;
Whence came that light so far beneath the sea?
Zophiël looked up to know, and to his view
The vau't scarce seemed less vast than that of day;
No rocky roof was seen; a tender blue
Appeared, as of the sky, and clouds about it play:
And, in the midst, an orb looked as 't were meant
To shame the sun, it mimicked him so well.
But ah! no quickening, grateful warmth it sent;
Cold as the rock beneath, the paly radiance fell.
Within, from thousand lamps, the lustre strays,
Reflected back from gems about the wall;
And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain plays,
Just in the centre of a spacious hall;
But whether in the sunbeam formed to sport,
These shapes once lived in suppleness and pride,
And then, to decorate this wondrous court,
Were stolen from the waves and petrified;
Or, moulded by some imitative gnome,
And scaled all o'er with gems, they were but stone,
Casting their showers and rainbows neath the dome,
To man or angel's eye might not be known.
No snowy fleece in these sad realms was found,
Nor silken ball by maiden loved so well;
But ranged in lightest garniture around,
In seemly folds, a shining tapestry fell.
And fibres of asbestos, bleached in fire,
And all with pearls and sparkling gems o'erflecked,
Of that strange court composed the rich attire,
And such the cold, fair form of sad Tahathyam decked.

Gifted with every pleasing endowment, in possession of an elixir of which a drop perpetuates life and youth, surrounded by friends of his own choice, who are all axious to please and amuse him, the gnome feels himself inferior in happiness to the lowest of mortals. His sphere is confined, his high powers useless, for he is without the "last, best gift of God to man," and there is no object on which he can exercise his benevolence. The feast is described with the terse beauty which marks all the canto, and at its close—

The banquet cups, of many a hue and shape,
Bossed o'er with gems, were beautiful to view;
But, for the madness of the vaunted grape,
Their only draught was a pure, limpid dew.
The spirits while they sat in social guise,
Pledging each goblet with an answering kiss,
Marked many a gnome conceal his bursting sighs;
And thought death happier than a life like this.
But they had music: at one ample side
Of the vast area of that sparkling hall,
Fringed round with gems, that all the rest outvied,
In form of canopy, was seen to fall
The stony tapestry, over what, at first,
An altar to some deity appeared;
But it had cost full many a year to adjust
The limpid crystal tubes that neath upreared
Their different lucid lengths; and so complete
Their wondrous 'rangement, that a tuneful gnome
Drew from them sounds more varied, clear, and sweet,
Than ever yet had rung in any earthly dome.
Loud, shrilly, liquid, soft; at that quick touch
Such modulation wooed his angel ears,
That Zophiël wondered, started from his couch,
And thought upon the music of the spheres.

But Zophiël lingers with ill dissembled impatience, and Tahathyam leads the way to where the elixir of life is to be surrendered:

Soon through the rock they wind; the draught divine
Was hidden by a veil the king alone might lift.
Cephroniel's son, with half averted face
And faltering hand, that curtain drew, and showed,
Of solid diamond formed, a lucid vase;
And warm within the pure elixir glowed;
Bright red, like flame and blood (could they so meet)
Ascending, sparkling, dancing, whirling, ever
In quick, perpetual movement; and of heat
So high, the rock was warm beneath their feet,
(Yet heat in its intenseness hurtful never,)

to the entrance of the long arcade
ich led to that deep shrine, in the rock's breast
r as if the half-angel were afraid
know the secret he himself possessed.
thyam filled a slip of spar, with dread,
if stood by and frowned some power divine;
trembling, as he turned to Zophiël, said,
ut for one service shalt thou call it thine;
me a wife; as I have named the way
rill not risk destruction save for love!)—
haired and beauteous, like my mother; say—
ght me this pact; so shalt thou bear above,
thine own purpose, what has here been kept
ce bloomed the second age, to angels dear.
ting from earth's dark womb, the fierce wave
swept
every form that lived and loved, while here,
hidden here, I still lived on and wept."

reat pains have evidently been taken to everything throughout the work in ing. Most of the names have been ted for their particular meaning. Tayam and his retinue appear to have been ed in their submarine dominion before reat deluge that changed the face of the , as is intimated in the lines last quoted; as the accounts of that judgment and of isits and communications of angels con- d with it are chiefly in Hebrew, they names from that language. It would been better perhaps not to have called ersons of the third canto gnomes, as at word one is reminded of all the varieties Rosicrucian system, of which Pope has ell availed himself in the Rape of the , which sprightly production has been to be derived, though remotely, from h legends of fallen angels. Tahathyam e called gnome only on account of the at to which his erring father has con- d him.

e spirits leave the cavern, and Zophiël s a moment, as if restored to perfect iness. But there is no way of bearing rize to the earth except through the dangerous depths of the sea.

Zophiël, with toil severe,
liss in view, through the thrice murky night,
d swiftly on. A treasure now more dear
ad to guard, than boldest hope had dared
breathe for years; but rougher grew the way;
oft Phraerion, shrinking back and scared [day,
very whirling depth, wept for his flowers and
ered, and pained, and shrieking, as the waves
ldly impel them 'gainst the jutting rocks;
all the care and strength of Zophiël saves
tender guide from half the wildering shocks
ore. The calm, which favored their descent,
d bade them look upon their task as o'er,
Was past; and now the inmost earth seemed rent
With such fierce storms as never raged before.
Of a long mortal life had the whole pain
Essenced in one consummate pang, been borne,
Known, and survived, it still would be in vain
To try to paint the pains felt by these sprites forlorn.
The precious drop closed in its hollow spar,
Between his lips Zophiël in triumph bore.
Now, earth and sea seem shaken! Dashed afar
He feels it part;—'tis dropped: the waters roar,
He sees it in a sable vortex whirling,
Formed by a cavern vast, that neath the sea
Sucks the fierce torrent in.

The furious storm has been raised by the power of his betrayer and persecutor, and in gloomy desperation Zophiël rises with the frail Phraërion to the upper air:

Black clouds, in mass deform,
Were frowning; yet a moment's calm was there,
As it had stopped to breathe a while the storm.
Their white feet press the desert sod; they shook
From their bright locks the briny drops; nor stayed
Zophiël on ills, present or past, to look.

But his flight toward Medea is stayed by a renewal of the tempest:

Loud and more loud the blast; in mingled gyre
Flew leaves and stones, and with a deafening crash
Fell the uprooted trees; heaven seemed on fire—
Not, as 'tis wont, with intermitting flash,
But, like an ocean all of liquid flame,
The whole broad arch gave one continuous glare,
While through the red light from their prowling
came
The frighted beasts, and ran, but could not find a
lair.

At length comes a shock, as if the earth crashed against some other planet, and they are thrown amazed and prostrate upon the heath. Zophiël—

in a mood
Too fierce for fear, uprose; yet ere for flight
Served his torn wings, a form before him stood
In gloomy majesty. Like starless night,
A sable mantle fell in cloudy fold
From its stupendous breast; and as it trod,
The pale and lurid light at distance rolled
Before its princely feet, receding on the sod.

The interview between the bland spirit and the prime cause of his guilt is full of the energy of passion, and the rhetoric of the conversation has a masculine beauty of which Mrs. Brooks alone of all the poets of her sex was capable.

Zophiël returns to Medea and the drama draws to a close, which is painted with consummate art. Egla wanders alone at twilight in the shadowy vistas of a grove, wondering and sighing at the continued absence of the enamored angel, who approaches un

seen while she sings a strain that he had taught her.

His wings were folded o'er his eyes; severe
As was the pain he'd borne from wave and wind,
The dubious warning of that being drear,
Who met him in the lightning, to his mind
Was torture worse; a dark presentiment
Came o'er his soul with paralyzing chill,
As when Fate vaguely whispers her intent
To poison mortal joy with sense of coming ill.
He searched about the grove with all the care
Of trembling jealousy, as if to trace
By track or wounded flower some rival there;
And scarcely dared to look upon the face
Of her he loved, lest it some tale might tell
To make the only hope that soothed him vain:
He hears her notes in numbers die and swell,
But almost fears to listen to the strain
Himself had taught her, lest some hated name
Had been with that dear gentle air enwreathed,
While he was far; she sighed—he nearer came—
Oh, transport! Zophiël was the name she breathed.

He saw her—but

Paused, ere he would advance, for very bliss.
The joy of a whole mortal life he felt
In that one moment. Now, too long unseen,
He fain had shown his beauteous form, and knelt,
But while he still delayed, a mortal rush'd between.

This scene is in the sixth canto. In the fifth, which is occupied almost entirely by mortals, and bears a closer relation than the others to the chief works in narrative and dramatic poetry, are related the adventures of Zameia, which, with the story of her death, following the last extract, would make a fine tragedy. Her misfortunes are simply told by an aged attendant who had fled with her in pursuit of Meles, whom she had seen and loved in Babylon. At the feast of Venus Mylitta,

Full in the midst, and taller than the rest,
Zameia stood distinct, and not a sigh
Disturbed the gem that sparkled on her breast;
Her oval cheek was heightened to a dye
That shamed the mellow vermeil of the wreath
Which in her jetty locks became her well,
And mingled fragrance with her sweeter breath,
The while her haughty lips more beautifully swell
With consciousness of every charm's excess;
While with becoming scorn she turned her face
From every eye that darted its caress,
As if some god alone might hope for her embrace.

Again she is discovered, sleeping, by the rocky margin of a river:

Pallid and worn, but beautiful and young, [trace;
Though marked her charms by wildest passion's
Her long round arms, over a fragment flung,
From pillow all too rude protect a face
Whose dark and high arched brows gave to the thought
To deem what radiance once they towered above;
But all its proudly beauteous outline taught
That anger there had shared the throne of love.

It was Zameia that rushed between Zophiël and Egla, and that now with quivering lip, disordered hair, and eye gleaming with phrensy, seized her arm, reproached her with the murder of Meles, and attempted to kill her. But as her dagger touches the white robe of the maiden, her arm is arrested by some unseen power, and she falls dead at Egla's feet. Reproached by her own handmaid and by the aged attendant of the princess, Egla feels all the horrors of despair, and, beset with evil influences, she seeks to end her own life, but is prevented by the timely appearance of Raphael, in the character of a traveller's guide, leading Helon, a young man of her own nation and kindred who has been living unknown at Babylon, protected by the same angel, and destined to be her husband; and to the mere idea of whose existence, imparted to her in a mysterious and vague manner by Raphael, she has remained faithful from her childhood.

Zophiël, who by the power of Lucifer has been detained struggling in the grove, is suffered once more to enter the presence of the object of his affection. He sees her supported in the arms of Helon, whom he makes one futile effort to destroy, and then is banished for ever. The emissaries of his immortal enemy pursue the baffled seraph to his place of exile, and by their derision endeavor to augment his misery:

And when they fled, he hid him in a cave [there,
Strewn with the bones of some sad wretch who
Apart from men, had sought a desert grave,
And yielded to the demon of despair.
There beauteous Zophiël, shrinking from the day,
Envying the wretch that so his life had ended,
Wailed his eternity;

but, at last, is visited by Raphael, who gives him hopes of restoration to his original rank in heaven.

The concluding canto is entitled The Bridal of Helon, and in the following lines it contains much of the author's philosophy of life:

The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!
But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede, [fate,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

the dove to far Pa'myra flying,
where her native founts of Antioch beam,
exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
sadly at the desert's bitter stream—
y a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
recoils—then thirsty and despairing
iat it would, descends and sips the nearest
draught.

consulting Zophiël, it will readily be
iat the passages here extracted have
en chosen for their superior poetical

It has simply been attempted by quo-
and a running commentary to convey
impression of the scope and character
work. There is not perhaps in the
h language a poem containing a greater
of thought, description, and incident,
ough the author did not possess in an
nt degree the constructive faculty, there
narratives that are conducted with
regard to unities, or with more sim-
and perspicuity.

ugh characterized by force and even
m of expression, it does not contain an
e or irreligious sentiment. Every page
of passion, but passion subdued and
ned by refinement and delicacy. Sev-
the characters are original and splen-
ations. Zophiël seems to us the finest
angel that has come from the hand of
. Milton's outcasts from heaven are
depraved and abraded of their glory;
phiël has traces of his original virtue
auty, and a lingering hope of restora-
the presence of the Divinity. De-
by the specious fallacies of an immor-
e himself, and his superior in rank, he
ers the blackest perfidy in him for
so much had been forfeited, and the
of every prospect that had lured his
or ambition. Egla, though one of the
important characters in the poem, is
less interesting. She is represented as
ally consistent, except when given over
oment to the malice of infernal emis-

In her immediate reception of Helon
sband, she is constant to a long cher-
dea, and fulfils the design of her guard-
irit, or it would excite some wonder
phiël was worsted in such competi-
It will be perceived upon a careful
nation that the work is in admirable
g, and that the entire conduct of its
l persons bears a just relation to their
ters and positions.

Mrs. Brooks returned to the United States, and her son being now a student in the military academy, she took up her residence in the vicinity of West Point, where, with occasional intermissions in which she visited her plantation in Cuba or travelled in the United States, she remained until 1839. Her marked individuality, the variety, beauty, and occasional splendor of her conversation, made her house a favorite resort of the officers of the academy, and of the most accomplished persons who frequented that romantic neighborhood, by many of whom she will long be remembered with mingled affection and admiration.

In 1834 she caused to be published in Boston an edition of Zophiël, for the benefit of the Polish exiles who were thronging to this country after their then recent struggle for freedom. There were at that time too few readers among us of sufficiently cultivated and independent taste to appreciate a work of art which time or accident had not commended to the popular applause, and Zophiël scarcely anywhere excited any interest or attracted any attention. At the end of a month but about twenty copies had been sold, and, in a moment of disappointment, Mrs. Brooks caused the remainder of the impression to be withdrawn from the market. The poem has therefore been little read in this country, and even the title of it would have remained unknown to the common reader of elegant literature but for occasional allusions to it by Southey and other foreign critics.*

In the summer of 1843, while Mrs. Brooks was residing at Fort Columbus, in the bay of New York — a military post at which her son, Captain Horace Brooks, was stationed several years — she had printed for private circulation the remarkable little work to which allusion has already been made, entitled Idomen, or The Vale of the Yumuri. It is in the style of a romance, but contains little that is fictitious except the names of the characters. The account which Idomen gives of her own history is literally true, except in

* Maria del Occidente is styled in "The Doctor," &c., "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." And without taking into account *quædam ardentiora* scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and, with the more accurate substitution of "fanciful" for "imaginative," for the whole of the eulogy. It is altogether an extraordinary performance.—*London Quarterly Review.*

Which [Zophiel] he [Southey] says is by some Yankee woman, as if there ever had been a woman capable of anything so great!—*Charles Lamb.*

relation to an excursion to Niagara, which occurred in a different period of the author's life. It is impossible to read these interesting "confessions" without feeling a profound interest in the character which they illustrate: a character of singular strength, dignity, and delicacy, subjected to the severest tests, and exposed to the most curious and easy analyses. "To see the inmost soul of one who bore all the impulse and torture of self-murder without perishing, is what can seldom be done: very few have memories strong enough to retain a distinct impression of past suffering, and few, though possessed of such memories, have the power of so describing their sensations as to make them apparent to another." Idomen will possess an interest and value as a psychological study, independent of that which belongs to it as a record of the experience of so eminent a poet.

Mrs. Brooks was anxious to have published an edition of all her writings, including Idomen, before leaving New York, and she authorized me to offer gratuitously her copyrights to an eminent publishing house for that purpose. In the existing condition of the copyright laws, which should have been entitled acts for the discouragement of a native literature, she was not surprised that the offer was declined, though indignant that the reason assigned should have been that they were "of too elevated a character to sell." Writing to me soon afterward she observed: "I do not think anything from my humble imagination can be 'too elevated,' or elevated enough, for the public as it really is in these North American states.....In the words of poor Spurzheim, (uttered to me a short time before his death, in Boston,) I solace myself by saying, 'Stupidity! stupidity! the knowledge of that alone has saved me from misanthropy.'"

In December, 1843, Mrs. Brooks sailed the last time from her native country for the island of Cuba. There, on her coffee estate, Hermita, she renewed for a while her literary labors. The small stone building, smoothly plastered, with a flight of steps leading to its entrance, in which she wrote some of the cantos of Zophiël, is described by a recent traveller* as surrounded by alleys of "palms, cocoas, and oranges, interspersed with the tamarind, the pomegranate, the mangoe, and the rose-apple, with a back ground of coffee and plantains covering every portion of the soil with their luxuriant verdure. I have often passed it," he observes, "in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and the floor, and the elfin lamps of the cocullos swept through the windows and door, casting their lurid, mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with mingled perfume from the coffee and orange, and the tube-rose and night-blooming ceres, and have thought that no fitter birthplace could be found for the images she has created."

Her habits of composition were peculiar. With an almost unconquerable aversion to the use of the pen, especially in her later years, it was her custom to finish her shorter pieces, and entire cantos of longer poems, before committing a word of them to paper. She had long meditated, and had partly composed, an epic under the title of Beatriz, the Beloved of Columbus, and when transmitting to me the manuscript of The Departed, in August, 1844, she remarked: "When I have written out my Vistas del Infierno and one other short poem, I hope to begin the penning of the epic I have so often spoken to you of: but when or whether it will ever be finished, Heaven alone can tell." I have not learned whether this poem was written, but when I heard her repeat passages of it, I thought it would be a nobler work than Zophiël.

But little will be said here of the minor poems of Mrs. Brooks. They evince the same power and passion — the imagination, fancy, command of poetical language, and intense feeling, which are so apparent in her chief work. Many of them were written under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, and these breathe of the fresh and deep emotions by which they were occasioned. Others are in a more eminent degree works of art, composed for the mere love of giving form to the lights and shadows, and vague creations, of a mind teeming with beauty. One of her latest productions is the Ode to the Departed. She wrote to me on the seventeenth of August, 1844, "I send you a poem which may possibly please you, as I remember your approval of a hymn of mine not dissimilar. On the seventeenth of last April it was conceived and partly executed in the midst of a

* The author of "Notes on Cuba."—Boston, 1844.

such as had not for many years been
in the island of Cuba. A late attempt
urrection had been followed by such
s and events as could not fail to call
thoughts and hopes of a future exist-
even if private sorrow had not before
ened them." This poem, one written
the same time under the title of *Con*
Vistas del Infierno, another To the Departed,
one on Revisiting Cuba, one to Painting, and
an Invocation to Poetry, are all that have
appeared in this stanza which was invented
by Mrs. Brooks, and was admirably suited to
the tone of her later compositions.

Mrs. Brooks died at Matanzas, in Cuba,
on the eleventh of November, 1845.

EXTRACTS FROM ZOPHIEL.

MORNING.

beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun!—
old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
uch thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
hen he moved exulting in his fires.
nfant strains his little arms to catch
rays that glance about his silken hair;
Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match [fair.
face, when turned away from bower and palace
t to the lip the draught, the blushing fruit;
ic and perfumes mingle with the soul;
thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute!
light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.
ach keen sense were dulness but for thee:
ray to joy, love, virtue, genius, warms;
never weariest; no inconstancy
comes to pay new homage to thy charms.
many lips have sung thy praise, how long!
when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
pleasured bard pours forth another song,
finds in thee, like love, a theme for ever new.
dark eyed daughters come in beauty forth,
y near realms; and, like their snowwreaths fair,
bright haired youths and maidens of the north
le in thy colors when thou art not there.
there thou bidst a deeper ardor glow,
higher, purer reveries completest;
ops that farthest from the ocean flow,
ning all the way, from springs the sweetest.
y, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
e wretch, impassioned, from sweet morning's
breath,
s his hot brow, and sickens at thy light;
Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him
death.

VIRTUE.

e! how many as a lowly thing,
n of weak folly, scorn thee! but thy name
e they know; upon thy soaring wing
y'd fear to mount; nor could thy sacred flame
in their baser hearts: the biting thorn,
flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field;
blest is he whose daring bides the scorn
the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy shield.
says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay
lure the infant: if thy paths, to view,
s always pleasant, Crime's worst sons would lay
ir daggers at thy feet, and, *from mere sloth*,
pursue.

CONFIDING LOVE.

What bliss for her who lives her little day,
In blest obedience, like to those divine,
Who to her loved, her earthly lord, can say,
"God is thy law, most just, and thou art mine."
To every blast she bends in beauty meek:
Let the storm beat—his arms her shelter kind—
And feels no need to blanch her rosy cheek
With thoughts befitting his superior mind.
Who only sorrows when she sees him pained,
Then knows to pluck away Pain's keenest dart;
Or bid Love catch it ere its goal be gained,
And steal its venom ere it reach his heart.
'T is the soul's food: the fervid must adore.—
For this the heathen, unsufficed with thought,
Moulds him an idol of the glittering ore,
And shrines his smiling goddess, marble wrought
What bliss for her, even in this world of wo,
Oh, Sire! who makest yon orbstrewn arch thy
That sees thee in thy noblest work below [throne;
Shine undefaced, adored, and all her own!
This I had hoped; but hope, too dear, too great,
Go to thy grave!—I feel thee blasted, now.
Give me Fate's sovereign, well to bear the fate
Thy pleasure sends: this, my sole prayer, allow!

LANGUAGE OF GEMS.

Look! here's a ruby; drinking solar rays,
I saw it redden on a mountain tip;
Now on thy snowy bosom let it blaze:
'T will blush still deeper to behold thy lip!
Here's for thy hair a garland: every flower
That spreads its blossoms, watered by the tear
Of the sad slave in Babylonian bower,
Might see its frail bright hues perpetuate here.
For morn's light bell, this changeful amethyst
A sapphire for the violet's tender blue;
Large opals, for the queenrose zephyr kist;
And here are emeralds of every hue,
For folded bud and leaflet, dropped with dew
And here's a diamond, culled from Indian mine,
To gift a haughty queen: it might not be;
I knew a worthier brow, sister divine,
And brought the gem; for well I deem for thee
The "arch chymic sun" in earth's dark bosom
wrought
To prison thus a ray, that when dull Night
Frowns o'er her realms, and Nature's all seems
naught,
She whom he grieves to leave may still behold his
light.

AMBITION.

Wo to thee, wild Ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;
Born in high heaven, her peace thou couldst destroy;
And, but for thee, there had not been a hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed;
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,
And straight were fiends; hurled from the shrinking field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learned to aspire;
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to death.
The thousand wild desires, that still torment
The fiercely struggling soul where peace once dwelt,
But perished; feverish hope; drear discontent,
Impoisoning all possessed—oh! I have felt
As spirits feel—yet not for man we moan:
Scarce o'er the silly bird in state were he,
That builds his nest, loves, sings the morn's return,
And sleeps at evening, save by aid of thee.
Fame ne'er had roused, nor Song her records kept;
The gem, the ore, the marble breathing life,
The pencil's colors, all in earth had slept,
Now see them mark with death his victim's strife.
Man found thee, Death: but Death and dull Decay,
Baffling, by aid of thee, his mastery proves;
By mighty works he swells his narrow day,
And reigns, for ages, on the world he loves.
Yet what the price! With stings that never cease
Thou goadst him on; and when too keen the smart,
His highest dole he 'd barter but for peace—
Food thou wilt have, or feast upon his heart.

MELES AND EGLA CONTRASTED.

She meekly stood. He fastened round her arms
Rings of refulgent ore; low and apart
Murmuring, "So, beauteous captive, shall thy charms
For ever thrall and clasp thy captive's heart."
The air's light touch seemed softer as she moved,
In languid resignation; his quick eye
Spoke in black glances how she was approved,
Who shrank reluctant from its ardency.
'T was sweet to look upon the goodly pair
In their contrasted loveliness: her height
Might almost vie with his, but heavenly fair,
Of soft proportion she, and sunny hair; night.
He cast in manliest mould, with ringlets murk as
And oft her drooping and resigned blue eye
She 'd wistful raise to read his radiant face;
But then, why shrunk her heart?—a secret sigh
Told her it most required what there it could not trace.

EGLA RECLINING.

Lone in the still retreat,
Wounding the flowers to sweetness more intense,
She sank. Thus kindly Nature lets our wo
Swell till it bursts forth from the o'erfraught breast;
Then draws an opiate from the bitter flow,
And lays her sorrowing child soft in the lap of Rest.
Now all the mortal maid lies indolent—
Save one sweet cheek, which the cool velvet turf
Had touched too rude, though all with blooms besprent,
One soft arm pillowed. Whiter than the s
That foams against the sea rock looked her n
By the dark, glossy, odorous shrubs relieved
That close inclining o'er her, seemed to reck
What 't was they canopied; and quickly he
Beneath her robe's white folds and azure zon
Her heart yet incomposed; a fillet through
Peeped softly azure, while with tender moan,
As if of bliss, Zephyr her ringlets blew
Sportive: about her neck their gold he twine
Kissed the soft violet on her temples warm,
And eyebrow just so dark might well define
Its flexile arch—throne of expression's charr
As the vexed Caspian, though its rage be pas
And the blue smiling heavens swell o'er in p
Shook to the centre by the recent blast, ce
Heaves on tumultuous still, and hath not pow
So still each little pulse was seen to throb,
Though passion and its pain were lulled to r
And ever and anon a piteous sob
Shook the pure arch expansive o'er her brea

AN ARCHER.

Rememberest thou
When to the altar, by thy father reared,
As we went forth with sacrifice and vow,
A victim dove escaped, and there appeared
A stranger? Quickly from his shrilly string
He let an arrow glance; and to a tree
Nailed fast the little truant, by the wing,
And brought it, scarcely bleeding, back to th
His voice, his mien, the lustre of his eye,
And pretty deed he 'd done, were theme of pr
Though blent with fear that stranger should
Thy lonely haunts. When, in the sunny r
He turned and went, with black locks clust
Around his pillar neck—"'T is pity he," b
Thou saidst, "in all the comeliness and migh
Of perfect man, 't is pity he should be
But an idolator! How nobly sweet
He tempers pride with courtesy! A flower
Drops honey when he speaks. His sandaled
Are light as antelope's. He stands, a tower.

EGLA'S COURAGE.

Despite of all, the starting tear,
The melting tone, the blood suffusive, proved
The soul that in them spoke could spurn at fe
Of death or danger; and had those she loved
Required it at their need, she could have stood
Unmoved, as some fair sculptured statue, wh
The dome that guards it, earth's convulsions r
Are shivering, meeting ruin with a smile.

SIGHING FOR THE UNATTAINABLE.

'T is as a vine of Galilee should say,
"Culturer, I reck not thy support, I sigh
For a young palm tree of Euphrates; nay,
Or let me him entwine, or in my blossom di

LOVE'S SURGERY.

He who would gain
A fond, full heart—in love's soft surgery skill
Should seek it when 't is sore; allay its pain
With balm by pity prest: 't is all his own so he

ODE ON REVISITING CUBA.

of eternal spring, thou 'rt desolate
me; thy limpid seas, thy fragrant shores,
Whither I've sighed to come
And make a tranquil home,
s lost to me their charm; my heart deplores,
y, of two it loved the melancholy doom.

l may I weep you, gentle souls, that, while
earth, responded to the love of mine,
Through eyes of heavenly blue,
More deeply, fondly true,
dy, than He, who lent his breath divine,
give again on earth to cheer me with their
smile.

George, if thou hadst faults, they only were
at thou wert gifted ill for this poor sphere
Where first he faints who spares
Earth's selfish, sordid cares;
l what might faults to baser eyes appear,
n ta'en where angels dwell, must be bright virtues there.

i toil, betray, nay, even kill, for gold;
it had some wretch pressed by misfortune sore
Asked thy last piece of thee
To ease his misery,
en thou couldst only look to Heaven for more,
last piece had been given, and thine own safety sold.

when the noisome streams of pestilence
isoned the air around thee, hast thou stayed
By friends, while thirsty Death
Lurked near, to quaff their breath;
l soothed and saved while others were afraid,
hardier hearts and hands than thine rushed wildly thence.

could I find thee in some palm leaf cot,
ill for this earth, with thy sweet brothers too,
Though scarce our worldly hoard
Sufficed a frugal board,
e should beguile no more: I'd live for you,
aim all other love—and sing, and bless my lot.

other love?—what love for me was e'er,
y Edgar, oh, my first born! like to thine?
Too faithful for thy state
Thou wert—too passionate—
vehement—devoted—Powers benign!
thy last pain should pass, and I not by to share!

speaks, 't is said, but what entones his voice?
arice, ambition, vanity, or oft
Sensations such as wake
Blind mole and mottled snake;
e with the cruel, gentle with the soft—
acuous in their aim,—indifferent in their choice.

y more often but the common wants,
it man with every mortal creature feels,
And satisfaction finds
In mantle, as it binds
neck, when cold; or in those daily meals
ng all the life that coldness leads or vaunts.

If one be lost, another serves as well;
Another mantle, or another fair,
As well may be his own
If one dies his—alone
He sighs not long;—enter his home, and there,
When past one little year, another fair will dwell.

Or see yon smiling Creole—her black hair
Braided and glittering, with one lover's gold:
Ere the quick flower has grown
O'er where he sleeps alone,
Already to some other lover sold,
Or given, what both call love, and he's content to share.

Better for those who love this world, to be
Even as such: a pure, pure flame, intense,
Edgar, as thine, consumes
The cheek its light illumes; [hence,
And he whose heart enshrines such flame, must
And join with it, betimes, its own eternity.

For masculine or feminine gave naught
Of fuel to the hallowed fire, that burned
And urged thee on, of life.
Reckless, amid the strife
For worldly wealth, that better had been spurned:
Thy happiness and love, alas! were all I sought.

How could I kneel and kiss the hand of Fate,
Were it but mine to decorate some hall—
Here, where the soil I tread
Colors my feet with red—
Far down these isles, to hear your voices call,
Then haste to hear and tell what happ'd while separate!

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies
Tall silver shafted palm trees rise between
Full orange trees that shade
The living colonnade;
Alas! how sad, how sickening is the scene
That were ye at my side would be a paradise!

E'en one of those cool caves which, light and dry,
In many a leafy hillside, near this spot,
Seem as by Nature made
For shelter and for shade
To such as bear a hómeless wanderer's lot,
Were home enough for me, could those I mourn be nigh.

Palace or cave (where neath the blossom and lime
Winter lies hid with wreaths) alike may be,
If love and taste unite,
A dwelling for delight,
And kings might leave their silken courts, to see
O'er such wild, garnished grot, the grandiflora climb.

Thus, thus, doth quick eyed Fancy fondly wait
The pauses of my deep remorse between;
Before my anxious eyes
'T is thus her pictures rise;
They show what is not, yet what might have been,
Angels, why came I not?—why have I come too late?

The cooling beverage—strengthening draught—as craved
The needs of both, could but these hands have given;

Could I have watched the glow—
The pulse, too quick, or slow—
My earnest, fond, reiterate prayers to Heaven,
Some angel might have come, besought, returned, and saved.

To stay was imbecility—nay, more— [see,
'T was crime—how yearned my panting heart to
When, by mere words delayed,
'Gainst the strong wish, I stayed,
(Trifling with that which inly spoke to me,)
And longed, and hoped, and feared, till all I feared was o'er!

Mild, pitying George, when maple leaves were red
O'er Ladauanna* in his much loved north,
Breathed here his last farewell—
And when the tears that fell
From April, called Mohecan's† violets forth,
Edgar, as following his, thy friendly spirit fled.

Now, side by side, neath cross and tablet white
Is laid, sweet brothers, all of you that's left;
Yet, all the tropic dew
Can damp, would seem not you:
Your finer particles from earth are reft,
Haply, (and so I'll hope,) for lovelier forms of light.

Myriads of beings, (for the whole that's known
In all this world's combined philosophy,).
The eternal will obeyed,
To finish what was made, [and sea
When, warm with new breathed life, new earth
Returned the smile of Him who blessed them from his throne.

Such beings, haply, hovering round us now,
When flesh or flowers in beauty fade or fall,
Gather each precious tint
Once seen to glow and glint,
With fond economy to gladden all:
Heaven's hands, howe'er profuse, no atom's loss allow.

Yet, brothers, spirits, loiter if ye may
A little while, and look on all I do—
Oh! loiter for my sake,
Ere other tasks ye take,
Toward all I should do influence my view,
Then haste, to hear the spheres chime with heaven's favorite lay.

Go, hand in hand, to regions new and fair,
In shapes and colors for the scene arrayed—
With looks as bland and dear
As charms, by glimpses, here.
Receive divine commissions; follow—aid
Those legions formed in heaven for many a guardian care.

By every sigh, and throb, and painful throe,
Remembered but to heighten the delight
That crowns the advancing state
Of souls emancipate—
Oh! as I think of you, at lonely night,
Say to my heart, ye're blest, and I can bear my wo.

Island of Cuba—Castel Hermita, May 7, 1840.

* Ladaũanna, the aboriginal name of the St. Lawrence.
† Mohecan, the aboriginal name of the Hudson.

ODE TO THE DEPARTED.

"Con Vistas del Cielo."

The dearth is sore: the orange leaf is curled,
There's dust upon the marble o'er thy tomb,
My Edgar, fair and dear;
Though the fifth sorrowing year
Hath past, since first I knew thine early doom,
I see thee still, though death thy being hence hath hurled.

I could not bear my lot, now thou art gone—
With heart o'ersoftened by the many tears
Remorse and grief have drawn—
Save that a gleam, a dawn,
(Haply, of that which lights thee now,) appears,
To unveil a few fair scenes of life's next coming morn.

What—where is heaven? (earth's sweetest lips ex-
In all the holiest seers have writ or said, [claim;)
Blurred are the pictures given:
We know not what is heaven,
Save by those views, mysteriously spread,
When the soul looks afar by light of her own flame.

Yet all our spirits, while on earth so faint,
By glimpses dim, discern, conceive, or know,
The Eternal Power can mould
Real as fruits or gold—
Bid the celestial, roseate matter glow, [paint.
And forms more perfect smile than artists carve or

To realize every creed, conceived
In mortal brain, by love and beauty charmed,
Even like the ivory maid
Who, as Pygmalion prayed,
Oped her white arms, to life and feeling warmed,
Would lightly task the power of life's great Chief believed.

If Grecian Phidias, in stone like this,
Thy tomb, could do so much, what can not he
Who from the cold, coarse clod,
By reckless laborer trod,
Can call such tints as meeting seraphs see,
And give them breath and warmth like true love's soulfelt kiss?

Wild fears of dark annihilation, go!
Be warm, ye veins, now blackening with despair!
Years o'er thee have revolved,
My firstborn—thou'rt dissolved—
All—every tint—save a few ringlets fair—
Still, if thou didst not live, how could I love thee so?

Quick as the warmth which darts from breast to
When lovers, from afar, each other see, [breast,
Haply, thy spirit went,
Where mine would fain be sent,
To take a heavenly form, designed to be
Meet dwelling for the soul thine azure eye exprest.

Thy deep blue eye! say, can heaven's bliss exceed
The joy of some brief moments tasted here?
Ah! could I taste again—
Is there a mode of pain
Which, for such guerdon, could be deemed severe?
Be ours the forms of heaven, and let me bend and bleed!

be in place, even like some spots on earth,
i those sweet moments when no ill comes near;
Where perfumes round us wreathe,
And the pure air we breathe
rves and exhilarates; while all we hear
ells content and love, we sigh and bless our birth.

clasp thee, Edgar, in a fragrant shape
f fair perfection, after death's sad hour,
Known as the same I've prest,
Erst, to this aching breast—
he same—but finished by a kind, bland Power,
ich only stopped thy heart to let thy soul es-
cape—

h! every pain that vexed thy mortal life,
Say, even the lives of all who round thee lie:
Be this one bliss my share,
The whole condensed I'll bear—
ess the benign creative hand—and sigh,
d kneel, to ask again the expiatory strife!—

rife, for the hope of making others blest,
Who trespassed only that they were not brave
Enough to bear or take
Pains, even for pity's sake;
rife, for the hope to wake, incite, and save,
n those who, dull with crime, know not fair
honor's zest,

in the pauses of my agony,
Be it or flame, stab, scourge, or pestilence,)
If fresh and blest, as dear,
Thou'lt come in beauty, near—
eak, and with looks of love charm my keen sense,
deem it heaven enough even thus to feel and
see!—

o feel my hand wrenched, as with mortal rack;
Then see it healed, and ta'en, and kindly prest;
And fair as blossoms white
Of cerea in the night;
While tears, that fall upon thy spotless breast,
sweet as drops from flowers touched in thy
heavenly track!

form to bear nor stain nor scar designed—
Yes! let me kneel to agonize again:
Ask every torment o'er
More poignant than before;
f a whole world the price of a whole pain,
ere small for such blest gifts of matter and of mind!

omes a cold doubt—that still thou art alive,
Edgar, my heart tells while these numbers thrill,
Yet of a bliss so dear,
And as death's portal's near,
feel me too unworthy: dreary Time
ar must bear his part ere Hope her plight fulfil!

ime, time was meet (so many a sacred scroll
Has told and tells) ere light was bid to smile;
Ere yet the spheres, revealed,
Gave music, as they wheeled;
Warm, rife, eternal love—a time—a while—
oded and charmed, and ranged till chaos gloomed
no more.

a time was needful ere a world could bloom
With forms of flowers and flesh, haply must wait
Some spirits; and lingering still,
Of deeds both good and ill
Mark the effect in intermediate state, [tomb.
And think, and pause, and weep, even over their own

Be it so: if thin as fragrance, light, or heat,
Thine essence, floating on the ambient air,
Can, with freed intellect,
View every deed's effect,
Read, even my heart, in all its pantings bare:
When denser pulses cease, how sweet, even thus,
to meet!

To roam those deep green aisles, crowned with tall
And weep for all who tire of toil and ill, [palms,
While moons of winter bring
Their blossoms fair as spring;
To move unseen by all we've left, and will
Such influence to their souls as half their pain be-
calms;—

On deep Mohecan's mounts to view the spot
Where, as these arms were oped to clasp thee, came
The tidings, dread and cold,
I never more might hold
Thy pulsing form, nor meet the gentle flame
Of thy fair eyes, till mine for those of earth were not;

On precipice where the gray citadel
Hangs over Ladaùanna's billows clear,
How sweet to pause and view,
As erst, the far canoe;
To glide by friends, who know not we are near,
And hear them of ourselves in tender memory tell;

Or where Niagara with maddening roar
Shakes the worn cliff, haply to flit, and ken
Some angel, as he sighs
With pleasure at the dyes
Of the wild depth, while to the eyes of men
Invisible we speak by signs unknown before;

Or, far from this wild western world, where dwelt
That brow whose laurels bore a leaf for mine,
When, strong in sympathy,
Thy sprite shall roam with me,
Edgar, mid Derwent's flowers, one soul benign
May to thy soul impart the joy I there have felt!

What though "imprisoned in the viewless winds,"
Mid storms and rocks, like earthly ship, were
Unsevered while we're blent, [dashed:
We'll bear in sweet content
The shock of falling bolt or forest crashed,
While thoughts of hope and love nerve well our
mystic minds.

Wafted or wandering thus, souls may be found
Or ripe for forms of heaven, or for that state
Of which, when angels think,
Or saints, they weep and shrink;
And oft, to draw, or save from such dread fate,
Are fain their beauteous heads to dash 'gainst blood-
stained ground.

Freed from their earthly gyves, if spirits laugh
And shriek with horrid joy, when victims bleed
Or suffer, as we view
Mortals in vileness do,
The Eternal and his court may keep their meed
Of joy: far other cups fell thirsty Guilt must quaff!

Oh, Edgar! spirit, or on earth or air,
Seen, or impalpable to artist's sketch,
In essence, or in form,
In bliss, pain, calm, or storm,
Let us, wherever met a suffering wretch,
Task every power to shield and save him from despair!

Nature hath secrets mortals ne'er suspect:
At some we glance, while some are sealed in night;
The optician, by his skill,
Even now can show, at will,
Long absent pheers, in shapes of moving light:
If man so much can do, what can no. Heaven effect!

Shade, image, manes, all the ancient priest
Told to his votarists in fraud or zeal,
May be, and might have been,
By means and arts we ween
No more of, in this age: for wo or weal
Of man, full much foreknown to this late race hath ceased.

That souls may take ambrosial forms in heaven,
A dawning science half assures the hope:
These forms may sleep and smile
Midst heaven's fresh roses, while
Their spirits, free, roam o'er this world's whole scope
For pleasure and for good, Heaven's full permission given!

I have not sung of meeting those we've loved,
Or known, and listening to their accents meek,
While, pitying all they've pained
On earth, while passion reigned,
To wreak redress upon themselves they seek,
And bless, for each stern deed, the pain they now have proved.

I have not sung of the first, fairest court,
Of all those mansions; of the heavenly home,
Of which the best hath told
Who e'er trod earthly mould;
To courts of earthly kings the fairest come,
Haply, to show faint types of this supreme resort!

Haply, the Sire of sires may take a form
And give an audience to each set unfurled
With bands of sympathy,
Wreathen in mystery,
Round those who've known each other in this world,
Perfecting all the rest, and breathing beauty warm.

Essence, light, heat, form, throbbing arteries—
To deem each possible, enough I see!
Edgar, thou knowest I wait:
Guard my expectant state—
Console me, as I bend in prayers for thee—
Aid me, even as thou mayst, both Heaven and thee to please!

This song to thee alone! though he who shares
Thy bed of stone, shared well my love with thee;
Yet, in his noble heart
Another bore a part,
Whilst thou hadst never other love than me:
Sprites, brothers, manes, shades, present my tears and prayers!

Patrici-, island of Cuba, July 24, 1844.

HYMN.

Sire, Maker, Spirit, who alone canst know
My soul and all the deep remorse that's there—
I ask no mitigation of my wo;
Yet pity me, and give me strength to bear!

Remorse!—ah! not for ill designedly done:
To look on pain, to me is pain severe;
Yet, yet, dear forms which Death from me hath won,
Had Love been Wisdom, haply ye were here!

Much have I suffered; yet this form, unscathed,
Declares thy kind protection, by its thrift:
With secret dews the wounded plant is bathed;
My ills are my desert, my good thy gift.

Three years are flown since my sore heart bereft
Hath mourned for two, ta'en by the powers on high,
Nor tint nor atom that is fair is left
Beneath the marble where their relics lie.

Yet no oblivious veil is o'er them cast:
Blent with my blood, the sympathetic glow
Burns brighter now their mortal lives are past,
Than when, on earth, I felt their joy and wo.

Oh! may their spirits, disembodied, come,
And strong though secret influence dispense—
Pitying the sorrows of an earthly doom,
And smoothing pain with sweet beneficence.

Oh! cover them with forms so made to meet
The models of their souls, that, when they see,
They cast themselves in beauty at thy feet,
In all the heaven of grateful ecstasy.

Methinks I see them, side by side, in love,
Like brothers of the zodiac, all around
Diffusing light and fragrance, as they move
Harmonious as the spheric music's sound.

And may these forms in warm and rosy sleep,
(In some fair dwelling for such forms assigned,)
Lie, while o'er air, earth, sea, their spirits sweep,
Quick as the changeful glance of thought and mind.

This fond ideal which my grief relieves,
Father, beneath thy throne may live, may be:
For more than all my feeble sense conceives,
Thy hand can give in blest reality.

Sire, Maker, Spirit! source of all that's fair!
Howe'er my poor words be unworthy thee,
Oh! be not weary of the imperfect prayer
Breathed from the fervor of a wretch like me!

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

Oh, moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!*
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night
When last I saw and felt thy light?

Oh, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

Oh, moon of flowers! oh, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were passed those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

* The savages of the northern part of America sometimes count by moons. May they call the moon of flowers

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

st time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
ure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heav'd!
elings rushed upon my heart!—a gleam
another life my kindling soul received.

s the day, and o'er the crowded deck
one in many a smile; light clouds, in hue
ry as the new fledged cygnet's neck,
s they moved, faint shadows on the blue,

ep, and distant, of the mountain chain,
hing and blending, tint with tint, and traced
ly on the smiling sky. In vain
scene, has changed: 'twill never be effaced.

er thy tranquil breast the moonbeams quiver:
alm the air, how still the hour—how bright!
thou wert doom'd to be my grave, sweet river!
lends my soul with thy pure breath to-night!

arest hours that soul has ever known
been upon thy brink: would it could wait,
arted, watch thee still!—to stay and moan
thee, were better than my promised fate.

nna! monarch of the north!
r of streams unsung, be sung by me!
a lay that flows resistless forth!
uench the fervor that consumes, in thee!

en more beauty on thy banks, more bliss,
I had deemed were ever seen below;
lls not on a happier land than this;
spring from desert wilds, and love sits thron'd
on snow;

that drive warmth to shelter in the heart;
s that conceal, beneath their moonlit heaps,
s rich embryo; fruits and flowers that start
eet their full grown Spring, as strong to earth
he leaps.

nany grades of life thou view'st! thy wave
the dark daughter of the woods, as light
rings to her canoe, and wildly grave
the Great Spirit mid the fires of night.

y race, sprung from the Gaul, and gay,
e their wild songs and sing them to the oar;
ink to chase the forest fiends away,
e yet no mass bell tinkles from the shore.

nsive nun throws back the veil that hides
alm, chaste eyes; straining them long, to mark
the mist thickens, if perchance there bides
peril, wildering on, some little bark:

ins her lamp and hangs it in her tower;
s the priestess did of old; (she's driven
that deed by no fierce passion's power,)
indly, calmly, for the love of Heaven.

ad been lost, what heart from breaking saved,
nows not, thinks not; guided by her star,
being leaps to shore: 'twas all she craved;
nakes the holy sign, and blesses him from far.

aided soldier, in his mountain pride
ing, as he treads with statelier pace,
his white limbs reflected in thy tide,
e wave the sable plumes that shade his manly
face.

The song of Ossian mingles with thy gale,
The harp of Carolan's remembered here;
The bright haired son of Erin tells his tale,
Dreams of his misty isle, and drops for her a tear.

Thou'st seen the trophies of that deathless day,
Whose name bright glance from ev'ry Briton brings,
When half the world was marshalled in array,
And fell the great, self nurtured "king of kings."

Youthful Columbia, ply thy useful arts;
Rear the strong nursling that thy mother bore,
Called Liberty. Thy boundless fields, thy marts,
Enough for thee: tempt these brown rocks no more;

Or leave them to that few, who, blind to gold,
And scorning pleasure, brave with higher zest
A doubtful path; mid pain, want, censure, bold
To pant one fevered hour on Genius' breast.

Nature's best loved, thine own, thy virtuous West
Chose for his pencil a Canadian sky:
Bade Death recede, who the fallen victor prest,
And made perpetuate his latest sigh.*

Sully, of tender tints transparent, fain
I would thy skill a while; for Memory 's showing
To prove thy hand the purest of thy train,
A native beauty from thy pencil glowing.

Or he who sketched the Cretan: gone her Greek,
She, all unconscious that he's false or flying,
Sleeps, while the light blood revels in her cheek
So rosy warm, we listen for her sighing.†

Could he paint beauty, warmth, light, happiness,
Diffused around like fragrance from a flower—
And melody—all that sense can bless,
Or soul concentrate in one form—his power

I'd ask. But Nature, Nature, when thou wilt,
Thou canst enough to make all art despair;
Guard well the wondrous model thou hast built,
Which these, thy nectared waves, reflect and love to bear.

Nature, all powerful Nature, thine are ties
That seldom break: though the heart beat so cold,
That Love and Fancy's fairest garland dies—
Though false, though light as air—thy bonds may hold.

The mother loves her child; the brother yet
Thinks of his sister, though for years unseen;
And seldom doth the bridegroom quite forget
Her who hath blest him once, though seas may roll between.

But can a friendship, pure and rapture wrought,
Endure without such bonds? I'll deem it may,
And bless the hope it nurtures: beauteous thought,
Howe'er fantastic!—dear illusion—stay!

Oh stream, oh country of my heart, farewell!
Say, shall I e'er return? shall I once more—
Ere close these eyes that looked to love—ah, tell
Say, shall I tread again thy fertile shore?

Else, how endure my weary lot—the strife
To gain content when far—the burning sighs—
The asking wish—the aching void? Oh, life!
Thou art, and hast been, one long sacrifice!

* In allusion to West's celebrated picture, "The Death of Wolfe." † Vanderlyn—see his picture of "Ariadne."

TO NIAGARA.

Spirit of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature—this great fane of Nature's God—
Breathe on my brain! oh, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and Beautiful! your chapel's here—
Here, 'neath the azure dome of heaven, ye're wed;
Here, on this rock, which trembles as I tread,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but, oh, beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to thy maddening melody, [kiss,
Sense, form, would spring to meet thy white foam's
Be lapped in thy soft rainbows once, and die!

Color, depth, height, extension—all unite
To chain the spirit by a look intense!
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not in changeful tints more delicately bright.

Look, look! there comes, o'er yon pale green ex-
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast, [panse,
A glad young swan; the smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance;
She nears the fatal brink: her graceful life has past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain:
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath;
Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
He eyes the sun; nerves his dark wing again;
Remembers clouds and storms, yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!"—an angel, who had been [furled,
O'er heaven and earth, spoke thus, his bright wings
And knelt to Nature first, on this wild cliff unseen.

WRITTEN ON SEEING PHARAMOND.

Had the blest fair, who gave thee birth,
Lived where Ægean waves are swelling,
Ere yet calm Reason came to earth,
Warm Fancy's lovelier reign dispelling,
The Sire of heaven, she had believed,
To stamp thy form had ta'en another,*
And all who saw had been deceived,
And given the Delphic god a brother.
And many a classic page had told
Of nymphs and goddesses admiring:
Altars, libations, harps of gold,
And milkwhite hecatombs expiring.
And oh! perchance there had remained
Some Phidian wonder—still, still breathing
Love, life, and charms—past, but retained—
And warmth and bliss had still seemed wreathing
Softly around the heaven touched stone,
As now a light seems from thee beaming;
While thought, sense, lost in looks alone,
Grow dubious if awake or dreaming.

* In allusion to the fable of Jupiter and Alcmena.

And must thou pass? nor picture show,
Nor sculpture, what my lyre is telling,
Too feeble lyre! as morn's bright glow
Fades o'er the river near thy dwelling!
Spirit of Titian! hear and come,
If come thou may'st, a moment hither;
Leave thy loved Italy, thy home—
Oh! let but one acanthus wither
Round her loved ruins, while thou stayest;
Come to these solitudes, and view them:
Must Genius ne'er their beauties taste,
Nor tear of rapture ever dew them?—
View the dark rock, the melting blue
Of mount and sky so soft embracing;
The bright, broad stream: But beauty, hue,
Life, form, are here—all else effacing.
Nature, to mock the forms of bliss
Which fervid mortals have created,
From their own souls' excess, made this,
And gazed at her own powers elated.

Fragrant o'er all the western groves
The tall magnolia towers unshaded,
But soon no more the gale he loves
Faints on his ivory flowers; they're faded.
The fullblown rose, mid dewy sweets,
Most perfect dies; but, soon returning,
The next born year another greets,
When summer fires again are burning.
Another rose may bloom as sweet,
Other magnolias ope in whiteness—
But who again fair scenes shall meet
The like of him who lends you brightness?
Come, then, my lyre—ere yet again
Fade these fresh fields I shall forsake them;
But some fond ear may hear thy strain,
When all is cold which thus can wake them.

PRAYER.

Sire of the universe—and me—
Dost thou reject my midnight prayer!
Dost thou withhold me even from thee,
Thus writhing, struggling 'gainst despair!
Thou knowest the source of feeling's gush,
Thou knowest the end for which it flows:
Then, if thou bidst the tempest rush,
Ah! heed the fragile bark it throws!

Fain would my heaving heart be still—
But Pain and Tumult mock at rest:
Fain would I meekly meet thy will,
And kiss the barb that tears my breast.
Weak I am formed, I can no more—
Weary I strive, but find not aid;
Prone on thy threshold I deplore,
But ah! thy succor is delayed.

The burning, beauteous orb of day,
Amid its circling host upborne,
Smiles, as life quickens in its ray:
What would it, were thy hand withdrawn!—
Scorch—devastate the teeming whole
Now glowing with its warmth divine!
Spirit, whose powers of peace control
Great Nature's heart, oh! pity mine!

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent—
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me;
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

FRIENDSHIP.

To meet a friendship such as mine,
Such feelings must thy soul refine
As are not oft of mortal birth:
'T is love without a stain of earth,
Fratello del mio cor.

Looks are its food, its nectar sighs,
Its couch the lips, its throne the eyes,
The soul its breath: and so possest,
Heaven's raptures reign in mortal breast,
Fratello del mio cor.

Though Friendship be its earthly name,
Purely from highest heaven it came;
'T is seldom felt for more than one,
And scorns to dwell with Venus' son,
Fratello del mio cor.

Him let it view not, or it dies
Like tender hues of morning skies,
Or morn's sweet flower of purple glow,
When sunny beams too ardent grow,
Fratello del mio cor.

A charm o'er every object plays;
All looks so lovely, while it stays,
So softly forth in rosier tides
The vital flood ecstatic glides,
Fratello del mio cor,

That, wrung by grief to see it part,
A very life drop leaves the heart:
Such drop, I need not tell thee, fell,
While bidding it, for thee, farewell!
Fratello del mio cor.

FAREWELL TO CUBA.

Adieu, fair isle! I love thy bowers,
I love thy dark eyed daughters there,
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless white!
And when I thirsted, gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height,
And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.

Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
And clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze, like Lethe's wave,
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat?
Say, seraphs, is my lot too blest,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
Must rifle me of health and rest?

Alas! I fear my native snows—
A clime too cold, a heart too warm—
Alternate chills, alternate glows—
Too fiercely threat my flower like form.

The orange tree has fruit and flowers;
The grendilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still, to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm
Is pencilled on thy purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark! blow, southern breeze.
No longer would I lingering stay;
'T were better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away.

JULIA RUSH WARD.

Miss Julia Rush Cutler, the daughter of the late Mr. B. C. Cutler, of Boston, was born in that city on the fifth of January, 1796. Her maternal ancestors were of South Carolina, and her grandmother was the only sister of the famous partisan leader, General Francis Marion. Miss Cutler was married on the ninth of October, 1812, when she was in the seventeenth year of her age, to the late Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, whose name was long conspicuous for his relations with the commercial world, and who in private life was eminent for all the virtues that dignify human nature. Mrs. Ward came to New York to reside at a time when Irving, Paulding, Cooper, and others, were making their first and most brilliant essays in literature, and her fine abilities, improved by the best culture, brought into her circle the wits and men of genius in the city, who soon perceived that she needed but provocation to claim rank as a star of mild but pervading lustre in their brightest constellations.

The compositions of Mrs. Ward are of the class called occasional poems, written with grace and sincerity, with a sort of impromptu ease, and from a heart full of truth and a mind to which beauty was familiar as the air.

She died on the ninth of November, 1824, leaving the inheritance of her genius to her daughter, whose literary character is exhibited in another part of this volume.

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU."*

The tempest howls, the waves swell high,
Upward I cast my anxious eye,
And fix my gaze, amidst the storm,
Upon thy bright and heavenly form.
Angel of mercy! beam to save;
See, tossing on the furious wave,
My little bark is sorely prest:
Oh, guide me to some port of rest;
Shine on, and all my fears subdue,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

To catch the ray, my aching sight
Shall pierce the gloomy mists of night;
But if, amidst the driving storm,
Dark clouds should hide thy glittering form,
In vain each swelling wave I breast,
Which rushes on with foaming crest;
Mid the wild breakers' furious roar,
O'erwhelmed, I sink to rise no more.
Shine out to meet my troubled view,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Then if I catch the faintest gleam,
Onward I'll rush beneath the beam,
And fast the winged waves shall bear
My form upon the midnight air,
Nor know my breast one anxious fear—
For I am safe if thou art near.

Lead onward, then, while I pursue,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

So may the Star of Bethlehem's beam
With holy lustre mildly gleam,
To guide my soul with sacred light
Amidst the gloom of error's night;
Its cheering ray shall courage give—
Midst seas of doubt my hope shall live;
Though dark and guilty fears may storm,
Bright peers above its radiant form:
Though seen by all, yet sought by few,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Within my heart the needle lies,
That upward points me to the skies:
The tides may swell, the breakers roar,
And threaten soon to whelm me o'er—
Their wildest fury I defy:
While on that Star I keep my eye,
My trembling bark shall hold her way,
Still guided by its sacred ray,
To whose bright beam is homage due,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

Soon to illume those threatening skies,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
And on my soul his glories pour:
Securely then my bark I'll moor
Within that port where all are blest—
The haven of eternal rest.
Shine onward, then, and guide me through,
Si je te perds, je suis perdu.

* Written on seeing the device on a seal, of a man guiding a small boat, with his eye fixed on a star, and this motto: "Si je te perds, je suis perdu."

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DIA HUNTLEY, now Mrs. SIGOURNEY, born on the first of September, 1791, in ich, Connecticut, a town of which she urnished an agreeable picture in her h of Connecticut Forty Years Since, f which she says in one of her poems,

Sweetly wild
the scenes that charmed me when a child:
, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,
ng rills, like the diamond spark,
nt voices thundering by
n the pride of the vernal floods swelled high,
quiet roofs like the hanging nest
liffs, by the feathery foliage drest.

most from infancy she was remarkable love of knowledge, and facility in its isition. She read with fluency when ree years of age, and at eight she wrote s which attracted attention among the uintances of her family. After comple- her education, at a boarding school in ford, she associated herself with Miss , (of whose literary remains she was quently the editor,) and opened a school irls at Norwich, which was continued ssfully two years. At the end of this d she removed to Hartford, where she ursued the business of teaching. Some early contributions to the journals hav- ttracted the attention of the late Daniel sworth,* a wealthy and intelligent gen- n of that city, he induced her to collect ublish them in a volume, which ap- d in 1815, under the modest title of l Pieces in Prose and Verse, which very indicates its general character. None contents are deserving of special com- lation, but they are all respectable, and olume procured her an accession of rep- n which was probably of much indirect ntage.

1819 Miss Huntley was married to Mr. les Sigourney, a reputable merchant and er of Hartford, and she did not appear again as an author until 1822, when she published in Cambridge her Traits of the Aborigines of America, a descriptive, historical, and didactic poem, in five cantos. It is a sort of poetical discourse upon the discovery and settlement of this continent, and the duties of its present masters toward the aborigines, but it is too discursive to produce the deep impression which might have been made with such a display of abilities, learning, and just opinions. Its tone is dignified and sustained, and it contains passages of considerable power and beauty, though few that can be separated from their contexts without some injustice to the author. The condition of the Indian before the invasion of the European is thus forcibly sketched in the beginning of the first canto:

O'er the vast regions of that western world,
Whose lofty mountains hiding in the clouds,
Concealed their grandeur and their wealth so long
From European eyes, the Indian roved
Free and unconquered. From those frigid plains
Struck with the torpor of the arctic pole,
To where Magellan lifts his torch to light
The meeting of the waters; from the shore
Whose smooth green line the broad Atlantic laves,
To the rude borders of that rocky strait
Where haughty Asia seems to stand and gaze
On the new continent, the Indian reigned
Majestic and alone. Fearless he rose,
Firm as his mountains; like his rivers, wild;
Bold as those lakes whose wondrous chain controls
His northern coast. The forest and the wave
Gave him his food; the slight constructed hut
Furnished his shelter, and its doors spread wide
To every wandering stranger. There his cup,
His simple meal, his lowly couch of skins,
Were hospitably shared. Rude were his toils,
And rash his daring, when he headlong rushed
Down the steep precipice to seize his prey;
Strong was his arm to bend the stubborn bow,
And keen his arrow. This the bison knew,
The spotted panther, the rough, shaggy bear,
The wolf dark prowling, the eye piercing lynx,
The wild deer bounding through the shadowy glade,
And the swift eagle, soaring high to make
His nest among the stars. Clothed in their spoils
He dared the elements: with eye sedate,
Breasted the wintry winds; o'er the white heads
Of angry torrents steered his rapid bark
Light as their foam; mounted with tireless speed
Those slippery cliffs, where everlasting snows
Weave their dense robes; or laid him down to sleep

. Wadsworth, to whose early perception and libe- icouragement of the abilities of Miss Huntley we rhaps indebted for their successful devotion to lit- e, died at Hartford on the 28th of July, 1848—since ve paragraphs were written. The Wadsworth Ath- a and the Wadsworth Tower are pleasing memori- the people of Hartford of his taste and liberality.

Where the dread thunder of the cataract lulled
His drowsy sense. The dangerous toils of war
He sought and loved. Traditions, and proud tales
Of other days, exploits of chieftains bold,
Dauntless and terrible, the warrior's song,
The victor's triumph—all conspired to raise
The martial spirit.....
Oft the rude, wandering tribes
Rushed on to battle. Their aspiring chiefs,
Lofty and iron framed, with native hue
Strangely disguised in wild and glaring tints,
Frowned like some Pictish king. The conflict raged
Fearless and fierce, mid shouts and disarray,
As the swift lightning urges its dire shafts [blasts
Through clouds and darkness, when the warring
Awaken midnight. O'er the captive foe
Unsated vengeance stormed: flame and slow wounds
Racked the strong bonds of life; but the firm soul
Smiled in its fortitude to mock the rage
Of its tormentors; when the crisping nerves
Were broken, still exulting o'er its pain,
To rise unmurmuring to its father's shades,
Where in delightful bowers the brave and just
Rest and rejoice.....
Yet those untutored tribes
Bound with their stern resolves and savage deeds
Some gentle virtues; as beneath the gloom
Of overshadowing forests sweetly springs
The unexpected flower.....Their uncultured hearts
Gave a strong soil for friendship, that bold growth
Of generous affection, changeless, pure,
Self sacrificing, counting losses light,
And yielding life with gladness. By its side,
Like sister plant, sprang ardent Gratitude,
Vivid, perennial, braving winter's frost
And summer's heat; while nursed by the same dews,
Unbounded reverence for the form of age
Struck its deep root spontaneous.....With pious awe
Their eyes uplifted sought the hidden path
Of the Great Spirit. The loud midnight storm,
The rush of mighty waters, the deep roll
Of thunder, gave his voice; the golden sun,
The soft effulgence of the purple morn,
The gentle rain distilling, was his smile,
Dispensing good to all.....In various forms arose
Their superstitious homage. Some with blood
Of human sacrifices sought to appease
That anger which in pestilence, or dearth,
Or famine, stalked; and their astonished vales,
Like Carthaginian altars, frequent drank
The horrible libation. Some, with fruits,
Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs,
Sought to propitiate Him whose powerful hand
Unseen sustained them. Some with mystic rites,
The ark, the orison, the paschal feast,
Through glimmering tradition seemed to bear,
As in some broken vase, the smothered coals
Scattered from Jewish altars.

Of the regions which first greeted the Scandinavian discoverer she says:

There Winter frames
The boldest architecture, rears strong towers
Of rugged frostwork, and deep laboring throws
A glassy pavement o'er rude tossing floods.
Long near this coast he lingered, half illumed
By the red gleaming of those fitful flames
Which wrathful Hecla through her veil of snows
Darts on the ebon night. Oft he recalled,
Pensive, his simple home, ere the New World,
Enwrapped in polar robes, with frigid eye
Received him, and in rude winds hoarsely hailed
Her earliest guest. Thus the stern king of storms,
Swart Eolus, bade his imprisoned blasts
Breathe dissonant welcome to the restless queen,
Consort of Jove, whose unaccustomed step
Invaded his retreat. The pilgrim band
Amazed beheld those mountain ramparts float
Around their coast, where hoary Time had toiled,
Even from his infancy, to point sublime
Their pyramids, and strike their awful base
Deep 'neath the main. Say, Darwin, Fancy's son!
What armor shall he choose who dares complete
Thine embassy to the dire kings who frown
Upon those thrones of frost? what force compel
Their abdication of their favored realm
And rightful royalty? what pilot's eye,
Unglazed by death, direct their devious course
(Tremendous navigation!) to allay
The fervor of the tropics? Proudly gleam
Their sparkling masses, shaming the brief dome
Which Russia's empress queen bade the chill boor
Quench life's frail lamp to rear. Now they assume
The front of old cathedral gray with years;
Anon their castellated turrets glow
In high baronial pomp; then the tall mast
Of lofty frigate, peering o'er the cloud,
Attracts the eye; or some fair island spreads
Towns, towers, and mountains, cradled in a flood
Of rainbow lustre, changeful as the web
From fairy loom, and wild as fabled tales
Of Araby.

At the close of the poem is a large body of curious and entertaining notes, scarcely necessary for its illustration, but welcome as a collection of well written and instructive miscellanies upon the various subjects incidentally suggested or referred to in it.

In 1824 Mrs. Sigourney published in prose A Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since; in 1827, Poems by the author of Moral Pieces; in 1833, Poetry for Children; in 1834, Sketches, a collection of prose tales and essays; in 1835, Zinzindorf and other Poems; in 1836, Letters to Young Ladies; and, in 1838, Letters to Mothers. In the summer of 1840 she went to Europe, and after visiting many of the most interesting places in England, Scotland, and France, and publishing a collection of her works in London, she returned in the following April to Hartford.

In 1841 appeared her Select Poems, embracing those which best satisfied her own judgment in previous volumes, and in the same year, with many other pieces, Pocahontas, the best of her long poems, and much

t of the many poetical compositions :h the famous daughter of Powhatan n the subject. Pocahontas is in the ·ian measure, which is used with con- le felicity, as will be seen from the ng description of the heroine in early hood, while the thoughtful beauty for she is celebrated is ripening to its most ling splendor:

d the seasons, and the forest child
ounded to the symmetry of youth;
o'er her features stole, serenely mild,
embling sanctity of woman's truth,
odesty, and simpleness, and grace:
ose who deeper scan the human face,
the trial hour of fear or ruth,
clearly read, upon its heaven writ scroll,
gh and firm resolve which nerved the Roman soul.

nple sports that charm'd her childhood's way,
eenwood gambols mid the matted vines,
rious glance of wild and searching ray,
innocence with ignorance combines,
changed for deeper thought's persuasive air,
t high port a princess well might wear:
s the doubtful star when morning shines;
lts the young dawn at the enkindling ray,
the crimson cloud casts off its mantle gray.

h Pocahontas is the most sustained of igourney's poems, the contents of this do not altogether exhibit any deeper t, or finer fancy, or larger command ical language, than some of her pro- is that had been many years before the

342 she published Pleasant Memories sant Lands, the records, in prose and of impressions made during her tour pe. Two years afterward this was d by a similar work under the title of in my Native Land; and in 1846, by , with other Etchings and Sketchings. st complete and elegant edition of her was published by Carey and Hart, with tions by Darley, in 1848.

Sigourney has acquired a wider and ervading reputation than many women eive in this country. The times have vorable for her, and the tone of her such as is most likely to be accepta- a primitive and pious community. possessing but little constructive she has a ready expression, and an urally so sensitive to harmony that it rcely been necessary for her to study inciples of versification in order to e some of its finest effects. She sings impulsively from an atmosphere of affectionate, pious, and elevated sentiment, rather than from the consciousness of subjective ability. In this respect she is not to be compared with some of our female poets, who exhibit an affluence of diction, a soundness of understanding, and a strength of imagination, that justify the belief of their capability for the highest attainments in those fields of poetical art in which women have yet been distinguished. Whether there is in her nature the latent energy and exquisite susceptibility that, under favorable circumstances, might have warmed her sentiment into passion, and her fancy into imagination; or whether the absence of any deep emotion and creative power is to be attributed to a quietness of life and satisfaction of desires that forbade the development of the full force of her being; or whether benevolence and adoration have had the mastery of her life, as might seem, and led her other faculties in captivity, we know too little of her secret experiences to form an opinion: but the abilities displayed in Napoleon's Epitaph and some other pieces in her works, suggest that it is only because the flower has not been crushed that we have not a richer perfume.

The late Mr. Alexander H. Everett, in a reviewal of the works of Mrs. Sigourney, published a short time before his departure for China, observes that "they express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art as well as nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song....If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not inherit

'The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults of air,'

she nevertheless manages language with ease and elegance, and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that 'refined felicity' of expression, which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

An axe rang sharply mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the sky had towered
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil. "Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans! Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sailed
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream."—"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launched
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."
—"What, ho! my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contained
His noon repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile. "See, dearest, see,
That bright winged paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"
—"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful as I went to tend
My snowdrops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets." Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swollen waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake:
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'T was even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."
—"No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion." And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frostwork ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet
With shrill and joyous bark; familiar doors
Flew open; greeting hands with his were linked
In friendship's grasp; he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten: and till morning roved
Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

How slow yon lonely vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom; then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lashed, or reels [wane,
Half wrecked thro' gulfs profound. Moons wax and
But still that patient traveller treads the deep.
—I see an icebound coast toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.
—They land! they land! not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword, and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies. Forth they come
From their long prison, hardy forms that brave
The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
Maidens of fearless heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a glance.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps
To this drear desert? Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands. But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail; they crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link,
Binding to man and habitable earth,
Is severed? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
With keen regrets; what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant dear ones? Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck. Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!
Pray, and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,
A loftiness to face a world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay
On Duty's sacred altar the warm blood
Of slain affections, should they rise between
The soul and God. O ye, who proudly boast,
In your free veins, the blood of sires like these,
Look to their lineaments. Dread lest ye lose
Their likeness in your sons. Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world

faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
re to Plymouth rock, and where they knelt
and renew the vow they breathed to God.

WINTER.

EEM thee not unlovely, though thou comest
a stern visage. To the tuneful bird,
ushing floweret, the rejoicing stream,
iscipline is harsh. But unto man
aks thou hast a kindlier ministry.
engthened eve is full of fireside joys,
eathless linking of warm heart to heart,
t the hoarse storm passes by unheard.
robed in white, a peaceful sabbath holds,
eepeth silence at her Maker's feet.
aseth from the harrowing of the plough,
rom the harvest shouting. Man should rest
from his fevered passions, and exhale
nbreathed carbon of his festering thought,
rink in holy health. As the tossed bark
eek the shelter of some quiet bay
m its scattered cordage, and restore
en sails—so should the toilworn mind
for Time's rough voyage. Man, perchance,
d by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired
e wild wanderings of his summer way,
like a truant scholar to his home,
ields his nature to sweet influences
purify and save. The ruddy boy [sport,
s with his shouting schoolmates from their
e smooth, frozen lake, as the first star
s, pure and cold, its twinkling cresset forth,
throwing off his skates with boisterous glee,
s to his mother's side. Her tender hand
shake the snowflakes from his glossy curls,
draw him nearer, and with gentle voice
of his lessons, while her lifted heart
ts silently the Sire of heaven
bless the lad." The timid infant learns
r to love its sire, and longer sits
his knee, and with a velvet lip
s on his brow such language as the tongue
never spoken. Come thou to life's feast
dove eyed Meekness, and bland Charity,
thou shalt find even Winter's rugged blasts
ninstrel teacher of thy well tuned soul,
when the last drop of its cup is drained—
ng with a song of praise—go up
e eternal banquet.

NIAGARA.

ow on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
rror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
homed and resistless. God hath set
inbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
ed around thy feet. And he doth give
roice of thunder power to speak of him
ally—bidding the lip of man
silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
ns of awe struck praise. Ah! who can dare
t the insect trump of earthly hope,
ve, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find JEHOVAH's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Did them with tear drops nurse ye?—
—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost winged gale
And freer dreams of heaven.

NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, characterless, unscribed."

And who shall write thine epitaph, thou man
Of mystery and might! Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their father's broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water drop [ghosts
Doth wear the sentenced brain? Shall countless
Arise from hades, and in lurid flame
With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unannealed,
And with but that brief space for shrift of prayer
Given at the cannon's mouth? Thou, who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquered tribes,
As chirp the weak voiced nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries mid ocean's foam? Thou, who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frostwork crown
Of the throned Alps, why dost thou sleep unmarked,
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tombstone? Bid the throng
Who poured thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
And breathed thy thunders on the battle field,
Return, and rear thy monument. Those forms
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread,
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not thy clarion call. But should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
And each dry bone its severed fellow find,
Piling their pillared dust as erst they gave
Their souls for thee, the wondering stars might deem
A second time the puny pride of man
Did creep by stealth upon its Babel stairs,
To dwell with them. But here unwept thou art,
Like a dead lion in his thicket lair,
With neither living man nor spirit condemned
To write thine epitaph. Invoke the climes,
Who served as playthings in thy desperate game
Of mad ambition, or their treasures strewed
Till meagre Famine on their vitals preyed,
To pay the reckoning. France! who gave so free
Thy life stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed over half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou, too, whose pride did deck dead Cæsar's tomb,
And chant high requiem o'er the tyrant band
Who had their birth with thee, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence,
To grace his obsequies at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quailed, and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who gleaned their meat
'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.
—Turn, Austria! iron browed and stern of heart,
And on his monument, to whom thou gavest
In anger, battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave "Austerlitz," and fiercely turn away.
—As the reined war horse snuffs the trumpet blast,
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
And bid her witness to that fame which soa
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaun
Of Scandinavia's madman. From the shad
Of lettered ease, oh, Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scr
Such as thou spreadst at Leipsic, gather tin
Of deeper character than bold Romance
Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,
Or History trusted to her sybil leaves.
—Hail, lotus crowned! in thy green childho
By stiff necked Pharaoh and the shepherd k
Hast thou no tale of him who drenched thy
At Jaffa and Aboukir! when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and str
To the accusing Spirit?—Glorious isle!
Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Prometheat
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
—Ho! fur clad Russia! with thy spear of f
Or with thy winter mocking Cossack's lance
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain
And give the last line of our epitaph.
—But there was silence: for no sceptred ha
Received the challenge. From the misty de
Rise, island spirits! like those sisters three
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of li
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms
And cheered his exile with the name of king
And spread that curtained couch which none dis
Come, twine some trait of household tender
Some tender leaflet, nursed with Nature's te
Around this urn.—But Corsica, who rocked
His cradle at Ajaccio, turned away;
And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave
Threw her slight annal with the haste of fea
And rude Helena, sick at heart, and gray
'Neath the Atlantic's smiting, bade the moon,
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonored tomb.—Then Earth arose,
That blind old empress, on her crumbling thr
And to the echoed question, "Who shall wri
Napoleon's epitaph?" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answered, "None!"

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that pole
brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of ros
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he b
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sou
With which the babe would claim its mother'
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beamed a sm
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not
The signet ring of Heaven.

MONODY ON MRS. HEMANS.

ıx doth mourn for thee. There comes a voice
her far solitudes, as though the winds
ured low dirges, or the waves complained.
the meek plant, that never sang before,
one brief requiem, when its blossoms fell,
s through its drooping leaves to sigh for thee,
r a florist dead. The ivy, wreathed
d the gray turrets of a buried race,
the proud palm trees, that like princes rear
diadems 'neath Asia's sultry sky,
l with their ancient lore thy hallowed name.
music, like baptismal dew, did make
te'er it touched more holy. The pure shell,
ing its pearly lip to Ocean's floor;
cloistered chambers, where the seagods sleep;
the unfathomed, melancholy Main,
nt for thee through all the sounding deeps.
! from sky piercing Himmaleh, to where
don doth weave his coronet of cloud—
the scathed pine tree, near the red man's hut,
here the everlasting Banian builds
ist columnar temple, comes a wail
ner who o'er the dim cathedral's arch,
quivering sunbeam on the cottage wall,
ıe sere desert, poured the lofty chant
ritual of the muse: who found the link
joins mute Nature to ethereal mind,
make that link a melody. The vales
lorious Albion heard thy tuneful fame, [bards
those green cliffs, where erst the Cambrian
pt their indignant lyres, exulting tell
r oft thy fairy foot in childhood climbed
ir rude, romantic heights. Yet was the couch
thy last slumber in yon verdant isle
song, and eloquence, and ardent soul—
ich, loved of lavish skies, though banned by fate,
med as a type of thine own varied lot,
crowned of Genius, and the child of Wo.
at thy breast the ever pointed thorn
gird itself in secret, mid the gush
such unstained, sublime, impassioned song,
it angels, poising on some silver cloud,
ght listen mid the errands of the skies,
d linger all unblamed. How tenderly
th Nature draw her curtain round thy rest,
d, like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
ush that no step disturb thee, and no hand
fame thy sacred harp. Methinks she waits
y waking, as some cheated mother hangs
r the pale babe, whose spirit Death hath stolen,
d laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven.
id we that thou art dead? We dare not. No.
r every mountain, stream, or shady dell,
here thy rich echoes linger, claim thee still,
eir own undying one. To thee was known
ke the language of the fragile flower
d of the burning stars. God taught it thee.
, from thy living intercourse with man,
ou shalt not pass, until the weary earth
ps her last gem into the doomsday flame.
ou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,
hose harmonies thy spirit learned so well
rough this low, darkened casement, and so long
Interpreted for us. Why should we say
Farewell to thee, since every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities?
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
In the lone temple of her sanctity;
And the young child who takes thee by the hand,
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.*

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet gemmed,
And pearled with dews.
She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport a while
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave;
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.
For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ"—for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth—what thanks to thee are due,
Who, mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell!
Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn who rests below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the newborn mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the World hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner. Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington, or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude—yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God

* On laying the corner stone of her monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts—its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond, in deep sequestered vale,
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin.....
But all around
The solitary dell, where meekly rose
That consecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living..... And methought
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And sabbath after sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tombstone witness to that faith
Which can not die.
Heaven bless thee, lonely church,
And daily mayst thou warn a pilgrim-band
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life:
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

SOLITUDE.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark background 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount,
For which it long had thirsted mid the strife
And fever of the world.—I thought to be
There without witness: but the violet's eye
Looked up to greet me, the fresh wild rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices too: the garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell: the dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The rifled grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
While, from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.
Yet I strangely thought
To be alone and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love! It might not be:
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness: even the desert place
Speaketh thy name; the simple flowers and st
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pu
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dres
His Maker there, to teach his listening hear

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGANY.

I was a pensive pilgrim at the foot
Of the crowned Allegany, when he wrappe
His purple mantle gloriously around,
And took the homage of the princely hills,
And ancient forests, as they bowed them do
Each in his order of nobility.
—And then, in glorious pomp, the sun retir
Behind that solemn shadow: and his train
Of crimson, and of azure, and of gold,
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.
But the glow
Faded to twilight, and dim evening sank
In deeper shade, and there that mountain st
In awful state, like dread embassador [s
'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it fro
Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
The accusing forehead sternly toward the sk
To witness 'gainst its sins: and is it meet
For thee, swoln out in cloud-capped pinnacl
To scorn thine own original, the dust
That, feebly eddying on the angry winds,
Doth sweep thy base? Say, is it meet for t
Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach
This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky
Draws depth and nutriment?
But lo! a sta
The first meek herald of advancing night,
Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teac
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes
Thee light, and man salvation.
Not to mark
And treasure up his follies, or recount
Their secret record in the court of Heaven,
Thou com'st. Methinks thy tenderness w
With trembling mantle, his infirmities. [sh
The purest natures are most pitiful;
But they who feel corruption strong within
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the tra
Of their own image, in another's breast.
—So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector. But thou, stainless star!
Shalt stand a watchman on Creation's walls,
While race on race their little circles mark,
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,
Who through this evening scene may wande
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty—point to all,
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth
A silent teacher of its boundless love.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S BURIAL.

A voice upon the prairies,
A cry of woman's wo,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low;
It is a mother's wailing:
Hath earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her lost, her only one!

Pale faces gather round her,
They marked the storm swell high
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan,
But she was an Indian mother,
So she wept her tears alone.

Long o'er that wasted idol
She watched, and toiled, and prayed,
Though every dreary dawn revealed
Some ravage death had made,
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress;
And dovelike were the tones that breathed
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said Consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain,
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplored her pain;
None, save that widowed mother,
Who now, by her open tomb,
Is writhing, like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
That bed beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain?
Since she for whom the board was spread
Must ne'er return again.

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden,
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale browed ones with scorn
Thy burial rite surveyed;
There's many a king whose funeral
A black robed realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee.

Yea, rest thee, forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree!
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee:
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom Nature nor affection mourn
As here they mourn for thee.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That, mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout:
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

'T is where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west;
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid her young renown;
Connecticut has wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Allegany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings
Wouldst thou call the blest one back?"

MONODY ON THE LATE DANIEL WADSWORTH.

Thou, of a noble name,
That gave in days of old
Shepherds to Zion's fold,
And chiefs of power and fame,
When Washington in times of peril drew [true—
Forth in their country's cause the valiant and the
Thou, who so many a lonely home didst cheer,
Counting thy wealth a sacred trust—
With shuddering heart the knell we hear
That tells us thou art dust.

Friend! we have let thee fall
Into the grave, and have not gathered all
The wisdom thou didst love to pour
From a full mind's exhaustless store:
Ah, we were slow of heart,
To reap the rapid moments ere their flight—
Or thou, perchance, to us hadst taught the art
Heaven's gifts to use aright—

Amid infirmity and pain
Time's golden sands to save;
With upright heart the truth maintain;
To frown on wiles the life that stain,
Making the soul their slave;
To joy in all things beautiful, and trace [face.
The slightest smile, or shade, that mantled Nature's

Yes, we were slow of heart, and dreamed
To see thee still at wintry tide, [beside,
With page of knowledge spread, thy pleasant hearth
When to thy clearer sight there gleamed
The beckoning hand, the waiting eye,
The smile of welcome through the sky,
Of her who was thine angel here below, [to go.
And unto whom 't was meet that thou shouldst long

Friend! thou didst give command
To him who dealt thy soul its hallowed bread,
As by thy suffering bed
He took his faithful stand,
Not to pronounce thy praise when thou wert dead:
So, though impulsive promptings came,
Warm o'er his lips like rushing flame,
He struggled and o'ercame.

Even when, in sad array,
From thy lone home, where summer roses twined,
The funeral weepers held their way
Thy sable hearse behind:
When in the holy house, where thou so long
Hadst worshipped with the sabbath throng,
Thy venerated form was laid,
While mournful dirges rose, and solemn prayers were made.

Oh friend! thou didst o'ermaster well
The pride of wealth, and multiply
Good deeds not done for the good word of men,
But for Heaven's judging pen,
And clear, omniscient eye;
And surely where the "just made perfect" dwell,
Earth's voice of highest eulogy
Is like the bubble of the far-off sea—
A sigh upon the grave, [wave.
So are moving the frail flowers that o'er its surface

Yet think not, friend revered,
Oblivion o'er thy name shall sweep,
While the fair domes that thou hast reare
Their faithful witness keep.
The fairy cottage in its robe of flowers—
The classic turrets, where the stranger stray
Amid the pencil's tints and scrolls of other d
And yon gray tower on Montevideo's cre
Where, mid Elysian haunts and bower
Thou didst rejoice to see all people blest:
These chronicle thy name—
And ah, in many a darkened cot
Thou hast a tear-embalmed fame
That can not be forgot!

But were all dumb beside,
The lyre that thou didst wake, the lone hear
didst guide,
In early youth, with fostering care—
These may not in cold silence bide:
For were it so, the stones on which we trea
Would find a tongue to chide
Ingratitude so dread!
No—till the fading gleam of memory's fi
From the warm altar of the heart expires
Leave thou the much indebted free
To speak what truth inspires,
And fondly mourn for thee.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DA

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth Folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind:
Yet to my hand 't was given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With simple attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene!
Most sweet, yet sad, it is
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days:

For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old;
I called them, and they came
When vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine clad summer bower
Its temple roof upreared,

Or where the o'erarching grove
Spread forth its copses green,
While eyebright and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalks between;
And the squirrel from the boughs
His broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds
Sing at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin breathe
His greeting wild and clear;
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming-birds' unresting wing
Send forth a whirring sound;

And where alternate springs
The lilach's purple spire
Fast by its snowy sister's side;
Or where, with wing of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep,
What mother in yon nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep:
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,
And every parent bird
That here, among the woven boughs,
Above its young hath stirred.
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due
To moss-cup and to clover leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not;
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,
High praise, in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away:
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden home,
That it hath been to me!

WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gayly carolled, day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
She, round thy sweet domestic bower
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay—
The soul of woman lives in love:
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care:
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When Judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child!

KATHERINE A. WARE.

KATHERINE AUGUSTA RHODES was born in 1797 at Quincy, in Massachusetts, where her father was a physician. She was remarkable in childhood for a love of reading, and for a justness of taste much beyond her years. She wrote verses at a very early age, and a poem at fifteen, upon the death of her kinsman, Robert Treat Paine, which possessed sufficient merit to be included in the collection of that author's works. In 1819 she was married to Mr. Charles A. Ware, of the Navy, and in the next few years she appeared frequently as a writer of odes for public occasions and as a contributor to literary journals. Among her odes was one addressed to Lafayette and presented to him in the ceremony of his reception in Boston, by her eldest child, then five years old; and another, in honor of Governor De Witt Clinton, which was recited at the great Canal Celebration in New York.

In 1828 Mrs. Ware commenced in Boston the publication of a literary periodical, entitled The Bower of Taste, which was continued several years. She subsequently resided in New York, and in 1839 went to Europe, where she remained until her death, in Paris in 1843.

A few months before she died, Mrs. Ware published, in London, a selection from her writings, under the title of The Power of the Passions and other Poems. The composition from which the volume has its principal title was originally printed in the Knickerbocker Magazine, for April in the same year. This, though the longest, is scarcely the best of her productions, but it has passages of con able strength and boldness, and some ties of expression. She describes a dancer, as

> Moving as if her element were air,
> And music was the echo of her step;

and there are many other lines noticab a picturesque beauty or a fine cadence other poems, also, are parts which are superior to their contexts, as if writt moments of inspiration, and added to borious leisure: as the following, from Diamond Island, which refers to a bea place in Lake George:

> How sweet to stray along thy flowery sh
> Where crystals sparkle in the sunny r
> While the red boatman plies his silvery o
> To the wild measure of some rustic la

and these lines, from an allusion to At

> Views the broad stadium where the gymnic
> Nerved the young arm and energized the he

or this apostrophe to sculpture, from Mu in St. James's Cemetery:

> Sculpture, oh, what a triumph o'er the g
> Hath thy proud art! thy powerful hand ca
> From the destroyer's grasp the noble form,
> As if the spirit dwelt, still thrilling, warm,
> In every line and feature of the face,
> The air majestic, and the simple grace
> Of flowing robes, which shade, but not con
> All that the classic chisel would reveal.

These inequalities are characteristic o larger number of Mrs. Ware's poems, there are in her works some pieces ma by a sustained elegance, and deservin praise for their fancy and feeling as w for an artist-like finish.

LOSS OF THE FIRST-BORN.

I saw a pale young mother bending o'er
Her first-born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed,
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest:
In Death's embrace the shrouded babe reposed;
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more.
A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
But yet she wept not: hers was the deep grief
The heart, in its dark desolation, feels;
Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals
A grief which from the world seeks no relie
A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child.
She gazed upon it with a steadfast eye, [t
Which seemed to say, "Oh, would I were
As if her every earthly hope were fled
With that departed cherub. Even he—
Her young heart's choice, who breathed a fa
Of bitter anguish o'er the unconscious dea
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as hers, who shed no tear

MADNESS.

I've seen the wreck of loveliest things: I've wept
O'er youthful Beauty in her snowy shroud,
All cold and pale, as when the moon hath slept
In the white foldings of a wintry cloud.....
I've seen the wreck of glorious things: I've sighed
O'er sculptured temples in prostration laid;
Towers which the blast of ages had defied,
Now mouldering beneath the ivy's shade.
Yet oh! there is a scene of deeper wo,
To which the soul can never be resigned:
'Tis Phrensy's triumph, Reason's overthrow—
The ruined structure of the human mind!
Yes! 'tis a sight of paralyzing dread,
To mark the rolling of the maniac's eye
From which the spark of intellect hath fled—
The laugh convulsive, and the deep-drawn sigh;
To see Ambition, with his moonlight helm,
Armed with the fancied panoply of war,
The mimic sovereign of a powerful realm—
His shield a shadow, and his spear a straw;
To see pale Beauty raise her dewy eyes,
Toss her white arms, and beckon things of air,
As if she held communion with the skies,
And all she loved and all she sought were there;
To list the warring of unearthly sounds,
Which wildly rise, like Ocean's distant swell,
Or spirits shrieking o'er enchanted grounds,
Forth rushing from dark Magic's secret cell.
Oh, never, never may such fate be mine!
I'd rather dwell in earth's remotest cave,
So I my spirit calmly might resign
To Him who Reason's glorious blessing gave.

A NEW-YEAR WISH.

TO A CHILD AGED FIVE YEARS.

Dear one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
And wished—Oh, couldst thou ever be as blest
As now, when haply all thy cause of weeping
Is for a truant bird, or faded rose!
Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose—
No trace of care or sorrow lingers here.
With rosy cheek upon the pillow prest,
To me thou seem'st a cherub pure and fair,
With thy sweet smile and gently heaving breast,
And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair.
What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
Thro' childhood's morn—thro' life's gay spring—
For oh, too soon will those bright hours be gone!—
In youth time flies upon a silken wing.
May thy young mind, beneath the bland control
Of education, lasting worth acquire;
May Virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,
Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire!
Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care
To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,
And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare—
Be thine, to smile upon their evening hours.

MARKS OF TIME.

An infant boy was playing among flowers:
Old Time, that unbribed register of hours,
Came hobbling on, but smoothed his wrinkled face,
To mark the artless joy and blooming grace
Of the young cherub, on whose cheek so fair
He smiled, and left a rosy dimple there.
Next Boyhood followed, with his shout of glee,
Elastic step, and spirit wild and free
As the young fawn that scales the mountain height,
Or new-fledged eaglet in his sunward flight:
Time cast a glance upon the careless boy,
Who frolicked onward with a bound of joy. [eye
Then Youth came forward: his bright-glancing
Seemed a reflection of the cloudless sky!
The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,
Crimsoned his cheek, and beamed upon his brow,
Giving expression to his blooming face,
And to his fragile form a manly grace;
His voice was harmony, his speech was truth—
Time lightly laid his hand upon the youth.
Manhood next followed, in the sunny prime
Of life's meridian bloom: all the sublime
And beautiful of nature met his view,
Brightened by Hope, whose radiant pencil drew
The rich perspective of a scene as fair
As that which smiled on Eden's sinless pair;
Love, fame, and glory, with alternate sway,
Thrilled his warm heart, and with electric ray
Illumed his eye; yet still a shade of care,
Like a light cloud that floats in summer air,
Would shed at times a transitory gloom,
But shadowed not one grace of manly bloom.
Time sighed, as on his polished brow he wrought
The first impressive lines of care and thought.
Man in his grave maturity came next:
A bold review of life, from the broad text
Of Nature's ample volume! He had scanned
Her varied page, and a high course had planned;
Humbled ambition, wealth's deceitful smile,
The loss of friends, disease, and mental toil,
Had blanched his cheek and dimmed his ardent eye,
But spared his noble spirit's energy!
God's proudest stamp of intellectual grace
Still shone unclouded on his careworn face!
On his high brow still sate the firm resolve
Of judgment deep, whose issue might involve
A nation's fate. Yet thoughts of milder glow
Would oft, like sunbeams o'er a mount of snow,
Upon his cheek their genial influence cast,
While musing o'er the bright or shadowy past:
Time, as he marked his noblest victim, shed
The frost of years upon his honored head.
Last came, with trembling limbs and bending form,
Like the old oak scathed by the wintry storm.
Man, in the closing stage of human life—
Nigh passed his every scene of peace or strife,
Reason's proud triumph, Passion's wild control,
No more dispute for mastery o'er his soul,
As rest the billows on the sea-beat shore,
The war of rivalry is heard no more;
Faith's steady light alone illumes his eye,
For Time is pointing to Eternity!

JANE L. GRAY.

MRS. J. L. GRAY is a daughter of William Lewers, Esquire, of Castle Clayney, in the north of Ireland. She was educated at the celebrated Moravian seminary of Gracehill, near Belfast, was married at an early age, and has resided nearly all her lifetime at Easton, in Pennsylvania, where her husband, the Rev. John Gray, D. D., is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. In this beautiful, romantic, and classical spot — the veritable "Forks of the Delaware," consecrated by the labors of Brainard, and celebrated in poetry and romance as in history — Mrs. Gray has written all her pieces which have been given to the public. Her life has been one of retiring, domestic quietude, such as Christian women spend in the midst of a numerous family to whom they are devoted with maternal solicitude. Her Sabbath Reminiscences are descriptive of real scenes and events connected with the church of which her father was an elder. The poem entitled Morn, having been attributed by some reviewer to Mr. Montgomery, that poet observes, in a published letter, that the author of the mistake "did him honor." It is certainly a fine poem, though scarcely equal, perhaps, to some pieces which Mrs. Gray has written from the more independent suggestions of her own mind.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN ODE,

Written for the bi-centennial celebration of the illustrious Westminster Assembly of Divines, by whom the standards of the Presbyterian Church were formed.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, our bark
o'er billowy seas
Has onward kept her steady course, through hurricane and breeze;
Her Captain was the Mighty One, she braved the stormy foe,
And still he guides who guided her two hundred years ago!

Her chart was God's unerring word, by which her course to steer;
Her helmsman was the risen Lord, a helper ever near:
Though many a beauteous boat has sunk the treacherous waves below,
Yet ours is sound as she was built, two hundred years ago!

The wind that filled her swelling sheet from many a point has blown,
Still urging her unchanging course, through shoals and breakers, on—
Her fluttering pennant still the same, whatever breeze might blow—
It pointed, as it does, to heaven, two hundred years ago!

When first our gallant ship was launched, although her hands were few,
Yet dauntless was each bosom found, and every heart was true;
And still, though in her mighty hull unnumbered bosoms glow,
Her crew is faithful as it was two hundred years ago!

True, some have left this noble craft, to sail the seas alone,
And made them, in their hour of pride, a vessel of their own;
Ah me! when clouds portentous rise, when threatening tempests blow,
They 'll wish for that old vessel built two hundred years ago!

For onward rides our gallant bark, with all her canvass set,
In many a nation still unknown to plant her standard yet;
Her flag shall float where'er the breeze of Freedom's breath shall blow,
And millions bless the boat that sailed two hundred years ago!

On Scotia's coast, in days of yore, she lay almost a wreck—
Her mainmast gone, her rigging torn, the boarders on her deck!
There Cameron, Cargill, Cochran, fell; there Renwick's blood did flow,
Defending our good vessel built two hundred years ago!

Ah! many a martyr's blood was shed—we may not name them all—
They tore the peasant from his hut, the noble from his hall;
Then, brave Argyle, thy father's blood for faith did freely flow:
And pure the stream, as was the fount, two hundred years ago!

Yet onward still our vessel pressed, and weathered out the gale;
She cleared the wreck, and spliced the mast, and mended every sail,
And swifter, stancher, mightier far, upon her cruise did go—
Strong hands and gallant hearts had she, two hundred years ago!

And see her now—on her beam ends cast, beneath a northwest storm:
Heave overboard the very bread, to keep the ship from harm!—
She rights! she rides!—hark! how they cheer—"All's well, above, below!"
She's tight as when she left the stocks, two hundred years ago!

True to that guiding star which led to Israel's cradled hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet to Calvary's bloody top!
Yes, there she floats, that good old ship, from mast to keel below,
Sea-worthy still, as erst she was, two hundred years ago!

Not unto us, not unto us, be praise or glory given,
But unto Him who watch and ward hath kept for her in heaven;
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath, bade tempests cease to blow—
That God who launched our vessel forth, two hundred years ago!

Then onward speed thee, brave old bark, speed onward in thy pride,
O'er sunny seas and billows dark, Jehovah still thy guide;
And sacred be each plank and spar, unchanged by friend or foe,
Just as she left Old Westminster, two hundred years ago!

SABBATH REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember, when sabbath morning rose,
We changed, for garments neat and clean, our soiléd week-day clothes;
And yet no gaudy finery, nor brooch nor jewel rare,
But hands and faces looking bright, and smoothly-parted hair.
'T was not the decking of the head, my father used to say,
But careful clothing of the heart, that graced that holy day—
'T was not the bonnet nor the dress; and I believed it true:
But these were very simple times, and I was simple too.

I remember, I remember, the parlor where we met;
Its papered wall, its polished floor, and mantle black as jet;
'T was there we raised our morning hymn, melodious, sweet, and clear,
And joined in prayer with that loved voice which we no more may hear.

Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the house of God
How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully, we trod!—
I see e'en now its low, thatched roof, its floor of trodden clay,
And our old pastor's timeworn face, and wig of silver gray.

I remember, I remember, how hushed and mute we were,
While he led our spirits up to God in heartfelt, melting prayer;
To grace his action or his voice, no studied charm was lent:
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went.

Then came the sermon, long and quaint, but full of gospel truth;
Ah me! I was no judge of that, for I was then in youth;
But I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,
In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk for children too.

I remember, I remember, as 't were but yesterday,
The psalms in Rouse's Version sung, a rude but lovely lay;
Nor yet though Fashion's hand has tried to train my wayward ear,
Can I find aught in modern verse so holy or so dear!

And well do I remember, too, our old preceptor's face,
As he read out and sung the line with patriarchal grace;
Though rudely rustic was the sound, I'm sure that God was praised
When David's words to David's tune* five hundred voices raised!

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon done,
An hour of intermission came—we wandered in the sun;
How hoary farmers sat them down upon the daisy sod,
And talked of bounteous Nature's stores, and Nature's bounteous God;—

And matrons talked, as matrons will, of sickness and of health—
Of births, and deaths, and marriages, of poverty and wealth;
And youths and maidens stole apart, within the shady grove,
And whispered 'neath its spreading boughs perchance some tale of love!

* St. David's was one of the few tunes used by the congregation to which I have allusion.

I remember, I remember, how in the churchyard lone
I've stolen away and sat me down beside the rude gravestone,
Or read the names of those who slept beneath the clay-cold clod,
And thought of spirits glittering bright before the throne of God!

Or where the little rivulets danced sportively and bright,
Receiving on its limpid breast the sun's meridian light,
I've wandered forth, and thought if hearts were pure like this sweet stream,
How fair to heaven they might reflect heaven's uncreated beam!

I remember, I remember, the second sermon o'er,
We turned our faces once again to our paternal door;
And round the well-filled, ample board sat no reluctant guest,
For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones shared the feast!

Then, ere the sunset hour arrived, as we were wont to do,
The catechism's well conned page, we said it through and through;
And childhood's faltering tongue was heard to lisp the holy word,
And older voices read aloud the message of the Lord.

Away back in those days of yore—perhaps the fault was mine—
I used to think the sabbath day, dear Lord, was wholly thine;
When it behooved to keep the heart and bridle fast the tongue:
But these were very simple times, and I was very young.

The world has grown much older since these sunbright sabbath days—
The world has grown much older since, and she has changed her ways:
Some say that she has wiser grown; ah me! it may be true,
As wisdom comes by length of years, but so does dotage, too.

Oh! happy, happy years of truth, how beautiful, how fair,
To Memory's retrospective eye, your trodden pathways are!
The thorns forgot—remembered still the fragrance and the flowers—
The loved companions of my youth, and sunny sabbath hours!—

And onward, onward, onward still, successive sabbaths come,
As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal home;
Or like the visioned ladder once to slumbering Jacob given,
From heaven descending to the earth, lead back from earth to heaven!

MORN.

IN IMITATION OF "NIGHT," BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Morn is the time to wake—
The eyelids to unclose—
Spring from the arms of Sleep, and break
The fetters of repose;
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray:
How lovely and how meet
To send our earliest thoughts away
Up to the mercy seat!
Embassadors, for us to claim
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing:
How charming 't is to hear
The mingling notes of Nature ring
In the delighted ear!
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth;
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love:
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine.
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting place.

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue—
Reflect the rays of light divine
As morning dewdrops do:
Like early stars, be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours misspent:
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep
On folly madly bent,
We've left the strait and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian God!

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity!
And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment seat.

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day—
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade like them away:
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn—
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Savior's smile divine:
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

SOPHIA L. LITTLE.

Mrs. Little was born at Newport, in the year 1799. She is the second daughter of the late eminent jurist and statesman Asher Robbins. who for fourteen years was a senator of the state of Rhode Island in the national Congress. She inherits much of her father's genius and love of letters, and she displayed from early childhood, under the advantages of his judicious culture, the strong imagination, ready fancy, and chastened taste, which in him were united to an uncommon capacity for analysis and a vigorous and far reaching logic.

In 1824 she was married to Mr. William Little, junior, of Boston, a gentleman of congenial tastes, whose principles of criticism, more severe and exacting than her own, contributed very much to the discipline and growth of her poetical abilities. She had occasionally written verses for the amusement of her friends, and had published in the journals a few pieces, under the signature of Rowena, previous to 1828, when her poem entitled Thanksgiving appeared in The Token, an annual souvenir edited for many years by Mr. S. G. Goodrich. Thanksgiving is a natural and striking picture of the New England autumn festival; it has an odor of nationality about it; and it will live, both for its fidelity and its felicity, as one of the finest memorials of an institution which in later years has lost much of its primitive character and attractiveness.

Besides many shorter poems which have appeared in periodicals, Mrs. Little has since published: in 1839, The Last Days of Jesus; in 1842, The Annunciation and Birth of Jesus, and The Resurrection; and in 1844, The Betrothed, and The Branded Hand. In 1843 she also published a small work in prose, entitled The Pilgrim's Progress in the Last Days, in imitation of Bunyan.

THE POET.

He is happy: not that fame
Giveth him a glorious name;
For the world's applause is vain,
Lost and won with little pain:
But a sense is in his spirit
Which no vulgar minds inherit—
A second sight of soul which sees
Into Nature's mysteries.

Place him by the ocean's side,
When the waters dash with pride:
With their wild and awful roll
Deep communes his lifted soul.
Now let the sudden tempest come
From its cloudy eastern home;
Let the thunder's fearful shocks
Break among the dark, rough rocks,
And lightning, as the waves aspire,
Crown him with a wreath of fire;
Let the wind with sullen breath
Seem to breathe a dirge of death:
Thou mayst feel thy cheek turn pale;
But he that looks within the veil,
The bard, high priest at Nature's shrine,
Trembles with a warmth divine.
His heaving breast, his kindling eye,
His brow's expanded majesty,
Show that the spirit of his thought
Hath Nature's inspiration caught.

Now place him in a gentle scene,
'Neath an autumn sky serene;
Let some hamlet skirt his way,
Gleaming in the fading day;
Let him hear the distant low
Of the herds that homeward go;
Let him catch, as o'er it floats,
The music of the robin's notes,
As softly sinks upon its nest
He, of birds the kindliest;
Let him catch from yonder nook
The murmur of the minstrel brook;
The stones that fain would check its way
It leapeth o'er with purpose gay,
Or only lingereth for a time,
To draw from them a merrier chime;
E'en as a gay and gentle mind,
Though rough breaks in life it find,
Passeth by as 't were not so,
Or draws sweet uses out of wo;
The scene doth on his soul impress
Its glory and its loveliness.

Now place him in some festal hall
The merry band of minstrels call,
Banish sorrow, pain, and care,
Let graceful, sprightly youth be there

Beauty, with her jewelled zone
And sparkling drapery round her thrown;
Beauty, who surest aims her glance
When the free motion of the dance
All her varied charms hath stirred,
As the plumage of a bird
Shows brightest when in air he springs,
Spreading forth his sunny wings.
Place the bard in scenes like this,
E'en here he knows no common bliss.
Beauty, mirth, and music, twined,
Shed bland witchery o'er his mind.
Yet not alone these charm his eyes—
In fancy other sights he spies:
The ancient feats of chivalry,
Of war's and beauty's rivalry.

That hall becomes an open space,
Where knights contend for ladies' grace.
He sees a creature far more fair
Than any forms around him are;
One love glance of her radiant eyes,
The boon for which the valiant dies.
He sees the armored knights advance,
He hears the shiver of the lance,
And then the shout when tourney's done
That greets the conquering champion,
While, kneeling at his lady's feet,
The victor's heart doth scarcely beat,
As, blushing like a newborn rose,
His chosen queen the prize bestows.

But would you know the season when
He triumphs most o'er other men,
See him when heart, pulse, and brain,
Are bound in Love's mysterious chain.
Behold him then beside the maid:
There 's not one curl hath thrown its shade
In vain upon that bosom's swell;
All are secrets of the spell
That holds the visionary boy
Breathless in his trance of joy.
And yet no definite desire
Does that strong sense of bliss inspire;
But sweetly vague and undefined
The feeling that enthralls his mind—
An indistinct, deep dream of heaven,
Her melting, shadowy eye hath given.

These the poet's pleasures are;
These the dull world can not share;
These make fame so poor a prize
In his heaven enlightened eyes.
What is poetry but this—
A glimpse of our lost state of bliss;
A noble reaching of the mind
For that for which it was designed—
A sign to lofty spirits given,
To show them they were born for heaven;
Light from above, quenched when it falls
Where the gross earth with darkness palls
The fallen soul content to be
Wed to its sad degeneracy;
But when, like light on crystal streams,
On a pure mind its effluence beams,
How brightly in such spirit lies
An image of the far off skies!

THANKSGIVING.

It is thanksgiving morn—'t is cold and clea
The bells for church ring forth a merry sou
The maidens, in their gaudy winter gear,
Rival the many tinted woods around;
The rosy children skip along the ground,
Save where the matron reins their eager pa
Pointing to him who with a look profound
Moves with his 'people' toward the sacred
Where duly he bestows the manna crumb
grace.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock:
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
The better cravings of his simple flock;
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's r
For well he knows, not Learning's purest t
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the
abides.

The anthem swells; the heart's high thank
given:
Then, mildly as the dews on Hermon fall,
Begins the holy minister of heaven.
And though not his the burning zeal of Pa
Yet a persuasive power is in his call:
So earnest, though so kindly, is his mood,
So tenderly he longs to save them all,
No bird more fondly flutters o'er her brood
When the dark vulture screams above their n
wood.

"For all His bounties, dearest charge," he
"Your hearts are the best thanks; no more ref
Your yielded hearts he asks in sacrifice.
Almighty Lover! shalt thou love in vain,
And vainly woo thy wanderers home again
How thy soft mercy with the sinner pleads!
Behold! *thy* harvest loads the ample plain;
And the same goodness lives in all thy deed
From the least drop of rain, to those that
bleeds."

Much more he spake, with growing ardor fi
Oh, that my lay were worthy to record
The moving eloquence his theme inspired!
For like a free and copious stream, outpour
His love to man and man's indulgent lord.
All were subdued; the stoutest, sternest me
Heart melted, hung on every precious word
And as he uttered forth his full amen,
A thousand mingling sobs reëchoed it again.

Behold that ancient house on yonder lawn,
Close by whose rustic porch an elm is seen
Lo! now has past the service of the morn;
A joyous group are hastening o'er the gree
Led by an aged sire of gracious mien,
Whose gay descendants are all met to hold
Their glad thanksgiving in that sylvan scen
That once enclosed them in one happy fold
Ere waves of time and change had o'er
rolled.

The hospitable doors are open thrown;
The bright wood fire burns cheerly in the hall;
And, gathering in, a busy hum makes known
The spirit of free mirth that moves them all.
There, a youth hears a lovely cousin's call,
And flies alertly to unclasp the cloak;
And she, the while, with merry laugh lets fall
Upon his awkwardness some lively joke,
Not pitying the blush her bantering has woke.

And there the grandam sits, in placid ease,
A gentle brightness o'er her features spread:
Her children's children cluster round her knees,
Or on her bosom fondly rest their head.
Oh, happy sight, to see such blossoms shed
Their sweet young fragrance o'er such aged tree!
How vain to say, that, when short youth has fled,
Our dearest of enjoyments cease to be,
When hoary eld is loved but the more tenderly!

And there the manly farmers scan the news;
(Strong is their sense, though plain the garb it wears;)
Or, while their pipes a lulling smoke diffuse,
They look important from their elbow chairs,
And gravely ponder on the nation's cares.
The matrons of the morning sermon speak,
And each its passing excellence declares;
While tears of pious rapture, pure and meek,
Course in soft beauty down the Christian mother's cheek.

Then, just at one, the full thanksgiving feast,
Rich with the bounties of the closing year,
Is spread; and, from the greatest to the least,
All crowd the table, and enjoy the cheer.
The list of dainties will not now appear—
Save one I can not pass unheeded by,
One dish, already to the muses dear,
One dish, that wakens Memory's longing sigh—
The genuine far famed Yankee pumpkin pie!

Who e'er has seen thee in thy flaky crust
Display the yellow richness of thy breast,
But, as the sight awoke his keenest gust,
Has owned thee of all cates the choicest, best?
Ambrosia were a fool, to thee compared,
Even by the ruby hand of Hebe drest—
Thee, pumpkin pie, by country maids prepared,
With their white, rounded arms above the elbow bared!

Now to the kitchen come a vagrant train,
The plenteous fragments of the feast to share.
The old lame fiddler wakes a merry strain,
For his mulled cider and his pleasant fare—
Reclining in that ancient wicker chair,
A veteran soldier he, of those proud times
When first our Freedom's banner kissed the air:
His battles oft he sings in untaught rhymes,
When wakening Memory his aged heart sublimes.

But who is this, whose scarlet cloak has known
Full oft the pelting of the winter storm?
Through its fringed hood a strong, wild face is shown—
Tall, gaunt, and bent with years, the beldame's form:
There's none of all these youth, with vigor warm,
Who dare by slightest word her anger stir.
So dark the frown that does her face deform,
That half the frighted villagers aver
The very de'il himself incarnate is in her!

Yet now the sybil wears her mildest mood;
And round her see the anxious, silent band.
Falls from her straggling locks the antique hood,
As close she peers in that fair maiden's hand,
Who scarce the struggles in her heart can stand;
Affection's strength hath made her nature weak;
She of her lovely looks hath lost command:
The fleckered red and white within her cheek—
Oh, all her love doth there most eloquently speak!

Thy doting faith, fond maid, may envied be,
And half excused the superstitious art.
Now, when the sybil's mystic words to thee
The happier fortunes of thy love impart,
Thrilling thy soul in its most vital part,
How does the throb of inward ecstasy
Send the luxuriant blushes from thy heart
All o'er thy varying cheek, like some clear sea
Where the red morning glow falls full but tremblingly!

'T is evening, and the rural balls begin:
The fairy call of music all obey;
The circles round domestic hearths grow thin;
All, at the joyful signal, hie away
To yonder hall, with lights and garlands gay.
There, with elastic step, young belles are seen
Entering, all conscious of their coming sway:
Not oft their fancies underrate, I ween,
The spoils and glories of this festal scene.

New England's daughters need not envy those
Who in a monarch's court their jewels wear:
More lovely they, when but a simple rose
Glows through the golden clusters of their hair.
Could light of diamonds make her look more fair,
Who moves in beauty through the mazy dance,
With buoyant feet that seem to skim the air,
And eyes that speak, in each impassioned glance,
The poetry of youth, love's sweet and short romance?

He thinks not so, that young enamored boy,
Who through the whirls her graceful steps doth guide,
While his heart swells with the deep pulse of joy.
Oh, no: by Nature taught, unlearned in pride,
He sees her in her loveliness arrayed,
All blushing for the love she can not hide,
And feels that gaudy Art could only shade
The brightness Nature gave to his unrivalled maid.

Gay bands, move on; your draught of pleasure
I love to listen to your joyous din; [quaff;
The lad's light joke, the maiden's mellow laugh,
And the brisk music of the violin.
How blithe to see the sprightly dance begin!
Entwining hands, they seem to float along,
With native rustic grace that well might win
The happiest praises of a sweeter song,
From a more gifted lyre than doth to me belong.

While these enjoy the mirth that suits their years,
Round the home fires their peaceful elders meet.
A gentler mirth their friendly converse cheers;
And yet, though calm their pleasures, they are sweet:
Through the cold shadows of the autumn day
Oft breaks the sunshine with as genial heat
As o'er the soft and sapphire skies of May,
Though Nature then be young and exquisitely gay.

On the white wings of peace their days have flown,
Nor wholly were they thralled by earthly cares;
But from their hearts to Heaven's paternal throne
Arose the daily incense of their prayers.
And now, as low the sun of being wears,
The God to whom their morning vows were p
Each grateful offering in remembrance bears
And cheering beams of mercy are displayed,
To gild with heavenly hopes their evening's pen
shade.

But now, farewell to thee, Thanksgiving Da
Thou angel of the year! one bounteous han
The horn of deep abundance doth display,
Raining its rich profusion o'er the land;
The other arm, outstretched with gesture gra
Pointing its upraised finger to the sky,
Doth the warm tribute of our thanks deman
For him, the Father God, who from on high
Sheds gleams of purest joy o'er man's dark desti

LYDIA M. CHILD.

Miss Francis, now Mrs. David L. Child, is a native of Massachusetts, and a sister of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Francis, of Harvard University. She is one of the most able and brilliant authors of the country, as is shown by her Philothea, Letters from New York, and other works, of which an account given in the Prose Writers of America. M of her poems are contained in a small v ume which she published many years a under the title of The Coronal. She resi in New York.

MARIUS.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING BY VANDERLYN, OF MARIUS SEATED AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Pillars are falling at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat—
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee—
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It can not bend thy lofty soul,
Though friends and fame depart;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And Genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life
May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled,
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heaped on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair:
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there!

LINES,

ON HEARING A BOY MOCK THE SOUND OF A CLO IN A CHURCH-STEEPLE, AS IT RUNG AT MID-DA

Ay, ring thy shout to the merry hours:
Well may ye part in glee;
From their sunny wings they scatter flowers
And, laughing, look on thee.

Thy thrilling voice has started tears:
It brings to mind the day
When I chased butterflies and years—
And both flew fast away.

Then my glad thoughts were few and free:
They came but to depart,
And did not ask where heaven could be—
'T was in my little heart.

I since have sought the meteor crown,
Which fame bestows on men:
How gladly would I throw it down,
To be so gay again!

But youthful joy has gone away:
In vain 'tis now pursued;
Such rainbow glories only stay
Around the simple good.

I know too much, to be as blessed
As when I was like thee;
My spirit, reasoned into rest,
Has lost its buoyancy.

Yet still I love the winged hours:
We often part in glee—
And sometimes, too, are fragrant flowers
Their farewell gifts to me.

LOUISA J. HALL.

ıne Park, now Mrs. Hall, was
buryport, Massachusetts, on the
ebruary, 1802. Her father was
but when she was about two
he abandoned his profession to
oston, for the purpose of editing
ıry, a leading political journal of
party. In a few years he be-
of the conflict, then waged with
ence, and, urged to do so by some
intelligent citizens, opened a
oung women, in which a more
ucation might be received than
n in that period. His daugh-
in her tenth year; he had al-
her familiar with Milton and
and it was partly with the view
his plans for her education that
o become a public teacher. His
pened in the spring of 1811, and
ears was eminently successful.
r, except when her studies were
ɔy ill health, was eight years his
arly showed symptoms of a sus-
ıtitution, and her experience, of
prompting action, and a body
fulfilling its commands without
s been perpetual.

gs show that her mind was wise-
carefully disciplined, and prob-
its of composition were formed
ıeriod. She published nothing,
il she was twenty years of age,
ınymously, in the Literary Ga-
e newspapers. She wrote Mir-
amusement, as she did many
and tales which she destroyed.
of this drama, written in 1825,
a small literary party in Boston.
not being known, was present,
ɔuraged by the remarks it occa-
sh it in the following summer.
ɔrbade her design to burn it; it
ɔompleted, in the winter of 1826,
ıorship disclosed; but she had
to publish it for several years.
defects more distinctly than be-
appeared in print, and resolved never again to attempt anything so long in the form of poetry. Her eyesight failed for four or five years, during which time she was almost entirely deprived of the use of books, the pen, and what she says she most regretted, the *needle*.

Previously to this, however, in 1831, her father had retired to Worcester, carrying with him a library of some three thousand volumes, containing many valuable works in Latin, French, and Italian. During her partial blindness, he read to her several hours every day, and assisted her in collecting the materials for her tale of Joanna of Naples, and for a biographical notice of Elizabeth Carter, the English authoress.

On the first of October, 1840, she was married to the Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence, Rhode Island, where she still resides, too much interested in domestic affairs, and in the duties which grow out of her relation to her husband's society, to bestow much further attention upon literature.

Miriam was published in 1837. It received the best approval of contemporary criticism, and a second edition, with such revision as the condition of the author's eyes had previously forbidden, appeared in the following year. Mrs. Hall had not proposed to herself to write a tragedy, but a dramatic poem, and the result was an instance of the successful accomplishment of a design, in which failure would have been but a repetition of the experiences of genius. The subject is one of the finest in the annals of the human race, but one which has never been treated with a more just appreciation of its nature and capacities. It is the first great conflict of the Master's kingdom, after its full establishment, with the kingdoms of this world. It is Christianity struggling with the first persecution of power, philosophy, and the interests of society. Milman had attempted its illustration in his brilliant and stately tragedy of The Martyr of Antioch; Bulwer had laid upon it his familiar hands in The Last Days of Pompeii; and since, our countryman, William Ware, has exhibited it with

power and splendor in his masterly romance of The Fall of Rome; but no one has yet approached more nearly its just delineation and analysis than Mrs. Hall in this beautiful poem.

The plot is single, easily understood, and steadily progressive in interest and in action. Thraseno, a Christian exile from Judea, dwells with his family in Rome. He has two children, Euphas, and a daughter of remarkable beauty and a heart and mind in which are blended the highest attributes of her sex and her religion. She is seen and loved by Paulus, a young nobleman, whose father, Piso, had in his youth served in the armies in Palestine. The passion is mutual, but secret; and having failed to win the Roman to her faith, the Christian maiden resolves to part from him for ever. The family are summoned to the funeral of an aged friend, but she excuses herself for not going, and the agitation of her countenance arrests attention and leads to the most affectionate inquiries from Thraseno and Euphas. She replies:

My father! I am ill.
A weight is on my spirits, and I feel
The fountain of existence drying up,
Shrinking I know not where, like waters lost
Amid the desert sands. Nay! grow not pale!
I *have* felt thus, and thought each secret spring
Of life was failing fast within me. *Then*
In saddest willingness I could have died.
There have been hours I would have quitted you,
And all that life hath dear and beautiful,
Without one wish to linger in its smiles:
My summons would have called a weary soul
Out of a heavy bondage. But this day
A better hope hath dawned upon my mind.
A high and pure resolve is nourished there,
And even now it sheds upon my breast
That holy peace it hath not known so long.
This night—ay! in a few brief hours, perchance,
It will know calm once more—(or break at once!)
[*Aside.*

This is unsatisfactory; their suspicions are excited, and they urge her to dispel the mystery that invests her conduct. She says:

I can not—can not *yet.*
Have I not told you that a starlike gleam
Was rising on my darkened mind? When Hope
Shall sit upon the tossing waves of thought,
As broods the halcyon on the troubled deep,
Then, if my spirit be not blighted, wrecked,
Crushed, by the storm, I will unfold my griefs.
But until then—and long it will not be!—
Yet in that brief, brief time my soul must bear
A fiercer, deadlier struggle still!—Ye dear ones!
Look not upon me thus but in your thoughts,
When ye go forth unto your evening prayers,
Oh, bear me up to heaven with all my grief:
Pray that my holy courage may not fail!

They renew their entreaties that she should go with them to the funeral of their friend; but she will carry no "troubled soul" to the "good man's obsequies," and answers to Thraseno's inquiry where would she seek for peace?—

Within these mighty walls of sceptred Rome
A thousand temples rise unto her gods,
Bearing their lofty domes unto the skies,
Grac'd with the proudest pomp of earth; their shrines
Glittering with gems, their stately colonnades,
Their dreams of genius wrought into bright forms,
Instinct with grace and godlike majesty,
Their ever smoking altars, white robed priests,
And all the pride of gorgeous sacrifice. [ascend
And yet these things are naught. Rome's prayers
To greet th' unconscious skies, in the blue void
Lost like the floating breath of frankincense,
And find no hearing or acceptance there.
And yet there *is* an Eye that ever marks
Where its own people pay their simple vows,
Though to the rocks, the caves, the wilderness,
Scourged by a stern and ever watchful foe!
There *is* an Ear that hears the voice of prayer
Rising from lonely spots where Christians meet,
Although it stir not more the sleeping air
Than the soft waterfall, or forest breeze.
Think'st thou, my father, this benignant God
Will close his ear, and turn in wrath away
From the poor sinful creature of his hand,
Who breathes in solitude her humble prayer?
Think'st thou he will not hear me, should I kneel
Here in the dust beneath his starry sky,
And strive to raise my voiceless thoughts to him,
Making an altar of my broken heart?

They are at length persuaded to leave her, and they are scarcely gone when Paulus enters, with expressions of confidence and love, which are quickly checked by the changed expression of her countenance:

Paulus. Never, except in dreams, have I beheld
Such deep and dreadful meaning in thine eye,
Such agony upon thy quivering lip!
Speak, Miriam! breathe one blessed word of life;
For in the middle watch of yesternight
Even thus I saw a dim and shadowy ghost
Standing beneath the moon's uncertain light,
So mute—so motionless—so changed—and yet
So like to thee!
Miriam. My Paulus!
Paul. 'T is thy voice!
Praised be the gods! it never seemed so sweet.
Say on! my spirit hangs upon thy words.
What blight hath stricken thee since last we met?
Mir. A blight that is contagious, and will fall
Perchance upon thy fairest, dearest hopes,
With no less deadly violence than now
It hath on mine. Paulus! is there no word

e lips can utter, that may make thee wish
nal silence there had stamped her seal?
aul. I know not, love! thou startlest me!—
no! none!
ss it be of hatred—change—or death!
these—it can be none of these!
ir. Why not?
aul. Ye gods, my Miriam! look not on me thus!
blood runs cold. "Why not," saidst thou? Be-
u art too young, too good, too beautiful, [cause
lie; and as for change or hatred, love,
till I see yon clear and starry skies
ning down fire and pestilence on man,
ning the beauteous earth whereon we stand
an arid, scathed, and blackening waste,
am. will I believe that thou canst change.
ir. Oh, thou art right! the anguish of my soul,
spirit's deep and rending agony,
me that though this heart may surely break,
re is no change within it! and through life,
lly and wildly—though most hopelessly—
h all its strong affections will it cleave
nim for whom it nearly yielded all
t makes life precious—peace and self esteem,
nds upon earth, and hopes in heaven above!
aul. Mean'st thou—I know not what. My
mind grows dark
d a thousand wildering mazes lost.
re is a wild and dreadful mystery
n in thy words of love I can not solve.
ir. Hear me: for with the holy faith that erst
e strong the shuddering patriarch's heart and
hand.
n meek below the glittering knife lay stretched
boy whose smiles were sunshine to his age,
night I offer up a sacrifice
ife's best hopes to the One Living God!
from this night, my Paulus, never more
eyes shall look upon thy form, mine ears
k in the tones of thy beloved voice.
zul. Ye gods! ye cruel gods! let me awake
find this but a dream!
ir. Is it then said?
od! the words so fraught with bitterness
son, are uttered—and thy servant lives!
Paulus; ever from that hour, when first
spirit knew that thine was wholly lost,
to its superstitions wedded fast,
uded in darkness, blind to every beam
ming from Zion's hill athwart the night
broods in horror o'er a heathen world,
from that hour my shuddering soul beheld
rk and fathomless abyss yawn wide
reen us two; and o'er it gleamed alone
pale, dim twinkling star! the lingering hope
grace descending from the Throne of Light
t fall in gentle dews upon that heart,
melt it into humble piety.
! that hope hath faded; and I see
fatal gulf of separation still
reen us, love, and stretching on for aye
nd the grave in which I feel that soon
clay with all its sorrows shall lie down.
n for us is none, in yonder sky:
how on earth?—so in my inmost soul,
Nurtured with midnight tears, with blighted hopes,
With silent watchings and incessant prayers,
A holy resolution hath ta'en root,
And in its might at last springs proudly up.
We *part*, my Paulus! not in hate, but love,
Yielding unto a stern necessity.
And I along my sad, short pilgrimage,
Will bear the memory of our sinless love
As mothers wear the image of the babe
That died upon their bosom ere the world
Had stamped its spotless soul with good or ill,
Pictured in infant loveliness and smiles,
Close to the heart's fond core, to be drawn forth
Ever in solitude, and bathed in tears.—
But how! with such unmanly grief struck down,
Withered, thou Roman knight!
Paul. My brain is pierced!
Mine eyes with blindness smitten! and mine ear
Rings faintly with the echo of thy words!
Henceforth what man shall ever build his faith
On woman's love, on woman's constancy?—
Maiden, look up! I would but gaze once more
Upon that open brow and clear, dark eye,
To read what aspect Perjury may wear,
What garb of loveliness may Falsehood use,
To lure the eye of guileless, manly love!
Cruel, cold blooded, fickle that thou art,
Dost thou not quail beneath thy lover's eye?
How! there is light within thy lofty glance,
A flush upon thy cheek, a settled calm
Upon thy lip and brow!
Mir. Ay, even so.
A light—a flush—a calm—not of this earth!
For in this hour of bitterness and wo,
The grace of God is falling on my soul
Like dews upon the withering grass which late
Red scorching flames have seared. Again
The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,
Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,
Sheds on my breast its long forgotten peace,
And shining steadfast as the noonday sun,
Lights me along the path that duty marks.
Lover too dearly loved! a long farewell!
The bannered field, the glancing spear, the shout
That bears the victor's name unto the skies—
The laurelled brow—be thine——

Before the conclusion of this scene, which is full of natural pathos and the illustrations of a passionate fancy, they are interrupted by Euphas, who suddenly returns to inform his sister that the funeral party had been surprised by a band of Roman soldiers, some slain, and others, among whom was their father, borne to prison. The indignation of Euphas is excited by finding Paulus with Miriam, and she answers to his reproaches

Stay, stay, rash boy! Alas!
The thickening horrors of this awful night
Have flung, methinks, a spell upon my soul.
I tell thee, Euphas, thou hast far more cause,
Proudly to clasp my breaking heart to thine,
And bless me with a loving brother's praise
Than thus to stand with sad but angry eye,

Hurling thy hasty scorn upon a brow
As sinless as thine own—breaking the reed
But newly bruised—pouring coals of fire
Upon my fresh and bleeding wounds! Oh, tell me,
What hath befallen my father? Say he lives,
Or let me lay my head upon thy breast,
And die at once!

Euphas answers harshly, and by the aid of a body of Christians, armed for the emergency, he seizes Paulus as a hostage, and goes to the palace of Piso to claim the liberation of Thraseno. Miriam, who had fainted during this scene, on her recovery follows him on his hopeless errand; and we are next introduced to the palace, where the young Christian is urging, on the ground of humanity, the release of his father, in a manner finely contrasted with the contemptuous fierceness of the hardhearted magistrate. Piso is inexorable, and Euphas reminds him of his son, tells him that he is a hostage, and discloses his love for Miriam. The Roman exclaims:

Knowest thou not
Thou hast but sealed thy fate? His life had been
More precious to me than the air I breathe;
And cheerfully I would have yielded up
A thousand Christian dogs from yonder dens
To save one hair upon his head. But now—
A Christian maid! Were there none other? Gods!
Shame and a shameful death be his, and thine!

Euph. It is the will of God. My hopes burnt dim
Even from the first, and are extinguished now.
The thirst of blood hath rudely choked at last
The one affection which thy dark breast knew,
And thou art *man* no more. Let me but die
First of thy victims——

Piso. Would that she among them——
Where is the sorceress? I fain would see
The beauty that hath witched Rome's noblest youth.

Euph. Hers is a face thou never wilt behold.

Piso. I will. On her shall fall my worst revenge;
And I will know what foul and magic arts——

Here Miriam glides in, and changes the whole current of Piso's feelings, by her extraordinary resemblance to a Jewess whom he had loved in youth and never ceased to lament. He addresses her as the spirit of the object of his early passion:

Beautiful shadow! in this hour of wrath,
What dost thou here? In life thou wert too meek,
Too gentle for a lover stern as I.
And, since I saw thee last, my days have been
Deep steeped in sin and blood! What seekest thou?
I have grown old in strife, and hast thou come,
With thy dark eyes and their soul searching glance,
To look me into peace? It can not be.
Go back, fair spirit, to thine own dim realms!
He whose young love thou didst reject on earth,
May tremble at this visitation strange,
But never can know peace or virtue more!
Thou wert a Christian, and a Christian dog
Did win thy precious love. I have good ca
To hate and scorn the whole detested race;
And till I meet that man, whom most of all
My soul abhors, will I go on and slay!
Fade, vanish, shadow bright! In vain that
That sweet, sad look! My lot is cast in bl

Mir. Oh, say not so!

Piso. The voice that won me first!
Oh, what a tide of recollections rush
Upon my drowning soul! my own wild lov
Thy scorn—the long, long days of blood and
That since have left their footprints on my
The dark, dark nights of fevered agony,
When, mid the strife and struggling of my dr
The gods sent thee at times to hover round,
Bringing the memory of those peaceful day
When I beheld thee first! But never yet
Before my waking eyes hast thou appeared
Distinct and visible as now. Fair spirit!
What wouldst thou have?

Mir. Oh, man of guilt and wo!
Thine own dark fantasies are busy now,
Lending unearthly seeming to a thing
Of earth, as thou art.

Piso. How! Art thou not she?
I know that face! I never yet beheld
One like to it among earth's loveliest.
Why dost thou wear that semblance, if thou
A thing of mortal mould? Oh, better meet
The wailing ghosts of those whose blood doth
My midnight dreams, than that half pitying

Mir. Thou art a wretched man! and I d
Pity even for the suffering guilt hath brough
But from the quiet grave I have not come,
Nor from the shadowy confines of the worl
Where spirits dwell, to haunt thy midnight
The disembodied should be passionless,
And wear not eyes that swim in earthborn t
As mine do now. Look up, thou conscience st

Piso. Off! off! She touched me with her
cold hand,
But 'twas a hand of flesh and blood! Aw
Come thou not near me till I study thee.

Mir. Why are thine eyes so fixed and wil
thy lips
Convulsed and ghastly white? Thine own
Vexing thy soul, have clad me in a form
Thou darest not look upon—I know not wh
But I must speak to thee. Mid thy remors
And the unwonted terrors of thy soul,
I must be heard, for God hath sent me here.

Piso. Who, who hath sent thee here?

Mir. The Christian's God,
The God thou knowest not.

Piso. Thou art of earth!
I see the rose tint on thy pallid cheek,
Which was not there at first: it kindles fas
Say on. Although I dare not meet that ey
I hear thee.

Mir. He hath given me strength,
And led me safely through the broad, lone s
Even at the midnight hour. My heart sunl
My noiseless foot paced on unfaltering
Through the long colonnades, where stood

ls and goddesses on either hand,
their sightless eyes on me! by founts,
with ceaseless plash the midnight air!
ı moonlit squares, where, ever and anon,
from some dusky nook the red torchlight,
n my path by passing reveller.
hath brought me here before thy face;
vas He who smote thee even now
strange, nameless fear.
Girl! name it not.
I I looked on one whose bright young face
ınced on me mid the shining leaves
ien bower in sunny Palestine,
outh's prime. I knew the dust,
ve's corroding dust, had soiled
otless brow long since. A shadow fell
e soul that never yet knew fear.
past. Earth holds not what I dread;
at the gods did make me, am I now.
ekest thou?
. Miriam! go thou hence.
ouldst thou die?
Brother!
Ha! is this so?
the gods!—Bar, bar the gates, ye slaves!
escape me now—Why, this is good!
ıt deemed of hap so glorious.
beguiled my son! his sister!
Peace!
ot, with tongue unhallowed, love like ours.
Thou art her image; and the mystery
ds my purposes. Take other form,
ceress, and I will baffle thee!
I have no other form than this God gave;
already hath stretched forth his hand,
ched it for the grave.
It is most strange.
e air around her full of spells?
the son thou hast seduced!
Hear, Piso!
hath seen me, loved me, and hath won
too prone to worship noble things,
ı of earth; and he, alas! was earth's.
I prayed in vain. In a'l things else
have stirred his soul's best purposes;
he pure and cheering faith of Christ,
as no entrance in that iron soul.
amid such hopes, despair arose,
a withering hand upon my heart.
ret! We parted. Ay, this night
to meet no more.
. Sister! my tears—
oke my words—else—
Euphas, thou wert wroth
ıere was little cause; I loved thee more.
r frowns in such a holy cause
autiful. The scorn of virtuous youth,
on fancied sin, is noble.
Maid!
en, my son withstood thy witchery,
this ground ye parted?
t is so.
at I rejoice to tell it thee.
Nay,
ı mayst, for it hath wrought his pardon.
That he had loved thee would have been a sin
Too full of degradation—infamy,
Had not these cold and agéd eyes themselves
Beheld thee in thy loveliness! And yet, bold girl!
Think not thy Jewish beauty is the spell
That works on one grown old in deeds of blood.
I have looked calmly on when eyes as bright
Were drowned in tears of bitter agony,
When forms as full of grace and pride, perchance,
Were writhing in the sharpness of their pain,
And cheeks as fair were mangled—
Euph. Tyrant! cease.
Wert thou a fiend, such brutal boasts as these
Were not for ears like hers!
Mir. I tremble not.
He spake of pardon for his guiltless son,
And that includeth life for those I love.
What need I more?
Euph. Let us go hence at once. Piso!
Bid thou thy myrmidons unbar the gates,
That shut our friends from light and air.
Piso. Not yet,
My haughty boy, for we have much to say
Ere you two pretty birds go free. Chafe not!
Ye are caged close, and can but flutter here
Till I am satisfied.
Mir. How! hast thou changed—
Piso. Nay; but I must detain ye till I ask—
Mir. Detain us if thou wilt. But look—
Piso. At what?
Mir. There, through yon western arch!—the
moon sinks low.
The mists already tinge her orb with blood.
Methinks I feel the breeze of morn e'en now.
Knowest thou the hour?
Piso. I do; but one thing more
I fain would know; for, after this wild night,
Let me no more behold you. Why didst thou,
Bold, dark-haired boy, wear in those pleading eyes,
When thou didst name thy boon, an earnest look
That fell familiar on my soul? And thou,
The lofty, calm, and oh, most beautiful!
Why are not only that soul-searching glance,
But e'en thy features and thy silver voice,
So like to hers I loved long years ago,
Beneath Judea's palms? Whence do ye come?
Mir. For me, I bear my own dear mother's brow;
Her eye, her form, her very voice, are mine.
So, in his tears, my father oft hath said.
We lived beneath Judea's shady palms,
Until that saintlike mother faded, drooped,
And died. Then hither came we o'er the waves,
And till this night have worshipped faithfully
The one, true, living God, in secret peace.
Piso. Thou art her child! I could not harm thee
Oh, wonderful! that things so long forgot— [now.
A love I thought so crushed and trodden down,
E'en by the iron tread of passions wild—
Ambition, pride, and, worst of all, revenge—
Revenge, that hath shed seas of Christian blood!
To think this heart was once so waxen soft,
And then congealed so hard, that naught of all
Which hath been since could ever have the power
To wear away the image of that girl—
That fair young Christian girl! 'T was a wild love

But I was young, a soldier in strange lands,
And she, in very gentleness, said nay
So timidly, I hoped— until, ye gods!
She loved another! Yet I slew him not!
I fled. Oh, had I met him since!
Euph. Come, sister!
The hours wear on.
Piso. Ye shall go forth in joy—
And take with you yon prisoners. Send my son,
Him whom *she* did not bear—home to these arms,
And go ye out of Rome with all your train.
I will shed blood no more; for I have known
What sort of peace deep glutted vengeance brings.
My son is brave, but of a gentler mind
Than I have been. His eyes shall never more
Be grieved with sight of sinless blood poured forth
From tortured veins. Go forth, ye gentle two!
Children of her who might perhaps have poured
Her own meek spirit o'er my nature stern,
Since the bare image of her buried charms,
Soft gleaming from your youthful brows, hath power
To stir my spirit thus! But go ye forth!
Ye leave an altered and a milder man
Than him ye sought. Tell Paulus this,
To quicken his young steps.
Mir. Now may the peace
That follows just and worthy deeds, be thine!
And may deep truths be born, mid thy remorse,
In the recesses of thy soul, to make
That soul even yet a shrine of holiness.
Euph. Piso, how shall we pass yon steelclad men,
Keeping stern vigil round the dungeon gate?
Piso. Take ye my well known ring—and here, the list—
Ay, this is it, methinks: show these—Great gods!
Euph. What is there on yon scroll which shakes him thus?
Mir. A name, at which he points with stiffening hand,
And eyeballs full of wrath! Alas! alas!
I guess too well.—My brother, droop thou not.
Piso. Your *father*, did ye say? Was it *his* life
Ye came to beg?
Mir. *His* life; but not alone
The life so dear to us; for he hath friends
Sharing his fetters and his final doom.
Piso. Little reck I of *them*. Tell me his name!
[*A pause.*
Speak, boy, or I will tear thee piecemeal!
Mir. Stay,
Stern son of violence! the name thou askest
Is—is—Thraseno!
Piso. Well I knew it, girl!
Now, by the gods, had I not been entranced,
I sooner had conjectured this. Foul name!
Thus do I tear thee out, and even thus
Rend with my teeth! Oh, rage! she wedded him,
And ever since that hated name hath been
The voice of serpents in mine ear! But now——
Why go ye not? Here is your list: and all,
Ay, every one whose name is here set down,
Will my good guards forthwith release you.
Mir. Piso!
In mercy mock us not! children of her
Whom thou didst love——
Piso. Ay, maid, but ye are *his*
Whom I do hate! That chord is broken now—
Its music hushed. Is *she* not in her grave,
And *he* within my grasp?
Mir. Where is thy peace,
Thy penitence?
Piso. Fled all—a moonbeam brief
Upon a stormy sea. That magic name
Hath roused the wild, loud winds again. Begone!
Save whom ye may.
Mir. Piso! I go not hence
Until my father's name be on this scroll.
Piso. Take root, then, where thou art! for by dark Styx
I swear——
Mir. Nay, swear thou not, till I am heard.
Hast thou forgot thy son?
Piso. No! let him die,
So that I have my long deferred revenge.
Thy lip grows pale! Art thou not answered now?
Mir. Deep horror falls upon me! Can it be
Such demon spirits dwell on earth?
Piso. Bold maiden,
While thou art safe, go hence; for in his might
The tiger wakes within me!
Mir. Be it so.
He can but rend me where I stand. And here,
Living or dying, will I raise my voice
In a firm hope! The God that brought me here
Is round me in the silent air. On me
Falleth the influence of an unseen eye!
And in the strength of secret, earnest prayer,
This awful consciousness doth nerve my frame.
Thou man of evil and ungoverned soul!
My father thou *mayst* slay! Flames will not fall
From heaven to scorch and wither thee! The earth
Will gape not underneath thy feet! and peace,
Mock, hollow, seeming peace, may shadow still
Thy home and hearth! But deep within thy breast
A fierce, consuming fire shall ever dwell.
Each night shall ope a gulf of horrid dreams
To swallow up thy soul. The livelong day
That soul shall yearn for peace and quietness,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
And know that even in death is no repose!
And this shall be thy life. Then a dark hour
Will surely come——
Piso. Maiden, be warned! All this
I know. It moves me not.
Mir. Nay, one thing more
Thou knowest not. There is on all this earth—
Full as it is of young and gentle hearts—
One man alone that loves a wretch like thee;
And he, thou sayest, must die! All other eyes
Do greet thee with a cold or wrathful look,
Or, in the baseness of their fear, shun thine!
And he whose loving glance alone spake peace,
Thou say'st must die in youth! Thou know'st not
The deep and bitter sense of loneliness, [yet
The throes and achings of a childless heart,
Which yet will all be thine! Thou know'st not yet
What 'tis to wander mid thy spacious halls,
And find them desolate! wildly to start
From thy deep musings at the distant sound
Of voice or step like his, and sink back sick—
Ay, sick at heart—with dark remembrances!
To dream thou seest him as in years gone by

When in his bright and joyous infancy,
His laughing eyes amid thick curls sought thine,
And his soft arms were twined around thy neck,
And his twin rosebud lips just lisped thy name—
Yet feel in agony 'tis but a dream!
Thou knowest not yet what 'tis to lead the van
Of armies hurrying on to victory,
Yet, in the pomp and glory of that hour,
Sadly to miss the well known snowy plume,
Whereon thine eyes were ever proudly fixed
In battle field!—to sit, at midnight deep,
Alone within thy tent—all shuddering—
When, as the curtained door lets in the breeze,
Thy fancy conjures up the gleaming arms
And bright young hero face of him who once
Had been most welcome there! and worst of all—

Piso. It is enough! The gift of prophecy
Is on thee, maid! A power that is not thine
Looks out from that dilated, awful form—
Those eyes deep flashing with unearthly light—
And stills my soul. My Paulus must not die!
And yet—to give up thus the boon!——

Mir. What boon?
A boon of blood?—To him, the good old man,
Death is not terrible, but only seems
A dark, short passage to a land of light,
Where, mid high ecstasy, he shall behold
Th' unshrouded glories of his Maker's face,
And learn all mysteries, and gaze at last
Upon th' ascended Prince, and never more
Know grief or pain, or part from those he loves!
Yet will his blood cry loudly from the dust,
And bring deep vengeance on his murderer!

Piso. My Paulus must not die! Let me revolve:
Maiden, thy words have sunk into my soul;
Yet would I ponder ere I thus lay down
A purpose cherished in my inmost heart,
That which hath been my dream by night—by day
My life's sole aim. Have I not deeply sworn,
Long years ere thou wert born, that should the gods
E'er give him to my rage—and yet I pause?—
Shall Christian vipers sting mine only son,
And I not crush them into nothingness?
Am I so pinioned, vain, and powerless?
Work, busy brain! thy cunning must not fail.

[*Retires.*

The tyrant promises to restore Thraseno to his children, and the scene changes to where Paulus is awaiting the result. The long soliloquy in which he expresses his varying moods reminds us somewhat too much of the sombre reveries of Manfred, though its original conceptions illustrate a power equal to its independent composition.

Piso but keeps the word of his last promise, for only the dead body of Thraseno is restored to Euphas and Miriam. Paulus, in horror, renounces his parent and his religion, and, while a dirge is sung over the martyr, Miriam dies.

The fine and poetical spirit which pervades the poem is sufficiently apparent in these extracts. There is in parts a slight want of keeping, and it may be that the tone is generally too oratorical, though the incidents justify almost throughout the work a certain dignity of expression, and the youthful ages of the chief characters make appropriate a more ornate style than would befit a greater maturity of life.

Among the minor poems of Mrs. Hall perhaps the best is a Dramatic Sketch, in The Token, for 1839. There has been no collection of her fugitive pieces, and it is probable that I have seen too few of them to form an intelligent estimate of their character.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

I saw in my dream a countless throng
By a mighty whirlwind hurried along,
Hurried along through boundless space
With a fearful, onward, rushing sweep,
Looking like beings roused from sleep,
Till they met their Maker face to face.

Then, consciousness waked in each dark eye,
The mercy seat shone above on high,
And a timid, wild, but hopeful gaze
Those wandering spirits upward cast,
As if they had cause of joy at last,
When they saw the throne of judgment blaze.

"Justice!" they cried, with sound so clear,
The stars of the universe needs must hear;
"Justice!" again, again rang out,
As of those who felt the hour had come
When earth-choked lips should no more be dumb,
And all God's worlds must hear their shout.

They were the souls of myriad men
Who had died, and none cared how or when,
Who had dwelt on earth as slaves—as slaves!
They were the men by death set free,
And flocking they came from their million graves,
They who on earth had scarce dared *be*,
Shaking the bonds from their half-crushed souls,
Uttering a cry that rent the poles,
For they knew that God would hear them then.

And afar I beheld a smaller band,
With hands claspéd over their downcast eyes,
For before the blaze they could not stand.
And away had fallen their robes of lies.
Naked, affrighted, pierced with light,
They knew themselves and their deeds at last:
From their quivering lips to the throne of Right
A faint low cry of "Mercy!" passed.

Justice and Mercy! hear them both!
Bondman and master both are here;
Each asketh that he needeth most.
Now pass from my soul, thou dream of fear!

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

CHARACTERS.

KING HENRY THE SEVENTH.
LADY CATHERINE, *the Wife of Perkin Warbeck.*
CLARA, *her Attendant.*
SIR FLORIAN, *a Friend of Perkin Warbeck.*
Scene.—A Castle on the Seacoast, in Cornwall.
Time.—The Autumn of the year 1497.

LADY CATHERINE *and* CLARA.

Lady C. Open that casement toward the sea,
I gaze in vain along the hilly waste, [my Clara.
Watching the lone and solitary road
Until mine eyes are strained. The dull day wanes,
The sad November day—and yet there come
No tidings from my lord! Ay, that is well!
Sit thou where I have sat these many hours
In patience sorrowful; and summon me
With a most joyous cry, if thy kind watch
Be more successful. Sea! for ever tossing,
Thy very motion is so beautiful,
So wild and spirit-stirring, as I turn
From the bleak, changeless moor, all desolate,
I bless each wave that breaks against yon cliff.
Oh, mighty ocean! thou art free—art free!
Dash high, thou foamy-crested billow, high!
That was a leap, which sent the snowy spray
Up to yon o'erhanging crag, and forth
The screaming sea-bird sprang rejoicingly.
Clara, do not forget thy watch.

Clara. Nay, lady,
Return not yet; thou shalt have warning swift,
If but a lonely traveller tread the heath.

Lady C. Yes: I will trust thee, and again look
Upon the glorious sea. In my youth's prime [forth
Is it not strange I thus should love to gaze
On a wild ocean-view and frowning sky?
Oh, sorrow, fear, and dark suspense, what change
Ye work in brief—brief space on careless hearts!
Methinks it was not many months ago
Childhood was round me with its rainbow dreams;
Then came the glittering vision of a court,
Dear Scotland's court, where on my bridal hour
A gracious monarch smiled, and silently
Time stole the wings of love. My husband! dearest!
Our happy hours were few. The echoes still
Rang back the harp's sweet nuptial melody,
When came a fearful voice, I scarce knew whence—
But terrible, oh terrible it was!
The dew scarce dry upon the snowy rose
I wore that morn, when it was wet afresh
With tears of parting! 'T was but for a time,
He said, and we should meet again. My heart
Clings to the promise sweet—"We meet again;"
But when, oh when! Ye vain remembrances!
Depart. Let me survey the heath once more.
The ocean breeze has fanned the pain away
From my hot brow, and now it wearies me
To look upon those restless waves. Their roar
Comes faintly up from yonder wet, black rocks,
Monotonous and hoarse; the mighty clouds
Sweep endless o'er the heavens; I am sad,
And all things sadden me. They 'll set him free,
They surely will, my Clara! thou hast said it
Full twenty times this day, and yet again
I fain would hear such empty words of cheer.
What is yon speck upon the dusky neath?
Look—look!

Clara. I have been watching it, dear lady:
'T is but a lonely tree.

Lady C. No, no, it moves.
My heart's solicitude doth give me sight
Keener than thine: it moves; it comes this way.
What may its form and bearing be? It nears
Yon pile of rocks. Clara, such speed denotes
A horseman fleet. Peace, heart! throb not so fast.

Clara. The gray mist settles down and mocks
It is a peasant, toiling through the furze. [thine eye.

Lady C. Nay, 't is a mounted knight! yon hil-
Thou wilt descry him plain. [lock passed,

Clara. 'T is so! he rides—
He rides for life. Is 't not the jet-black steed
Sir Florian mounts?

Lady C. It is my husband's friend!
'T is he that rushes on with such mad haste.
Tidings at last—oh, Clara, I am faint. [comes

Clara. Be calm, my much-tried mistress; joy still
Close upon apprehension.

Lady C. Is it so?
I can not tell. Would bad news spur him thus?

Clara. Believe me, no. Be calm.

Lady C. I will—I will.
Is he not here? he 's wondrous slow, methinks.

Clara. The noble charger 's spent; his smoking
Are flecked with foam, and every gallant leap [sides
Seems as 't would be his last. Why doth his rider
Cast back such troubled glances o'er the moor?
Now to the ground he springs; the brave steed drops.
Lady, look up! Sir Florian is at hand.

Enter FLORIAN.

Sir F. Where is the lady Catherine? Oh, away!
Fly for your life!

Lady C. Fly? and from whom? or why?

Sir F. Question me not: I do conjure you, fly!
The danger 's imminent;—moments are precious;
Down to the beach: take boat without delay.
It is your husband's bidding.

Lady C. Oh, thank Heaven
For those two words! Am I to meet him, then?

Sir F. No, lady, no! but I have been delayed,
Crossed, intercepted, and well nigh cut off,
Till on a moment's grace your life depends.
The king pursues.

Lady C. The king! in mercy say,
Where is my husband?

Sir F. London Tower held still
The princely wanderer, when the rumor came
That Henry's wrath burnt hot 'gainst thee, sweet
And that the place of thy retreat was known. [lady,
Fly! 't is thy husband's word.

Lady C. Imprisoned still!
Take me to London, noble Florian. Nay,
How can I live but in that same dark Tower,
Where they have pinioned down my gallant lord,
My noble, much-wronged lord? Not yet set free?
He hath been pardoned once, if men told true.

Sir F. Come, fair and most unhappy!

Lady C. I have heard
Such fearful tales of bloody murders done
In the mysterious circuit of those walls!
What, didst thou leave him well?

Sir F. In truth I did,
Though somewhat wan and wasted; anxious, too,
For thy most precious life. Come, I conjure thee!
Cla. There is a strange and hollow sound abroad.
'Tis not the sea!
Sir F. No, nor the sweeping wind.
It is the tramp of steeds fast galloping! [now
Cla. They come! like mounted giants looming
Through the dim mist.
Sir F. She's lost! Why lingered I? [now
Cla. Quick! there is time; our startled menials
Bar fast the outer doors: yon staircase leads
Down through a vaulted passage to the shore.
Still motionless, sweet mistress?
Lady C. Was he worn
And pale, saidst thou? Truly I do rejoice
The king draws nigh, for on my bended knees
Will I entreat to share my husband's cell.
Cla. She is distraught.
Sir F. Most gracious lady, list!
It is *your* blood this haughty monarch seeks,
And with a vow against the innocent
His soul is burdened; do not wildly dream
That he will pity thee: and for thy lord——
Lady C. Pause not; I do conjure thee, speak!
Sir F. He hath been tried, condemned——
Lady C. And slain!
Cla. That shriek
Doth guide them hither.
Sir F. Nay, he lives as yet,
But vainly——
Lady C. Oh, God bless thee for that word!
He lives! Monarch of England, come!
Cla. Hark, hark!
That crash—the doors are burst!
Sir F. Her doom is sealed.

Enter KING HENRY *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. We are in time: the bird hath not escaped.
Those hoof-tracks made me fear some traitor fleet
Had warned her from the nest. Ha, frowning youth,
Whence comest thou? What may thine errand be,
That brought thee hither in such furious haste?
Sir F. Thou well mightst guess: 't was from thy bloody fangs
I vainly hoped one victim to withdraw.
She chose to trust thy clemency—alas! [tongue
K. Hen. Alas, indeed! bold heart is thine, and
As bold. But garb so travel-stained, fair sir,
Fits not a lady's bower; and thou 'lt not love,
Perchance, to fix that pity-beaming eye
Upon my deeds of clemency. Take hence
This youthful rebel, and let manacles
Bind those officious hands.

[*Exit* SIR FLORIAN *with two Officers.*

Now for our work.
We will survey this far-famed Scottish lily,
Ere the sharp steel do crop its drooping head.
Indeed, she 's wondrous fair! Hast thou no voice,
Pale suppliant? Its music must be rich,
And e'en more eloquent than those clasped hands,
That sweet, imploring face. Speak, for thy moments
Flit into nothingness, and if thou hast
One last petition for thy dying hour——
Lady C. My husband, gracious king!
K. Hen. What, art thou mad? [hence
Lady C. Let me but see his face! oh, drag me
With scorn and violence to share his doom,
And I will bless thy name.
K. Hen. She hath gone wild
With sudden terror. He 's condemned, sweet lady
To die a shameful death, and thou this hour—
This very hour—must perish in thy youth.
So bids my needful policy. Thinkest thou
Of aught but precious life, with such a fate
Darkening around thee, fair one? Now, ask aught
But life——
Lady C. Life, life, mere breath! and what is that?
Take it, my sovereign! *He* who gave it me
Will call my spirit home to heaven and peace,
When this poor dust lies low. I have no prayer
To offer for my wretched life, if joy
Lie dead and buried in my husband's grave.
Is there no mercy for my gallant lord?
Crowned monarch, speak! what can thy mightiness
Grant thee beyond the holy power to bless?
K. Hen. I must be stern in words as well as deeds.
I charge thee, if thou hast a last request—
A dying message to the noble house
Whence thou art sprung——
Lady C. My home—forsaken home!
It was for him I left the heathy hills
Of my own Scotland; there we had not perished
Thus in life's early bloom. May blessings rest
On the old quiet castle, and each head
Its grey roof shelters! How those ancient halls
Will ring a wild lament, when comes the tale
That England's broken faith had widowed me,
And laid me, all unmourned, in English dust!
Thy fame, proud king, thy fame——
K. Hen. Ha! dost thou dare
Breathe such reproach? Hear, then, unthinking girl,
Since thou dost stir my wrath. Dost thou not know,
Daughter of Gordon's stainless house, that thou
Art to a mean and base impostor linked?
Duped and beguiled by crafty words, thy king
Gave with his own pledged faith thy maiden hand
To Margaret's lowborn tool; and he hath lied—
Lied his own life away, and stained his soul
With foulest perjury to steal the crown
Of glorious England from her lawful king.
The fraud is plain; the forfeit, his mean life,
And men with eyes amazed shrink back from him
They followed in a dream. Awake thou, too;
Die not in thy delusion.
Lady C. Now be still,
My swelling heart! speak calmly, quivering lips!
Man—I will call thee monarch now no more,
While ring thy words of insult in mine ear.
Thou dost defame the husband I adore,
And, in mine hour of fear and agony,
With cruel calumnies dost strive to rend
The one true heart that loves him yet. Enough.
Unkingly words were thine; but I depart
Where earthly slanders can not reach mine ear.
Give orders: let me die.
K. Hen. Nay, it is past;
It was a flash of momentary heat,
For of a fiery race I came. Alas! I mourn
That in cold blood, fair lady, I must doom

A creature young and innocent as thou
To an untimely grave. And, if I gaze
Longer upon that brow ingenuous,
My purposes will surely melt. Farewell.
Lady C. Stay, stay! hear but a few brief words,
Not for myself I plead, not of my life, [my king!
My worthless life, would speak; but fame, *his* fame,
Dearer than kingdoms to his noble heart,
Claims of his wife one burst of warm defence.
If royal blood flow not within the veins
Of him I loved and wedded, that deceit
Was never his. The artful may have played
Upon his open nature, and have lured
Their victim to the toils for purposes
They dared not own; and now they may forsake—
Oh, God of heaven! *I* never will desert
My mocked and much wronged husband, though
Shrink from him as a serpent. I may die [false men
A bloody death, but with my last, last breath,
Will still avow my trusting love, and sue
For mercy on his innocence.
K. Hen. Now, lady——
Lady C. Oh, peace—unless I read thy restless eye aright.
Wilt thou not look on me?
[*Casting herself at his feet.*
Doth thy heart swell
With an unwonted fulness? Ha! the vest
Heaves glittering on thy breast!—thou then art
And, if tears choke me not, I will dare plead [moved,
Even for him—him whom I may not name.
K. Hen. Loosen my robe: away; I will not hear.
Lady C. Thou must, thou wilt: though slanderous tongues do say
Thy heart is steel, I will believe it not,
While on that gracious face I gaze. Thou'lt hear me.
His trust in flattering tongues for ever cured,
His wild hopes mock'd, his young ambition quench'd,
His wisdom ripened by adversity,
Forth from his prison will my husband come
A subject true and faithful to thy sway.
And I will lead him far away from courts,
Into the heart of lonely Scottish hills;
There by some quiet lake his home shall be,
So still and happy, that his stormy youth,
With all its perilous follies, will but seem
As a dim memory of some former state,
In some forgotten world. He shall grow old
Ruling my simple vassals with such power
As a brave hand and gentle heart may use;
And never, never ask again, what blood
Flows in his veins; nor dream one idle dream
Of courtiers, palaces, and sparkling crowns,
While these fond lips can whisper winning words,
And woman's ever-busy love can weave
Ties strong but viewless round his manly heart.
Thou'lt hear it not, but in that blessèd home
How will I murmur in my nightly prayers
The name of England's king!
He's free—he's pardoned!
That tearful smile all graciously declares
I am not widowed in my wretched youth!
I shall behold his noble face again.
God bless thee, generous prince, and give thee power
Through long, long years, to bind up bleeding hearts,
And use thy sceptre as a wand of peace!
My tears—they flowed not when I prayed—but now
The grateful gush declares, when language fails,
The ecstasy of joy!

Enter a Messenger, who presents a packet to the King. He breaks it open, and, after casting his eye over it, turns away abruptly.

Cla. The king is troubled.
K. Hen. (*After a pause.*) My sweet petitioner look up!
Lady C. Alas!
I dare not.
K. Hen. Nay, why now such sudden fear!
What sawest thou mirrored in my face!
Lady C. A nameless terror robs me of all strength.
That packet! oh, these quick and dread forebodings!
Speak! it were mercy should thine accents kill.
K. Hen. Thou hast a noble spirit: rouse it now
Daughter of Gordon.
Lady C. King! say on—say all.
K. Hen. Art thou prepared!
Lady C. What matters it! speak, speak!
Prepared! what, with this dizzy, whirling brain!
Comes fortitude amid such fierce suspense!
Tell me the worst—and show thy pity so.
K. Hen. Blanched, gasping, but angelic still!—
What words
Can sheathe the piercing news! Thy suit
Was all too late, true wife! He is in heaven.
[LADY CATHERINE *faints.*
"Pale rose of England!"—men have named thee well.
What brought me hither! what! to murder thee!
Oh, purpose horrible! I can not think
This bosom ever harbored scheme so fierce.
Dark, bloody policy! it is dissolved
Beneath the gentle light of innocence,
Melted by woman's true and faithful love,
Conquered by grief it is not mine to heal.
The dead may not return—but *she* may live!
Quit not the broken-hearted! weeping maid.
She hath been true till death. And I will give
Shelter to sorrow such as these stern eyes
Ne'er saw till now. To my own gentle queen
Will I consign the victim of harsh times. [rose!
Thou shouldst have bloomed in sunshine, blighted
And ne'er have been transplanted from thy bower
To waste such fragrant virtues mid the storm.

NOTE.—In the reign of Henry VII. of England, a pretender to the crown appeared, in the person of Perkin Warbeck, a youth who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV. He was supported by Margaret of York, the Duke of Burgundy, and other powerful friends; and the young king of Scotland went so far as to bestow on him the hand of the lady Catherine Gordon, nearly allied to the royal family, and celebrated for her beauty. She remained fondly attached to him through his reverses, when all England had forsaken him; and it is said that the cold heart of Henry was so softened by her loveliness, constancy, and sorrow for her husband, that he relented in his bloody purpose, and instead of taking her life, as he had intended, placed her honorably in his queen's household. Warbeck had adopted the title of the "Pale Rose of England;" but the people transferred it to her.—See Mackintosh's History of England, Philadelphia ed., p. 197.

ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

Eliza Lee Cabot, a native of Boston, was married on the fifteenth of September, 1828, to the amiable and learned Charles Follen, L. U. D., of Germany, then of the Divinity School at Cambridge, and soon afterward professor of the German language and literature in Harvard College. This union was eminently happy, and it continued more than eleven years. Dr. Follen perished in the conflagration of the steamer Lexington, on the night of the thirteenth of January, 1840. Mrs. Follen is the author of several works in prose, of which the most important are Sketches of Married Life, The Skeptic, and a Life of Charles Follen, in one volume, published in Boston in 1844. She has also edited the works of her husband, in four volumes. The larger part of her poems are contained in a volume published in Boston, in 1839.

SACHEM'S HILL.

Here, from this little hillock,
In days long since gone by,
Glanced over hill and valley
The sachem's eagle eye:
His were the pathless forests,
And his the hills so blue,
And on the restless ocean
Danced only his canoe.

Here stood the aged chieftain,
Rejoicing in his glory:
How deep the shade of sadness
That rests upon his story!
For the white man came with power,
Like brethren here they met—
But the Indian fires went out,
And the Indian sun has set.

And the chieftain has departed,
Gone is his hunting-ground,
And the twanging of his bowstring
Is a forgotten sound:
Where dwelleth yesterday—and
Where is echo's cell?
Where has the rainbow vanished?—
There does the Indian dwell.

But in the land of spirits
The Indian has a place,
And there, midst saints and angels,
He sees his Maker's face:
There from all earthly passions
His heart may be refined,
And the mists that once enshrouded
Be lifted from his mind.

And should his freeborn spirit
Descend again to earth,
And here, unseen, revisit
The spot that gave him birth,
Would not his altered nature
Rejoice with rapture high,
At the changed and glorious prospect
That now would meet his eye?

Where nodded pathless forests,
There now are stately domes;
Where hungry wolves were prowling,
Are quiet, happy homes;
Where rose the savage warwhoop,
Are heard sweet village bells,
And many a gleaming spire
Of faith in Jesus tells.

And he feels his soul is changed—
'T is there a vision glows
Of more surpassing beauty
Than earthly scenes disclose;
For the heart that felt revenge,
With boundless love is filled,
And the restless tide of passion
To a holy calm is stilled.

Here, to my mental vision,
The Indian chief appears,
And all my eager questions
Fancy believes he hears:
Oh, speak, thou unseen being,
And the mighty secrets tell
Of the land of deathless glories,
Where the departed dwell!

I can not dread a spirit—
For I would gladly see
The veil uplifted round us,
And know that such things be:
The things we see are fleeting,
Like summer flowers decay—
The things unseen are real,
And do not pass away.

The friends we love so dearly
Smile on us, and are gone,
And all is silent in their place,
And we are left alone;
But the joy "that passeth show,"
And the love no arm can sever,
And all the treasures of their souls,
Shall be with us for ever.

WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

The short, dull, rainy day drew to a close;
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,
With smiling promise of a brighter day,
Dressing the leafless woods with golden light;
But the dense fog hung its dark curtain round,
And the unceasing rain poured like a torrent on.
The wearied inmates of the house draw near
The cheerful fire; the shutters all are closed;
A brightening look spreads round, that seems to say,
Now let the darkness and the rain prevail—
Here all is bright! How beautiful is the sound
Of the descending rain; how soft the wind
Through the wet branches of the drooping elms:
But hark! far off, beyond the sheltering hills,
Is heard the gathering tempest's distant swell,
Threatening the peaceful valley ere it comes.
The stream that glided through its pebbly way,
To its own sweet music, now roars hoarsely on;
The woods send forth a deep and heavy sigh;
The gentle south has ceased; the rude northwest,
Rejoicing in his strength, comes rushing forth:
The rain is changed into a driving sleet,
And when the fitful wind a moment lulls,
The feathery snow, almost inaudible,
Falls on the window-panes as soft and still
As the light brushings of an angel's wings,
Or the sweet visitings of quiet thoughts
Midst the wild tumult of this stormy life.
The tightened strings of nature's ceaseless harp
Send forth a shrill and piercing melody,
As the full swell returns. The night comes on,
And sleep, upon this little world of ours,
Spreads out her sheltering, healing wings; and man,
The heaven-inspired soul of this fair earth—
The bold interpreter of Nature's voice,
Giving a language even to the stars—
Unconscious of the throbbings of his heart,
Is still: and all unheeded is the storm,
Save by the wakeful few who love the night—
Those pure and active spirits that are placed
As guards o'er wayward man—they who show forth
God's holy image on the soul impressed—
They listen to the music of the storm,
And hold high converse with the unseen world:
They wake, and watch, and pray, while others sleep.

The stormy night has passed; the eastern clouds
Glow with the morning's ray: but who shall tell
The peerless glories of this winter day?
Nature has put her jewels on—one blaze
Of sparkling light and ever-varying hues
Bursts on the enraptured sight.
The smallest twig with brilliants hangs its head;
The graceful elm and all the forest trees
Have on a crystal coat of mail, and seem
All decked and tricked out for a holyday,
And every stone shines in its wreath of gems.
The pert, familiar robin, as he flies
From spray to spray, showers diamonds around,
And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes
The universe looks glad: but words are vain
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.
The heart exults with uncontrolled delight:
The glorious pageant slowly moves away,
As the sun sinks behind the western hills.
So fancy, for a short and fleeting day,
May shed upon the cold and barren earth
Her bright enchantments and her dazzling hues,
And thus they melt and fade away, and leave
A cold and dull reality behind.

But see where, in the clear, unclouded sky,
The crescent moon, with calm and sweet rebuke
Doth charm away the spirit of complaint:
Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
Like the pure thoughts that angels might bestow
Upon this world of beauty and of sin,
That mingle not with that whereon they rest:
So should immortal spirits dwell below.
There is a holy influence in the moon,
And in the countless hosts of silent stars,
The heart can not resist: its passions sleep,
And all is still, save that which shall awake
When all this vast and fair creation sleeps.

EVENING.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
And labor's voice is heard no more;
On high the silver moon is hung;
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,
To chant another sweet adieu
To all the glories of the day,
And all its pleasures past away.
Her twilight robe all nature wears,
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves:
From every tree and every bush
There seems to breathe a soothing hush,
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose.
Thus calm and fair may all things be,
When life's last sun has set with me;
And may the lamp of memory shine
As sweetly on my day's decline
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,
That hangs so safely in the air,
And pours her mild, reflected light,
To soothe and bless the weary sight:
And may my spirit often wake
Like thine, sweet bird, and, singing, take
Another farewell of the sun—
Of pleasures past, of labors done.
See, where the glorious sun has set,
A line of light is lingering yet:
Oh, thus may love awhile illume
The silent darkness of my tomb!

WINTER SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

The short, dull, rainy day drew to a close;
No gleam burst forth upon the western hills,

And moves in rainbow light where'er he goes
The universe looks glad: but words are vain
To paint the wonders of the splendid show.
The heart exults with uncontrolled delight:

The pert, familiar robin, as he flies
From spray to spray, showers diamonds around,

Oh, thus may love awake mume
The silent darkness of my tomb!

WINTER'S PROOF.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

s HARRIET WHIPPLE, now Mrs.
as born in Smithfield, Rhode Is-
is descended from two of the oldest
honorable families of that state.
e was very young, her father, Mr.
hipple, lost by various misfortunes
, and she was therefore left to her
irces for support and for the culti-
her fine understanding, of which
ie earliest fruits were poems print-
gazettes from 1830 to 1835. Her
ne was Memoirs of Eleanor El-
colored woman, of which there
more than thirty thousand copies.
ie published The Mechanic, a book
to the operatives of the country,
s much commended in Mr. Brown-
on Quarterly Review. In 1844 she
e public Might and Right, a histo-
attempted revolution in Rhode Is-
vn as the Dorr Insurrection. Dur-
of the year 1842 she conducted
panoag, a journal designed for the
of the laboring portion of the com-
nd she has since been a large con-
what are called "reform periodi-
ticularly The Nineteenth Century,
y miscellany, and The Univercœ-
piritual Philosopher, a paper "de-
ilosophico-theology, and an expo-
inculcation of the principles of
their application to individual and
" In the autumn of 1848 she be-
ess of The Young People's Journal
, Literature, and Art, a monthly
of an attractive character, printed
ork.

he best known of Mrs. Green's po-
e Dwarf's Story, a gloomy but pas-
d powerful composition, which ap-
The Rhode Island Book, in 1841.
st and most carefully finished is
oo, a Legend of the Narragansetts,
tos, of which the first, second and
published in Philadelphia in 1848.
vork of decided and various merit.
few good poems upon aboriginal
n, tradition, or history. The best are Yamoyden, by Sands and Eastburn, Mogg Megone, by Whittier, the Legend of the Andirondach Mountains, by Hoffman, Yonondio, by Hosmer, Nemahmin, by Louis L. Noble, and Mrs. Green's Nanuntenoo, with which, — though it is not yet published — may be classed Mr. Street's admirable romance of Frontenac. In Nanuntenoo are shown descriptive powers scarcely inferior to those of Bryant and Carlos Wilcox, who have been most successful in painting the grand, beautiful, and peculiar scenery of New England. The rhythm is harmonious, and the style generally elegant and poetically ornate. In the delineations of Indian character and adventure, we see fruits of an intelligent study of the colonial annals, and a nice apprehension of the influences of external nature in psychological development. It is a production that will gratify attention by the richness of its fancy, the justness of its reflection, and its dramatic interest.

The minor poems of Mrs. Green are numerous, and they are marked by idiosyncracies which prove them fruits of a genuine inspiration. Her Songs of the Winds, and sketches of Indian life, from both of which series specimens are given in the following pages, are frequently characterized by a masculine energy of expression, and a minute observation of nature. Though occasionally diffuse, and illustrated by epithets or images that will not be approved, perhaps, by the most fastidious tastes, they have meaning in them, and the reader is not often permitted to forget the presence of the power and delicacy of the poetical faculty.

Mrs. Green has perhaps entered more largely than any of her countrywomen into discussions of religion, philosophy, and politics. Her views are frequently original and ingenious, and they are nearly always stated with clearness and maintained with force of logic and felicity of illustration. A consideration of them would be more appropriate in a reviewal of her prose-writings. Their peculiarities are not disclosed in her poems, of which the only law is the sense of beauty.

NEW ENGLAND SUMMER IN THE ANCIENT TIME.

FROM THE FIRST CANTO OF "NANUNTENOO."

STILLNESS of summer noontide over hill,
And deep embowering wood, and rock, and stream,
Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep
Upon the drooping eyelids of the air.
No wind breathed through the forest, that could stir
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird,
Or else the polished leaves were turning back
To their own natural places, whence the wind
Of the last hour had flung them. From afar
Came the deep roar of waters, yet subdued
To a melodious murmur, like the chant
Of naiads, ere they take their noontide rest.
A tremulous motion stirred the aspen leaves,
And from their shivering stems an utterance came,
So delicate and spirit-like, it seemed
The soul of music breathed, without a voice.
The anemone bent low her drooping head,
Mourning the absence of her truant love,
Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,
To dream of zephyrs from the fragrant south,
Coming to wake her with renewed life.
The eglantine breathed perfume; and the rose
Cherished her reddening buds, that drank the light,
Fair as the vermil on the cheek of Hope.
Where'er in sheltered nook or quiet dell,
The waters, like enamored lovers, found
A thousand sweet excuses for delay,
The clustering lilies bloomed upon their breast,
Love-tokens from the naiads, when they came
To trifle with the deep, impassioned waves.
  The wild bee, hovering on voluptuous wing,
Scarce murmured to the blossom, drawing thence
Slumber with honey; then in the purpling cup,
As if oppressed with sweetness, sank to sleep.
The wood-dove tenderly caressed his mate;
Each looked within the other's drowsy eyes,
Till outward objects melted into dreams.
  The rich vermilion of the tanager,
Or summer red-bird, flashed amid the green,
Like rubies set in richest emerald.
On some tall maple sat the oriole,
In black and orange, by his pendent nest,
To cheer his brooding mate with whispered songs;
While high amid the loftiest hickory
Perched the loquacious jay, his turquoise crest
Low drooping, as he plumed his shining coat,
Rich with the changeful blue of Nazareth.
And higher yet, amid a towering pine,
Stood the fierce hawk, half-slumbering, half-awake,
His keen eye flickering in his dark unrest,
As if he sought for plunder in his dreams.
  The scaly snake crawled lazily abroad,
To revel in the sunshine; and the hare
Stole from her leafy couch, with ears erect
Against the soft air-current; then she crept,
With a light, velvet footfall, through the ferns.
The squirrel stayed his gambols; and the songs
Which late through all the forest arches rang,
Were graduated to a harmony
Of rudimental music, breathing low,
Making the soft wind richer—as the notes
Had been dissolved, and mingled with the air.
Pawtucket almost slumbered, for his waves
Were lulled by their own chanting: breathing low,
With a just-audible murmur, as the soul
Is stirred in visions with a thought of love,
He whispered back the whisper tenderly
Of the fair willows bending over him,
With a light hush upon their stirring leaves,
Blest watchers o'er his day-dreams. Not a sign
Of man or his abode met ear or eye,
But one great wilderness of living wood,
O'er hill, and cliff, and valley, swelled and waved,
An ocean of deep verdure. By the rock
Which bound and strengthen'd all their massive roots
Stood the great oak and giant sycamore;
Along the water-courses and the glades
Rose the fair maple and the hickory;
And on the loftier heights the towering pine—
Strong guardians of the forest—standing there,
On the old ramparts, sentinels of Time,
To watch the flight of ages. Indian hordes,
The patriarchs of Nature, wandered free;
While every form of being spake to them
Of the Great Spirit that pervaded all,
And curbed their fiery nature with a law
Written in light upon the shadowy soil—
Bowing their sturdy hearts in reverence
Before the Great Unseen yet Ever FELT!
  The very site where villages and towns,
As if called forth by magic, have uprisen;
Where now the anvils echo, hammers clank,
The hum of voices in the stirring mart,
And roar of dashing wheels, create a din
That almost rivals the old cataract—
As if its thunder had grown tired and hoarse
In striving to be heard above the din—
Two centuries gone, was one unbroken wild,
Where the fierce wolf, the panther, and the snake,
A forest aristocracy, scarce feared
The monarch man, and shared his common lot—
To hunger, plunder from the weak, and slay;
To wake a sudden terror; then lie down,
To be unnamed—unknown—for evermore.

A NARRAGANSETT SACHEM,

FROM THE SAME.

A FOOTFALL broke the silence, as along
Pawtucket's bank an Indian warrior passed.
Awed by the solemn stillness, he had paused
In deep, reflecting mood. A nobler brow
Ne'er won allegiance from Roman hosts,
Than his black plume half shaded; nor a form
Of kinglier bearing, moulded perfectly,
E'er flashed on day-dreams of Praxiteles.
The mantle that o'er one broad shoulder hung,
Was broidered with such trophies as are worn
By sachems only. Ghastly rows of teeth
Glistened amid the wampum. On the edge
A lace of woven scalp-locks was inwrought,
Where the soft, glossy brown of white man's hair
Mingled with Indian tresses, dark and harsh.
The wampum-belt, of various hues inwrought,
Graced well his manly bosom; and below,
His taper limbs met the rich moccasin.

SASSACUS.*

The orient sun was coming proudly up,
And looking o'er the Atlantic gloriously;
Old Ocean's bosom felt the living rays;
A rich smile flashed up from his hoary cheek,
Subduing pride with beauty, as he turned,
In each clear wave, a mirror to the sky;
And Earth was beautiful, as when, of erst,
In the young freshness of her vestal morn,
She wore the dew-gems in her bridal crown,
And met, and won, the exulting lord of Day.
The beauty-loving Mystic wound along
Through the green meadows, as if led by Taste,
That knew and sought the purest emerald,
And had the art of finding fairest flowers;
While his young brother, Thames, enrobed in light,
Lingered with sparkling eddies round the shore.
The sea-bird's snowy wing was tinged with gold,
And scarcely wafted on the ambient air,
As, lightly poised, she hung above the deep,
And looked beneath its crystal. With a scream
Of wild delight at all the wealth she saw,
Down like a flake of living snow she plunged;
Then, momently upgleaming, like a burst
Of winged light from the waters, shaking off
The liquid pearls from all her downy plumes,
She soared in triumph to her wave-girt nest.
The spirit of the morning over all
Went with a quickening presence, fair and free,
Till every beetling crag, and sterile rock,
And swamp, and wilderness, and desert ground,
Were instinct with her glory. Moss and fern,
And clinging vine, and all unnumbered trees,
That make the woods a paradise, were stirred
By whispering zephyrs, and shook off the dew;
While fragrance rose, like incense, to the skies.
The soft May wind was breathing through the wood,
Calling the sluggish buds to light and life—
As, stealing softly through the silken bonds,
It freed the infant leaf, and gently held
Its trembling greenness in his lambent arms.
The eagle from his cloud-wreathed eyry sprang,
Soaring aloft, as he had grown in love,
Aspiring to the lovely Morning-Star,
That lately vanished mid the kindling depths
Of saffron-azure; and the smaller birds
Plumed the bright wing with sweetest carolings,
Instinctive breath of joy, and love, and praise.
No sound of hostile legions marred the scene;
Trumpet and war-cry, sword and battle-axe,
With all their horrid din, were far away,
And gentle Peace sat, queenlike—Was it so?
Behold yon smouldering ruin! Lo, yon height!
The Pequot there his simple fortress reared,
And there he slept in peace but yester-eve,
And his fair dreams spake not of coming death!
Where are the hundred dwellers of this spot—
The parents, children, and the household charms,
That woke a soft, familiar magic here?
The crackling cinders—one chaotic mass
Of death and ruin—utter all the wrong,
In their deep, voiceful silence. Fire and sword,
Sped by the Yengees' hate, have only left
The ashes of the beautiful; or, worse,
The mangled type of each familiar form,
Looks grimly through the horrid mask of death!
There slumbers all that woke a thrill of love
In the firm warrior's bosom. Death stole on,
Swift in the track of Gladness; and young hearts,
Yet quick with rapture, in the halcyon dreams
Of youth, and love, and hope, awoke—to die.
They grappled with the subtile element,
Then rushed on lance, and spear, and naked sword,
To quench with their hot blood the torturing flames.
The few strong warriors had grown desperate;
But desperation could not long avail—
And nerveless valor fall beside the weak.
Mothers and children, aged men and strong,
Bore the fierce tortures of dissolving life,
And all consumed together; till, at last,
The feeble wail of dying infancy—
A muttering curse—a groan but half respired—
A prayer for vengeance on the subtle foe—
Were lost amid the wildly-crackling flames:
Then the mute smoke went upward. All was still,
Save the sweet harmonies that Nature woke,
Careless of man's destruction, or his pangs.
But hark! the tramp of warriors! They come!
Their loving thoughts, winged heralds, sent before
To dear ones clustering in their wigwams' shade,
That wooing them from the memory of their toils,
To watch their soft repose with eyes of love;
While sweet anticipation sketches forth
One sunny hour of joy encircling all—
The rainbow-blessing of their clouded life—
More bright, more heavenly, for the gloom it gilds.
But is there joy in that wildly piercing cry?
The agonizing consciousness of wrong,
Not graduated, but with one fell scath,
Blasts now, like sudden lightning; and the fire
Awakes the latent sulphur of the soul!
The horrid truth, in all its length, and breadth,
And height, and depth, before them lies revealed,
An utter desolation. They are mad:
Or more or less than man might not be so.
Great Sassacus draws nigh. The panther-skin
Parts from his bosom, and the tomahawk
Is flung off, with the quiver and the bow.
No word he utters; for the marble lip
May give to sound no passage; but his eye
Looks forth in horror: all its liquid fires
Shoot out a crystal gleam, like icicles—
And not a single nerve is stirring now
In the still features, frozen with their pride,
But, 'neath the brawny folding of his arms,
The seamed and scarry chest is heaving up,
Like a disturbed volcano. All he loved

* On a morning of May, 1637, the English, under Major John Mason, attacked the fort of Mystic, one of the strongholds of Sassacus. The Indians, believing the enemy afar, had sung and danced till midnight; and the depth of their morning slumbers made them an easy prey. "The resistance," says Thatcher, "was manly and desperate, but the work of destruction was completed in little more than an hour." And again, "Seventy wigwams were burnt, and five or six hundred Pequots killed. Parent and child alike, the sanop and squaw, the gray-haired man and the babe, were buried in one promiscuous ruin." Sassacus, flushed with conquest, with his followers returned just in time to witness the expiring flames. After this, the fortunes of the sachem rapidly declined; and when his own hatchets were turned against him, he fled with Mononotto to the Mohawks, by whom he was treacherously murdered.

Sleep in the arms of Ruin. There they lie.
He knew that he was reverenced as a god—
That on the roll of heroes, prouder name,
Or clothed with mightier majesty, was not,
Than Sassacus the Terrible. That name
The bronzed cheek of the warrior would blanch;
There was a magic in its very sound
That made the bravest blood turn pale as milk,
And curdle in its passage. SASSACUS!—
When those dire syllables were uttered loud,
The vulture clapped her wings, and gave a scream,
By instinct scenting the far field of Death.
At his fell war-cry down the eagle came,
To perch upon some overhanging cliff,
And glory in his glory. Her response
Echoed afar the thrilling call to strife,
As on her lofty battlements she sat,
Like some wild spirit of a kindred power.
Such was the fame that burnished his dark crest,
Such were the signs that marked the chief a god.
Had HE a weakness that could yield to grief,
The strong—the mighty—the invincible!
May he not rend affection from his heart,
Or trifle with his passions!
On he went
With half-averted eye—as what he sought
Among those mangled forms he durst not find.
Sudden there came a shadow o'er his brow—
An awful spirit to his flaming eye:
He stood before his threshold. Stretched across,
As the last horrid blow had checked her flight,
Lay his weak, gray-haired mother. Just below,
A pair of round arms, clinging to her knees,
Alone were left to tell him of his babe.
With one long, earnest, agonizing thought,
He gazed to gather strength for fiercer pangs;
Then faltering step sped onward; but again
Abruptly pauses, for his form is fixed,
Like some dark granite statue of Despair.
The delicate proportions, fair and soft,
Of his young wife, came suddenly to view—
Unmarred, as if to aggravate the more,
Save by one cruel wound beneath her hair
Upon the upturned forehead. Can it be
The gay young creature he but left at eve,
So very beautiful, is sleeping thus—
Cold—cold in death—irrevocably gone!
Remembereth not that shadowy maze of hair
How dotingly he wreathed it yesterday!—
Or that fair, ruby lip the tender kiss
That won him back, when he had turned away,
With all its tempting sweetness! She is dead;
And all her garments and her flowing hair
Are dank and heavy with the waste of blood!
Her arms are folded on her marble breast,
A lovely, but an ineffectual shield;
The lids are lifted, and the parting lips
Are curved beseechingly, as when they sued
For mercy from the murderer—in vain!
He looked upon her, as if life would burst
In one long, agonizing, phrensied gaze;
The blasting sight was madness: then he laughed,
In utter desperation, utter scorn!
He knew that Fate herself might never crush
A soul that could endure such pangs, and live!
Why starts he, as some yet-untroubled nerve
Had quickened for the torture? Hush! a wail
From yonder dying child!—Can that arrest
A pride that seemed to glory in its pangs?
Oh, gracious God! his first-born, darling child,
Whom he had nurtured with a chieftain's pride,
And doated on with all a father's love,
Lies at his feet—though mangled, living still.
A rapturous pang of momentary joy,
That this one, dearest treasure, yet might be
Spared to his bosom, shot through heart and soul
The struggling hope, in bitter mockery,
A meteor on the midnight of despair,
Lived for an instant—quivered—vanished—died—
Leaving more utter blackness. Ere he bent
To lift the little sufferer in his arms,
The livid type of death was on his brow.
One look of recognition, full of power—
The agonizing power of love in death—
Sped from the dying. With a piteous moan,
As if to show how much he had endured,
He lifted up his little mangled arm, [died:
And murmuring, "Father!" struggled, gasped, and
And Sassacus was martyred o'er again!
He breathed no prayer, he spoke no malison—
But one hand lifted up the mangled boy
With the firm grasp of madness nerved to steel;
And in the other his sharp battle-axe
He swung above him with a dizzening whirl,
And thundered out the war-cry! Then they turned
To the fell work of vengeance and of death.
Again I marked the warrior. He stood
Among the scenes of early triumph, where
His soul first wedded Glory—on the spot
Where, on his high hereditary throne,
He poised a sceptre that could sway the free:
Was yonder broken-hearted man a king?—
Forsaken, wretched, desolate, and crushed—
Hunted through all his fair paternal woods—
His own knives turned by Treason to his breast!
In the wide earth without a single friend,
Alone he standeth—like the blasted oak,
Mocked by the greenness that was once his own;
A mighty ruin in a pleasant place—
A ruin, storm, or tempest, could not bow,
And waiting for the earthquake! It shall come.
Where are his kindred? Yonder ashy mound
Looks forth at once their tomb and their epitaph.
His followers?—They are fallen, or fled, or slaves.
His land?—He has none. And his peaceful home?
The mighty outcast is denied a grave!
His fathers' land—his own—contains no spot
Where he of right may lay his body down
To the long sleep his broken nature craves!
The white man's voice is echoing on his hills;
The white man's axe is ringing through his woods;
And he is banished—ah! he recks not where.
His step hath lost its firm, elastic tone,
But it hath caught a majesty from woe,
Such as would crush to atoms meaner hearts!
His features are like granite; but his brow,
Like the rude cliff on the volcano's front,
Is haggard with the conflict—written o'er
With the fell history of his burning wrongs.
The snow is falling; but he heedeth not—

t colder than his stricken heart.
him clinging to that little mound,
ıe senseless earth, that covers o'er
ıes of the beautiful, might feel
it strong heart-throbs that are beating there
ı its icy bosom. Doth he weep?—
ıot tears, yet freezing as they fall,
ngling with the hail-drops. It is o'er—
t, last weakness. Yonder rigid form—
ononotto—beckons him away.

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

he home of Thor, and the land of Hun,
the valiant frost-king defies the sun,
like a coward, slinks away
he spectral glare of his meager day—
roned in beauty, peerless Night,
robe of snow and her crown of light,
eenlike on her icy throne,
rost-flowers in her pearly zone—
e fair Aurora floating free,
her form of matchless symmetry—
ed mantle of roseate hue,
ıe gold and hyacinth melting through;
ım her forehead, beaming far,
orth her own true polar star.
he land we love—our native home—
ission of wrath we come, we come!
away, over earth and sea!
ned, and chainless, we are free!
e fly, our strong wings gather force,
ı on our overwhelming course:
e swept the mountain and walked the main,
w, in our strength, we are here again;
ıile the stay of this wintry hour,
chanting our anthem of pride and power;
ı listening earth turns deadly pale—
sheeted corse, the silent vale
orth in its robe of ghastly white,
we rehearse our deeds of might.
ongest of God's sons are we—
ned, and chainless, ever free!
have looked on Hecla's burning brow,
en the pines of Norland bow
nce to our deafening roar,
craggy steep of the Arctic shore; [flood,
ve waltzed with the maelstrom's whirling
rdled the current of human blood,
rer, nearer, nearer, drew
uggling bark to the boiling blue—
istless, urged to the cold death-clasp,
ıes in the hideous monster's grasp—
ent—and then the fragments go
down, to the fearful depths below!
ay, away, over land and sea—
ned, and chainless, we are free!
have startled the poising avalanche,
en the cheek of the mountain blanch,
n the giant Ruin came,
step of wrath and an eye of flame;
g destruction, death, and wo,
around and all below,
ı piling rocks and the prostrate wood
Conceal the spot where the village stood;
And the choking waters vainly try
From their strong prison-hold to fly!
We haste away, for our breath is rife
With the groans of expiring human life!
Of that hour of horror we only may tell—
As we chant the dirge and we ring the knell,
Away, away, over land and sea—
Unchained and chainless—we are free!
Full often we catch, as we hurry along,
The clear-ringing notes of the Laplander's song,
As, borne by his reindeer, he dashes away
Through the night of the North, more refulgent than day!
We have traversed the land where the dark Esquimaux
Looks out on the gloom from his cottage of snow;
Where in silence sits brooding the large milk-white owl,
And the sea-monsters roar, and the famished wolves howl;
And the white polar bear her grim paramour hails,
As she hies to her tryste through those crystalline vales,
Where the Ice-Mountain stands, with his feet in the deep,
That around him the petrified waters may sleep;
And light in a flood of refulgence comes down,
As the lunar beams glance from his shadowless crown.
We have looked in the hut the Kamschatkan hath reared,
And taken old Behring himself by the beard,
Where he sits like a giant in gloomy unrest,
Ever driving asunder the East and the West.
But we hasten away, over mountain and sea,
With a wing ever chainless, a thought ever free!
From the parent soil we have rent the oak—
His strong arms splintered, his sceptre broke:
For centuries he has defied our power,
But we plucked him forth like a fragile flower,
And to the wondering Earth brought down
The haughty strength of his hoary crown.
Away, away, over land and sea—
Unchained and chainless—we are free!
We have roused the Storm from his pillow of air,
And driven the Thunder-King forth from his lair;
We have torn the rock from the dizzening steep,
And awakened the wilds from their ancient sleep;
We have howled o'er Russia's desolate plains,
Where death-cold silence ever reigns,
Until we come, with our trumpet breath,
To chant our anthem of fear and death!
The strongest of God's sons are we—
Unchained and chainless—ever free!
We have hurled the glacier from his rest
Upon Chamouni's treacherous breast;
And we scatter the product of human pride,
As forth on the wing of the Storm we ride,
To visit with tokens of fearful power
The lofty arch and the beetling tower;
And we utter defiance, deep and loud,
To the taunting voice of the bursting cloud;
And we laugh with scorn at the ruin we see·
Then away we hasten—for we are free!

Old Neptune we call from his ocean-caves
When for pastime we dance on the crested waves;
And we heap the struggling billows high
Against the deep gloom of the sky;
Then we plunge in the yawning depths beneath,
And there on the heaving surges breathe,
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,
And Light and Hope expire together;
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale
At the cracking mast and the rending sail,
As down, with headlong fury borne,
Of all her strength and honors shorn,
The good ship struggles to the last
With the raging waters and howling blast.
We hurry the waves to their final crash,
And the foaming floods to phrensy lash;
Then we pour our requiem on the billow,
As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—
Down—far down—to the depths below,
Where the pearls repose and the sea-gems glow;
Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves
Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves,
And the insect weaves her stony shroud,
Alike o'er the humble and the proud,
What can be mightier than we,
The strong, the chainless, ever free!
Now away to our home in the sparkling North,
For the Spring from her South-land is looking forth.
Away, away, to our arctic zone,
Where the Frost-King sits on his flashing throne,
With his icebergs piled up mountain high,
A wall of gems against the sky—
Where the stars look forth like wells of light,
And the gleaming snow-crust sparkles bright!
We are fainting now for the breath of home;
Our journey is finished—we come, we come!
Away, away, over land and sea—
Unchained and chainless—ever free!

SONG OF THE EAST WIND.

From the border of the Ganges
Where the gentle Hindoo laves,
And the sacred cow is grazing
By the holy Indian waves,
We have hastened to enrol us
In thy royal train, Æolus!

We have stirred the soul of Brahma,
Bathed the brow of Juggernaut,
Filled the self-devoted widow
With a high and holy thought—
And sweet words of comfort spoken,
Ere the earth-wrought tie was broken!

We have nursed a thousand blossoms
In that land of light and flowers,
Till we fainted with the perfume
That oppressed the slumbering Hours—
Dallied with the vestal tresses
Which no mortal hand caresses!

We have traced the wall of China
To the farthest orient sea;
Blessed the grave of old Confucius
With our sweetest minstrelsy;
Swelled the bosom of the Lama
To enact his priestly drama.

We have hurried off the monsoons
To far islands of the deep,
Where, oppressed with richest spices,
All the native breezes sleep;
And in Ophir's desert olden
Stirred the sands all bright and golden.

On the brow of Chumularee,
Loftiest summit of the world,
We have set a crown of vapor,
And the radiant snow-wreath furled;
Bid the gem-lit waters flow
From the mines of Borneo.

Sighing through the groves of banyan,
We have blessed the holy shade,
Where the sunbeams of the zenith
To a moonlike lustre fade;
There the fearful anaconda
And the dark chimpanzée wander!

We have roused the sleeping jackal
From his stealthy noontide rest;
Swelled the volume of deep thunder
In the lion's tawny breast,
Till all meaner beasts fled quaking
At the desert-monarch's waking.

O'er the sacred land of Yemen,
Where the first apostles trod,
And the patriarch and prophet
Stood before the face of God—
Vital with the deepest thought,
Holy memories we have brought.

We have bowed the stately cedar
On the brow of Lebanon,
And on Sinai's hoary forehead
Turned the gray moss to the sun;
Paused where Horeb's shade reposes,
Rifled Sharon's crown of roses.

We have blessed the chosen city
From the brow of Olivet,
Where the meek and holy Jesus
With his tears the cold earth wet—
Conquering all the hosts infernal
With those blessed drops fraternal.

We have gathered sacred legends
From the tide of Galilee;
Lingered where the waves of Jordan
Meet the dark, unconscious sea;
Murmured round the Hæmian mountains
Stirred Bethulia's placid fountains.

On thy sod, Gethsemane,
We have nursed the passion-flower,
Stained with all the fearful conflict
Of the Savior's darkest hour;
Stirred the shadows dense and deep
Over Calvary's awful steep.

We have breathed upon Parnassus,
Till his softening lip of snow
Bent to kiss the fair Castalia,
That lay murmuring below—
Then, mid flowers, went sighing on
Through the groves of Helicon.

We have touched the lone acacia
With the utterance of a sigh;
Tossed the dark, umbrageous palm-crown
Up against the cloudless sky;
And along the sunny slope
Chased the bright-eyed antelope.

We have kissed the cheek of Beauty
In the harem's guarded bowers,
Where, amid their splendor sighing,
Droop the loveliest human flowers—
And the victim of brute passion
Languishes the fair Circassian.

We have summoned from the desert
Giant messengers of Death,
Treading with a solemn cadence
To the purple simoom's breath—
Wearing in their awful ire
Crown of gold and robe of fire.

We have traversed mighty ruins
Where the splendors of the Past,
In their solitary grandeur,
Shadows o'er the Present cast—
Voiceful with the sculptured story
Of Egypta's ancient glory.

We have struck the harp of Memnon
With melodious unrest,
When the tuneful sunbeams glancing,
Warmed the statue's marble breast;
And Aurora bent with blessing,
Her own sacred son caressing.

Through the stately halls of Carnac,
Where the mouldering fragments chime
On the thrilling chords of Ruin,
To the silent march of Time,
We have swept the dust away
From the features of Decay.

We have sighed a mournful requiem
Through the cities of the Dead,
Where, in all the Theban mountains,
Couches of the tomb are spread;
Fanned the Nile; and roused the tiger
From his lair beyond the Niger.

We have strayed from ancient Memphis,
Where the Sphinx, with gentle brow,
Seems to bind the Past and Future
Into one eternal Now;
But we hear a deep voice calling—
And the Pyramids are falling!

Even the wondrous pile of Ghirzeh
Can not keep its royal dead,
For the sleep of ages yieldeth
To the busy plunderer's tread:
Atom after atom—all—
At the feet of Time must fall!

Prostrate thus we bend before thee,
Mighty sovereign of the Air,
While from all the teeming Orient
Stories of the past we bear:
Thou, great sire, wilt ever cherish
Memories which can not perish!

A SONG OF WINTER.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapped around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him:
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door—by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice;

For it spake of strength, and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him;
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him;
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North,
On a mission high and holy;
And now in his pride he is going forth,
To strengthen the weak and lowly—
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling;
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing:
By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future LIFE he cherisheth;
Nor clinging root, nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, perisheth;
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The Mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild born blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the River checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now, as away they go,
With the long, bright plane before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them;
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health—our winter rose!

The shrub looked up, and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested;
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested;
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holyday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow,
For never a brightly-beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow.
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

THE CHICKADEE'S SONG.

On its downy wing, the snow,
Hovering, flyeth to and fro—
And the merry schoolboy's shout,
Rich with joy, is ringing out:
So we gather, in our glee,
To the snow-drifts—Chickadee!

Poets sing in measures bold
Of the glorious gods of old,
And the nectar that they quaffed,
When their jewelled goblets laughed;
But the snow-cups best love we,
Gemmed with sunbeams—Chickadee!

They who choose, abroad may go,
Where the southern waters flow,
And the flowers are never sere
In the garland of the year;
But we love the breezes free
Of our north-land—Chickadee!

To the cottage-yard we fly,
With its old trees waving high,
And the little ones peep out,
Just to know what we're about;
For they dearly love to see
Birds in winter—Chickadee!

Every little feathered form
Has a nest of mosses warm;
There our heavenly Father's eye
Looketh on us from the sky;
And he knoweth where we be—
And he heareth—Chickadee!

There we sit the whole night long,
Dreaming that a spirit-song
Whispereth in the silent snow;
For it has a voice we know,
And it weaves our drapery,
Soft as ermine—Chickadee!

All the strong winds, as they fly,
Rock us with their lullaby—
Rock us till the shadowy Night
Spreads her downy wings in flight:
Then we hasten, fresh and free,
To the snow-fields—Chickadee!

Where our harvest sparkles bright
In the pleasant morning light,
Every little feathery flake
Will a choice confection make—
Each globule a nectary be,
And we'll drain it—Chickadee!

So we never know a fear
In this season cold and drear;
For to us a share will fall
Of the love that blesseth all;
And our Father's smile we see
On the snow-crust—Chickadee!

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

Awake, and up! our own bright star
In the saffron east is fading,
And the brimming honey-cups near and far
Their sweets are fast unlading;
Softly, pleasantly, murmur our song,
With joyful hearts, as we speed along!

Off to the bank where the wild thyme blow
And the fragrant basil is growing;
We'll drink from the heart of the virgin ro
The nectar that now is flowing;
Sing, for the joy of the early dawn!
Murmur in praise of the beautiful morn!

Away, over orchard and garden fair,
With the choicest sweets all laden,
Away! or before us she will be there,
Our favorite blue-eyed maiden,
Winning with Beauty's magic power
Rich guerdon from the morning hour.

Her cheek will catch the rose's blush,
Her eye the sunbeam's brightness;
Her voice the music of the thrush,
Her heart the vapor's lightness;
And the pure, fresh spirit of the whole
Shall fill her quick, expanding soul.

Joy, for our queen is forth to-day!
Brave hearts rally about her;
Guard her well on her flowery way,
For we could not live without her!
Now drink to the health of our lady true
In a crystal beaker of morning dew!

She will sit near by in the bending brake,
So pleasant, and tall, and shady;
And the sweetest honey for her we'll make-
Our own right-royal lady!
We'll gather rich stores from the flowering vi
And the golden horns of the columbine.

We heed not the nettle-king's bristling spea
Though we linger not there the longest;
We extract his honey without a fear,
For Love can disarm the strongest;
In the rank cicuta's poison-cell
We know where the drops of nectar dwell!

Our Father has planted naught in vain—
Though in some the honey is weaker;
Yet a drop in the worst may still be found
To comfort the earnest seeker.
Praise Him who giveth our daily food—
And the Love that findeth all things good!

JESSIE G. McCARTEE.

Jessie G. Bethune, a granddaughter of the celebrated Isabella Graham — a daughter of Divie Bethune, a New York merchant, whose life was a series of illustrations of the dignity and beauty of human nature — and a sister of the Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, so well known as one of our most eloquent preachers and accomplished authors — was married at an early age to the Rev. Dr. McCartee, who for many years has been minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Goshen, in the county of Orange, on the Hudson. She has published a few poems in the religious periodicals, and has written many more, for the joy the heavenly art yields to those who worthily cultivate it. All her compositions that we have read breathe of beauty, piety, and content.

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

All sad amid the forest wild
An Indian mother wept,
And fondly gazed upon her child
In death who coldly slept.

She decked its limbs with trembling hand,
And sang in accents low:
"Alone, alone, to the spirit-land,
My darling, thou must go!

"I would that I might be thy guide
To that bright isle of rest—
To bear thee o'er the swelling tide,
Clasped to my loving breast!

"I've wrapped thee with the beaver's skin,
To shield thee from the storm,
And placed thy little feet within
Thy snow-shoes soft and warm.

"I've given thee milk to cheer thy way,
Mixed with the tears I weep;
Thy cradle, too, where thou must lay
Thy weary head to sleep.

"I place the paddle near thy hand,
To guide where waters flow;
For alone, alone, to the spirit's land,
My darling, thou must go.

"There bounding through the forests green,
Thy fathers chase the deer,
Or on the crystal lakes are seen
The sleeping fish to spear.

"And thou some chieftain's bride may be,
My loved departing one:
Say, wilt thou never think of me,
So desolate and lone?

"I'll keep one lock of raven hair
Culled from thy still, cold brow—
That when I, too, shall travel there,
My daughter I may know.

"But go!—to join that happy band;
Vain is my fruitless wo;
For alone, alone, to the spirit's land,
My darling, thou must go!"

THE EAGLE OF THE FALLS.

Empress of the broad Missouri!
Towering in thy storm-rocked nest,
Gazing on the wild waves' fury—
Wondrous is thy place of rest.

Lofty trees thy throne embowering,
Gloomy gulf around thine isle,
Mists and spray above thee showering,
Guard thee from the hunter's wile.

Walls of snow-white foam surround it,
Crowned with rainbows pure and bright,
While the flinty rocks that bound it
Guard thy mansion day and night.

No Alhambra's royal splendor,
Palaces of Greece or Rome,
E'er could boast of hues so tender,
Or of walls of snow-white foam.

Yet this lofty scene of wonder
Ne'er disturbs thine eagle gaze,
Nor its mighty voice of thunder—
'T is the music of thy days.

Of its voice thou art not weary,
Of its waters dost not tire;
Ancient as thine own loved eyry,
'T was the chorus of thy sire.

Songs of rapture loudly swelling
Laud the monarch on his throne,
But the music of thy dwelling
Chants the praise of God alone

Let sultanas boast their fountains,
Gardens decked with costly flowers:
'T was the Hand that built the mountains
Formed for thee thy forest bowers.

Queens may boast their halls of lightness,
Blazing with the taper's rays—
Crystal lamps of colored brightness,
Dazzling to their feeble gaze:

He who made the moon so lovely,
Called the stars forth every one,
Spread thine azure dome above thee,
Radiant with its peerless sun!

Empress eagle! spread thy pinions,
Bathe thy breast in heaven's own light,
Yet forsake not thy dominions—
God himself has made them bright.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Led by his God, on Pisgah's height
The pilgrim-prophet stood—
When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground
His weary feet had trod;
While Israel's host encamped around,
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the agéd Moses smiled
On all his wanderings past,
While thus he poured his accents mild
Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now—
The city and the plain,
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,
To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land
With milk and honey flows;
Now, now my weary, murmuring band
Shall find their sweet repose.

"There groves of palm and myrtle spread
O'er valleys fair and wide;
The lofty cedar rears its head
On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale;
And there the golden lily springs,
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs
Is heard a song of love,
For there doth build and breathe her vows
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering vine,
The fig-tree shed her flowers,
The citron's golden treasures shine
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me—
Their fruits I may not eat;
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,
Since Israel's sons are blest:
Father, receive thy dying one
To thine eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,
To God his spirit fled.
Now to your tents, O Israel,
And mourn your prophet dead!

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS SLEEP!

How beautiful is sleep!
Upon its mother's breast,
How sweet the infant's rest!
And who but she can tell how dear
Her first-born's breathings 'tis to hear!

Gentle babe, prolong thy slumbers,
When the moon her light doth shed;
Still she rocks thy cradle-bed,
Singing in melodious numbers,
Lulling thee with prayer or hymn,
When all other eyes are dim.

How beautiful is sleep!
Behold the merry boy:
His dreams are full of joy;
He breaks the stillness of the night
With tuneful laugh of wild delight.

E'en in sleep his sports pursuing
Through the woodland's leafy wild,
Now he roams a happy child,
Flowrets all his pathway strewing;
And the morning's balmy air
Brings to him no toil or care.

How beautiful is sleep!
Where youthful Jacob slept,
Angels their bright watch kept,
And visions to his soul were given
That led him to the gate of heaven.

Exiled pilgrim, many a morrow,
When thine earthly schemes were cross
Mourning o'er thy loved and lost,
Thou didst sigh with holy sorrow
For that blessèd hour of prayer,
And exclaim, "God met me there!"

How blessèd was that sleep
The sinless Savior knew!
In vain the storm-winds blew,
Till he awoke to others' woes,
And hushed the billows to repose.

Why did ye the Master waken!
Faithless ones! there came an hour,
When, alone in mountain bower,
By his loved ones all forsaken,
He was left to pray and weep,
When ye all were wrapped in sleep.

How beautiful is sleep—
The sleep that Christians know!
Ye mourners, cease your wo,
While soft upon his Savior's breast
The righteous sinks to endless rest.

Let him go: the day is breaking!
Watch no more around his bed,
For his parted soul hath fled.
Bright will be his heavenly waking,
And the morn that greets his sight
Never ends in death or night.

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

painfully interesting history of this
nate woman has been written by the
mes C. Richmond, in a little work
The Rhode Island Cottage, and in a
ntobiography prefixed to the editions
poems published in 1834 and 1848.
he daughter of a soldier, whose prop-
s destroyed during the Revolution,
o died in old age and poverty at a
ar the seashore, about six miles from
rt, where he had lived in pious resig-
amid trials that would have wrecked
vigorous and trustful nature. Miss
t's education was very slight, and un-
ness deprived her of all other occupa-
out the year 1822, when she was nine-
ars of age, she appears never to have
t of literary composition. My friend
n W. Francis writes to me of her:
ntimate acquaintance, derived from
ional observation, has long rendered
l informed of the remarkable circum-
connected with the severe chronic
ties of CYNTHIA TAGGART. From her
nfancy, during the period of her ado-
e, and indeed through the whole dura-
her life, she has been the victim of
unrecorded anguish. The annals of
l philosophy may be searched in vain
ore striking example than the case
lady affords of that distinctive twofold
vitality with which we are endowed,
the intellectual and the physical being. The precarious tenure by which they have continued so long united in so frail a tenement, must remain matter of astonishment to every beholder; and when reflection is summoned to the contemplation of the extraordinary manifestations of thought which under such a state of protracted and incurable suffering she often exhibits, psychological science encounters a problem of most difficult solution. Mind seems independent of matter, and intellectual triumphs appear to be within the reach of efforts unaided by the ordinary resources of corporeal organization. That this condition must ere long terminate disastrously is certain; yet the phenomena of mind amid the ruins of the body constitute a subject of commanding interest to every philanthropist. Churchill has truly said, in his epistle to Hogarth:

> 'With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
> Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.'"

Miss Taggart and a widowed sister, who is also an invalid, still live in their paternal home by the seashore, and they await with pious resignation the only change that can free them from suffering. The poems that are here quoted have sufficient merit to interest the reader of taste, though he forget the extraordinary circumstances under which they were produced. Miss Taggart's poems have passed through three editions.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

ɔeu varied wreaths of myriad hues,
As beams of mingling light,
kle replete with pearly dews,
ing their tinted leaves profuse,
To captivate the sight;
ugh fragrance, sweet exhaling, blend
With the soft, balmy air,
gentle zephyrs, wafting wide
Their spicy odors bear;
While to the eye,
Delightingly,
Each floweret laughing blooms,
And o'er the fields
Prolific, yields
Its increase of perfumes;
Yet one alone o'er all the plain,
With lingering eye, I view;
Hasty I pass the brightest bower,
Heedless of each attractive flower,
Its brilliance to pursue.

No odors sweet proclaim the spot
Where its soft leaves unfold;
Nor mingled hues of beauty bright
Charm and allure the captive sight
With forms and tints untold.

One simple hue the plant portrays
Of glowing radiance rare,
Fresh as the roseate morn displays,
And seeming sweet and fair.

But closer pressed, an odorous breath
Repels the rover gay;
And from her hand with eager haste
'T is careless thrown away;
And thoughtless that in evil hour
Disease may happiness devour,
And her fairy form, elastic now,
To Misery's wand may helpless bow.

Then Reason leads wan Sorrow forth
To seek the lonely flower;
And blest Experience kindly proves
Its mitigating power.

Then its bright hue the sight can trace,
The brilliance of its bloom;
Though misery veil the weeping eyes,
Though sorrow choke the breath with sighs,
And life deplore its doom.

This magic flower
In desperate hour
A balsam mild shall yield,
When the sad, sinking heart
Feels every aid depart,
And every gate of hope for ever sealed.

Then still its potent charm
Each agony disarm,
And its all-healing power shall respite give:
The frantic sufferer, then,
Convulsed and wild with pain,
Shall own the sovereign remedy, and live.

The dews of slumber now
Rest on her aching brow,
And o'er the languid lids balsamic fall;
While fainting Nature hears,
With dissipated fears,
The lowly accents of soft Somnus' call.

Then will Affection twine
Around this kindly flower;
And grateful Memory keep
How, in the arms of Sleep,
Affliction lost its power.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

O Health, thy succoring aid extend
While low with bleeding heart I bend,
And on thine every means attend,
And sue with streaming eyes;
But more remote thou fliest away,
The humbler I thine influence pray:
And expectation dies.

Twice three long years of life have gone,
Since thy loved presence was withdrawn,
And I to grief resigned;
Laid on a couch of lingering pain,
Where stern Disease's torturing chain
Has every limb confined.....

Oh bathe my burning temples now,
And cool the scorching of my brow,
And light the rayless eye;
My strength revive with thine own might,
And with thy footsteps firm and light
Oh bear me to thy radiant height,
Where, soft reposing, lie
Mild peace, and happiness, and joy,
And Nature's sweets that never cloy,
Unmixed with any dire alloy—
Leave me not thus to die!

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn tints the scene
With sallow hues serene;
And o'er the sky
Fast hurrying, fly
Dark, sombre clouds, that pour
From far the roaring din;
The rattling rain and hail,
With the deep-sounding wail
Of wild and warring melodies, begin.

The wind flies fitful through the forest-tree
With hollow howlings and in wrathful moo
As when some maniac fierce, disdaining eas
Tears with convulsive power,
In horrid Fury's hour,
His locks dishevelled; and a chilling moan
Breathes from his tortured breast, with dread
dismal tone.

Thus the impetuous blast
Doth from the woodlands tear
The leaves, when Summer's reign is past,
And sings aloud the requiem of Despair;
Pours ceaseless the reverberated sigh,
While past the honors of the forest fly,
Kiss the low ground, and flutter, shrink, and d

ON A STORM.

The harsh, terrific howling Storm,
With its wild, dreadful, dire alarm,
Turns pale the cheek of Mirth;
And low it bows the lofty trees,
And their tall branches bend with ease
To kiss their parent Earth.

The rain and hail in torrents pour;
The furious winds impetuous roar—
In hollow murmurs clash.
The shore adjacent joins the sound,
And angry surges deep resound,
And foaming billows dash.

Yet ocean doth no fear impart,
But soothes my anguish-swollen heart,
And calms my feverish brain;
It seems a sympathizing friend,
That doth with mine its troubles blend,
To mitigate my pain.

In all the varying shades of wo,
The night relief did ne'er bestow,
Nor have I respite seen:
Then welcome, Storm, loud, wild, and rude;
To me thou art more kind and good
Than aught that is serene.

FRANCESCA CANFIELD.

Francesca Anna Pascalis, a daughter of Dr. Felix Pascalis, an Italian physician and scholar, who had married a native of Philadelphia, and resided several years in that city, was born in August, 1803. While she was a child her parents removed to New York, where Dr. Pascalis was conspicuous not only for his professional abilities, but for his writings upon various curious and abstruse subjects in philosophy, and was intimate with many eminent persons, among whom was Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, who was so pleased with Francesca, that in 1815, when she was in the twelfth year of her age, he addressed to her the following playful and characteristic Valentine:

Descending snows the earth o'erspread,
Keen blows the northern blast;
Condensing clouds scowl over head,
The tempest gathers fast.

But soon the icy mass shall melt,
The winter end his reign,
The sun's reviving warmth be felt,
And nature smile again.

The plants from torpid sleep shall wake,
And, nursed by vernal showers,
Their yearly exhibition make
Of foliage and of flowers.

So you an opening bud appear,
Whose bloom and verdure shoot,
To load Francesca's growing year
With intellectual fruit.

The feathered tribes shall flit along,
And thicken on the trees,
Till air shall undulate with song,
Till music stir the breeze.

Thus, like a charming bird, your lay
The listening ear shall greet,
And render social circles gay,
Or make retirement sweet.

Then warblers chirp, and roses ope,
To entertain my fair,
Till nobler themes engage her hope,
And occupy her care.

In school Miss Pascalis was particularly distinguished for the facility with which she acquired languages. At an early period she translated with ease and elegance from the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and her instinctive appreciation of the harmonies of her native tongue was so delicate that her English compositions, in both prose and verse, were singularly musical as well as expressive and correct. The version of a French song, "Quand reverrai-je en un jour," etc. is among the memorials of her fourteenth year, and though much less compact than the original, it is interesting as an illustration of her own fine and precocious powers.

While yet at school Miss Pascalis translated for a friend a volume from Lavater, and soon afterward she made a beautiful English version of the Roman Nights from *Le Notti Romane al Sepolcro Dei Scipioni* of Alessandro Verri. She also translated The Solitary and The Vine Dresser from the French, and wrote some original poems in Italian which were much praised by judicious critics. She was a frequent contributor, under various signatures, to the literary journals; and among her pieces for this period that are preserved in Mr. Knapp's biography, is an address to her friend Mitchill, which purported to be from Le Brun.

A "marriage of convenience" was arranged for Miss Pascalis with Mr. Canfield, a broker, who after a few months became a bankrupt, and could never retrieve his fortunes. She bore her disappointments without complaining, and when her husband established a financial and commercial gazette, she labored industriously to make it attractive by literature; but there was a poor opportunity among tables of currency and trade for the display of her graceful abilities, and her writings probably attracted little attention. She was a good pianist, and she painted with such skill that some of her copies of old masters deceived clever artists. Her accomplishments however failed to invest with happiness a life of which the ambitious flowers had been so early blighted, and yielding to consumption, which can scarcely enter the home of a cheerful spirit, she died on the twenty-eighth of May, 1823, before completing the twentieth year of her age.

Dr. Pascalis, whose chief hopes were centred in his daughter, abandoned his pursuits,

and after lingering through ten disconsolate years, died in the summer of 1833; and the death of her husband, in the following autumn, prevented the publication of an edi of her works, which he had prepared for purpose.

TO DR. MITCHILL.

WRITTEN IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

Mitchill, although the envious frown,
Their idle wrath disdain!
Upon thy bright and pure renown,
They can not cast a stain.
Ida, the heaven-crowned, feels the storm
Rave fiercely round her towering form,
Her brow it can not gain,
Calm, sunny, in majestic pride,
It marks the powerless blast subside.

And didst thou ever hope to stand
So glorious and so high,
Receive all honor and command,
Nor meet a jealous eye?
No, thou must expiate thy fame,
Thy noble, thy exalted name;
Yet pass thou proudly by!
The torrent may with vagrant force
Disturb, but can not change thy course.

Or, shouldst thou dread the threats to brave
Of malice, wilful, dire,
Break thou the sceptre genius gave,
And quench thy spirit's fire;
Down from thy heights of soul descend,
Thy flaming pinions earthward bend,
Fulfil thy foe's desire;
Thy immortality contemn,
And walk in common ways with them.

The lighter tasks of wit and mind
Let fickle Taste adore;
But Genius' flight is unconfined
O'er prostrate time to soar.
How glows he, when Ambition tears
The veil from gone and coming years;
While ages past before,
To him their future being trust,
Though empires crumble into dust.

Without this magic, which the crowd
Nor comprehend, nor feel,
Could Genius' son have ever vowed
His ductile heart to steel,
'Gainst all that leads the human breast,
To turn to Indolence and rest;
From Science' haunts to steal,
To beauty, wealth, and ease, and cheer—
All that delight the senses here?

And thus he earns a meed of praise
From nations yet unborn;
Still he, whom present pomp repays,
His arduous toil may scorn;
But wiser, sure, than hoard the rose,
Which low for each wayfarer blows,
And lives a summer morn,
To climb the rocky mountain way,
And gather the unfading bay.

Yet wo for him whose mental worth
Fame's thousand tongues resound!
While living, every worm of earth
Seems privileged to wound.
His victory not the less secure,
Let him the strife with nerve endure,
In death his triumph found;
Then worlds shall with each other vie,
To spread the name that can not die.

EDITH.

By those blue eyes that shine
Dovelike and innocent,
Yet with a lustre to their softness lent
By the chaste fire of guileless purity,
And by the rounded temple's symmetry;
And by the auburn locks, disposed apart,
(Like Virgin Mary's pictured o'er the shrine,
In simple negligence of art;
By the young smile on lips whose accents f
With dulcet music, bland to all,
Like downward floating blossoms from the t
Detached in silver showers by playful breez
And by thy cheek, ever so purely pale,
Save when thy heart with livelier kindness gl
By its then tender bloom, whose delicate hue
Is like the morning's tincture of the rose,
The snowy veils of the gossamer mist seen thro
And by the flowing outline's grace,
Around thy features like a halo thrown,
Reminding of that noble race [kn
Beneath a lovelier heaven in kindlier clin
Whose beauty, both the moral and the mor
Stood at perfection's portal
And still doth hold a rank surpassing all comp
By the divinely meek and placid air
Which witnesseth so well that all the charr
It lights and warms,
Though but the finer fashion of the clay
Deserve to be adored, since they
Are emanations from a soul allowed
Thus radiantly to glorify its dwelling
That goodness like a visible thing avowed,
May awe and win, and temper and prevail:
And by all these combined!
I call upon thy form ideal,
So deeply in my memory shrined,
To rise before my vision, like the real,
Whenever passion's tides are swelling,
Or vanity misleads, or discontent
Rages with wishes, vain and impotent.
Then, while the tumults of my heart increas
I call upon thy image—then to rise
In sweet and solemn beauty, like the moon,
Resplendent in the firmament of June,
Through the still hours of night to lonely e
I gaze and muse thereon, and tempests cease
And round me falls an atmosphere of peace.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

ABETH BOGART, descended from
amily distinguished in the mer-
ɔcial history of New York, and
the late Rev. David S. Bogart,
ɔst accomplished divines of the
ɔn, was born in the city of New
ather was shortly afterward set-
ister of the Presbyterian Church
ton, on Long Island. In 1813
n with that congregation was
d he removed to North Hemp-
: he was installed in the Re-
ı Church, in which he had been
n 1826, he removed again to
vhere his family have since re-

year 1825 Miss Bogart began to
the signature of "Estelle," for
the New York Mirror, then recently established; and her contributions, in prose and verse, to this and other periodicals, would fill several volumes. Among them are two prize stories—The Effect of a Single Folly, and The Forged Note—which evince a constructive ability that would not, perhaps, be inferred from her other compositions, many of which are of a very desultory character.

Miss Bogart has ease, force, and a degree of fervor, which might have placed her in the front rank of our female authors; but almost everything she has given to the public has an impromptu air, which shows that literature has scarcely been cultivated by her as an art, while it has constantly been resorted to for the utterance of feelings which could find no other suitable expression.

I VIEW, FROM MY WINDOW.

with raptured eyes
ly landscape, as it lies
l before my window: even now
sailing from the mountain's brow,
morning, and the sun
ırse has just begun.

eautiful the scene
arising, while between
ke a silvery streak appears,
rocks, the monuments of years,
old castles on the Rhine,
look down on the vine.

stering grapes, 'tis true,
ee mountain-sides to meet the view;
ıan the vineyards is the sight
ıriant forests, which, despite
nations, hold their ancient place,
the Indian race.

ıg I survey
rom my window, day by day:
forgotten, though just seen before,
of novelty or beauty more
overed, ever charms my eyes,
akes a fresh surprise.

ıus, when o'er my heart
ght is stealing, while apart
ls and the gay world I sit alone,
dark veil upon the future thrown,
ıt my window, and there find
e for the mind.

The Indian Summer's breath
Sighs gently o'er the fallen leaflet's death,
And bids the frost-king linger on his way
Till Autumn's tints have brightened o'er decay.
What other clime can such rich painting show?
Tell us, if any know!

RETROSPECTION.
AN EXTRACT.

I'm weary with thinking! with visions that pass
So thickly and gloomily over my brain,
In which are reflected through Memory's glass
The lost scenes of youth which return not again.

Oh! now I look back and remember the hours
When I wished that a time of sweet leisure might come,
When, freed from employments and studies, the powers
Of thought were all loosened, in fancy to roam.

That time has arrived. Care nor business conspire
To restrain the mind's freedom, nor press on the heart;
No stern prohibition hangs over the lyre,
To bid all its bright inspirations depart.

But how has it come?—Oh! by breaking the ties
Of affection and kindred, and snatching away
The beloved from around me, whose praise was the prize
Which lured me in Poesy's pathway to stray.

FORGETFULNESS.

We parted!—Friendship's dream had cast
Deep interest o'er the brief farewell,
And left upon the shadowy past
Full many a thought on which to dwell:
Such thoughts as come in early youth,
And live in fellowship with hope;
Robed in the brilliant hues of truth,
Unfitted with the world to cope.

We parted. He went o'er the sea,
And deeper solitude was mine;
Yet there remained in memory
For feeling still a sacred shrine:
And Thought and Hope were offered up
Till their ethereal essence fled,
And Disappointment from the cup
Its dark libations poured instead.

We parted. 'T was an idle dream
That *thus* we e'er should meet again;
For who that knew man's heart, would deem
That it could long unchanged remain?—
He sought a foreign clime, and learned
Another language, which expressed
To strangers the rich thoughts that burned
With unquenched power within his breast.

And soon he better loved to speak
In those new accents than his own;
His native tongue seemed cold and weak
To breathe the wakened passions' tone.
He wandered far, and lingered long,
And drank so deep of Lethe's stream,
That each new feeling grew more strong,
And all the past was like a dream.

We met—a few glad words were spoken,
A few kind glances were exchanged;
But friendship's first romance was broken—
His had been from me estranged.
I felt it all—we met no more—
My heart was true, but it was proud;
Life's early confidence was o'er,
And hope had set beneath a cloud.

We met no more—for neither sought
To reunite the severed chain
Of social intercourse; for naught
Could join its parted links again.
Too much of the wide world had been
Between us for too long a time,
And he had looked on many a scene,
The beautiful and the sublime.

And he had themes on which to dwell,
And memories that were not mine,
Which formed a separating spell,
And drew a mystic boundary line.
His thoughts were wanderers—and the things
Which brought back friendship's joys to me,
To him were but the spirit's wings
Which bore him o'er the distant sea.

For he had seen the evening star
Glancing its rays o'er ocean's waves,
And marked the moonbeams from afar,
Lighting the Grecian heroes' graves;
And he had gazed on trees and flowers
Beneath Italia's sunny skies,
And listened, in fair ladies' bowers,
To Genius' words and Beauty's sighs.

His steps had echoed through the halls
Of grandeur, long left desolate;
And he had climbed the crumbling walls,
Or oped perforce the hingeless gate;
And mused o'er many an ancient pile,
In ruin still magnificent,
Whose histories could the hours beguile
With dreams, before to Fancy lent.

Such recollections come to him,
With moon, and stars, and summer flowers
To me they bring the shadows dim
Of earlier and of happier hours.
I would those shadows darker fell—
For life, with its best powers to bless,
Has but few memories loved as well
Or welcome as forgetfulness!

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt
That all his power was o'er:
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt—
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay—
No spell had Memory.

He came too late!—The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound.
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride
And spurned his fickle love.

MARY E. BROOKS.

Miss Mary E. Aiken, a native of New York, was for several years a contributor to the Mirror and other periodicals, under the signature of "Norna," her sister, during the same period, writing under the pseudonyme of "Hinda." In 1828 she was married to Mr. James G. Brooks, a gentleman of fine abilities, who was well known as the author of many graceful pieces, in prose and verse, signed "Florio." In the following year appeared a volume entitled The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G. and Mary E. Brooks. The leading composition, from which the collection had its name, is by Mrs. Brooks. It is a story of passion, and the principal characters are of the ducal house of Ferrara. Her Hebrew Melodies, and other short poems, in the same volume, are written with more care, and have much more merit.

Mr. Brooks was at this time connected with one of the New York journals; but in 1830 he removed to Winchester, in Virginia, where he was for several years editor of a political and literary gazette. In 1838 he returned to New York, and established himself in Albany, where he remained until his death, in February, 1841, from which time Mrs. Brooks has resided in New York.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"The everlasting to Be which Asnh been
Hath taught us naught or little."

From the deep and stirring tone,
Ever on the midnight breaking,
Came a whisper thrill and lone
O'er my silent vigil waking:
"Come to me! the dreamy hour
Fades before the spoiler's power!
Come! the passing tide is strong,
As it bears thy life along;
Soon another seal for thee
Stamps the stern Futurity.
Bow thee—bend thee to the light
Stealing on thy spirit sight,
From the bygone's faded bloom,
From the shadow and the gloom,
From each strange and changeful scene
Which amid thy path has been;
And oh, let it wake for thee,
Beacon of the days to be!"

Soft before my sight was spreading
Many a sweet and sunny flower;
Pleasure bright, her promise shedding,
Gilded o'er each fairy bower:
Oh, it was a laughing glee,
Hanging o'er Futurity;
Blisses mid young beauties blooming—
Hopes, no sullen griefs entombing—
Loves that vowed to link for ever,
Cold or blighted, never—never;
Not a shadow on the dome
Fancy reared for days to come—
Not a dream of sleeping ill
There her rushing tide to chill;
Gayly lay each glittering morrow:
And I turned me half in sorrow,
As that phantom beckoned back,
To retrace Life's fading track.

Sinking in the broad dim ocean,
Shadows blending o'er its bier,
Slow from being's wild commotion,
Saw I pass another year.
There was but a misty cloud
Bending o'er a silent shroud;
Hope, fame, rapture—loved and gay—
Tell, oh tell me, where were they?
Idols once in sunlight glancing,
Ay, that claimed each starting sigh,
With the green-leafed promise dancing
Round the heart so merrily—
Where was now the waking blossom
Should be wreathing round the bosom?
Only lay a mist far spreading,
Dim and dimmer twilight shedding,
Like to fever's fitful gleam,
Like to sleeper's troubled dream;
In the cold and perished Past
Lay the mighty strife at last.

Oft that dim and visioned treading,
Where the frail and fair decay,
Comes upon my bosom, shedding
Light through many a rising day.
Phantoms now in beauty ranging,
Dreaming ne'er of chill or changing,
Bright and gay and flashing all,
How their voiceless shadows fall!
Go—the weeper's heart is weary;
Go—the widow's wail is dreary:
Thousand-toned the agony
On each night-breeze sweeping by:
Go—and for each little flower
Wreathed about the blighted bower,
Bright, when suns and stars have set,
Will a flow'ret blossom yet.

A PLEDGE TO THE DYING YEAR.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the past,
As it sinks on its shadowy bier;
Fill to the brim! 'tis the saddest and last
We pour to the grave of the year:
Wake, the light phantoms of beauty that won us
To linger awhile in those bowers;
And flash the bright daybeams of promise upon us,
That gilded life's earlier hours.

Here's to the love—though it flitted away,
We can never, no, never forget!
Through the gathering darkness of many a day,
One pledge will we pour to it yet.
Oh, frail as the vision, that witching and tender,
And bright on the wanderer broke,
When Irem's own beauty in shadowless splendor,
Along the wild desert awoke.*

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the glow
Of the heart in its purity warm!
Ere sorrow had sullied the fountain below,
Or darkness enveloped the form:
Fill to that life-tide! oh, warm was its rushing
Through Adens of arrowy light,
And yet like the wave in the wilderness gushing,
'Twill gladden the wine cup to-night.

Fill to the past! from its dim distant sphere
Wild voices in melody come;
The strains of the bygone, deep echoing here,
We pledge to their shadowy tomb;
And like the bright orb, that in sinking flings back
One gleam o'er the cloud-covered dome,
May the dreams of the past, on futurity track
The hope of a holier home!

"WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD."

Oh, weep not for the dead!
Rather, oh rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled:
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on,
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead!
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread;
Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;
Weep for the death pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part;
But never be a tear-drop given
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

* Irem, one of the gardens described by Mohammed—puanted, as the commentators of the Koran say, by a king named Shedad, once seen by an Arabian, who wandered very far into the desert in search of a lost camel: a garden no less celebrated (says Sir W. Jones) by the Asia poets, than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks.

DREAM OF LIFE.

I heard the music of the wave,
As it rippled to the shore,
And saw the willow branches lave,
As light winds swept them o'er—
The music of the golden bow
That did the torrent span;
But I heard a sweeter music flow
From the youthful heart of man.

The wave rushed on—the hues of heaven
Fainter and fainter grew,
And deeper melodies were given
As swift the changes flew:
Then came a shadow on my sigh;
The golden bow was dim—
And he that laughed beneath its light,
What was the change to him!

I saw him not: only a throng
Like the swell of troubled ocean,
Rising, sinking, swept along
In the tempest's wild commotion:
Sleeping, dreaming, waking then,
Chains to link or sever—
Turning to the dream again,
Fain to clasp it ever.

There was a rush upon my brain,
A darkness on mine eye;
And when I turned to gaze again,
The mingled forms were nigh:
In shadowy mass a mighty hall
Rose on the fitful scene;
Flowers, music, gems, were flung o'er all,
Not such as once had been.

Then in its mist, far, far away,
A phantom seemed to be;
The something of a bygone day—
But oh, how changed was he!
He rose beside the festal board,
Where sat the merry throng;
And as the purple juice he poured,
Thus woke his wassail song:

SONG.

Come! while with wine the goblets flow,
For wine they say has power to bless;
And flowers, too—not roses, no!
Bring poppies, bring forgetfulness!

A lethé for departed bliss,
And each too well remembered scene:
Earth has no sweeter draught than this,
Which drowns the thought of what has be

Here's to the heart's cold iciness,
Which can not smile, but will not sigh:
If wine can bring a chill like this,
Come, fill for me the goblet high.

Come—and the cold, the false, the dead,
Shall never cross our revelry;
We'll kiss the wine cup sparkling red,
And snap the chain of memory.

M. ST. LEON LOUD.

ɛguerite St. Leon Barstow was born rural town of Wysox, among the wind- f the Susquehannah, in Bradford coun- nsylvania. In 1824 she was married . Loud, of Philadelphia; and, except a short period passed in the South, ıce resided in that city. Her poems or the most part appeared in the Uni- ates Gazette and in the Philadelphia monthly magazines. Mr. Edgar A. Poe, in his Autography, says of Mrs. Loud, that she "has imagination of no common order, and, unlike many of her sex, is not

'Content to dwell in decencies forever.'

While she can, upon occasion, compose the ordinary singsong with all the decorous proprieties which are in fashion, she yet ventures very frequently into a more ethereal region."

DREAM OF THE LONELY ISLE.

.re is an isle in the far South sea,
and bright as an isle can be;
is the sound of the ocean wave,
sparkling waters the green shores lave;
om the shell that upon the strand
alf buried in golden sand—
lling tone through the still air rings,
nusic trembling on fairy strings.
rs like those which the Peris find
bowers of their paradise, and bind
flowing tresses, are blooming there,
ay birds glance through the scented air.
and pearls are strewed on the earth
ched—there are known to know their worth;
hat fair island Death comes not nigh:
should he come!—there are none to die.
heart had grown, like the misanthrope's,
ınd dead to all human hopes;
and fortune alike had proved
es dreams, and the friends I loved
ied away, like the flowers that fade
deadly blight of the Upas' shade.
ed upon that green isle to be,
ray o'er the sounding sea,
e no human voice, with its words of pain,
ever fall on my ear again.
eemed a desert waste to me,
sought in slumber from care to flee.
ay, away, o'er the waters blue,
as a sea-bird the vessel flew.
ocean-furrows her timbers plough,
waves are parted before her prow;
he foaming billows close o'er her path,
g and roaring, as if in wrath.
wiftly onward, through foam and spray,
e lonely island she steers her way:
eavens above wore their brightest smile,
bark was moored by that fairy isle;
ails were furled, the voyage was o'er;
ld buffet the waves of the world no more!
ed to the ocean—the bark was gone,
And I stood on that beautiful isle alone.
My wish was granted, and I was blest;
My spirit revelled in perfect rest—
A Dead sea calm—even Thought reposed
Like a weary dove with its pinions closed.
Beauty was round me: bright roses hung
Their blushing wreaths o'er my head, and flung
Fragance abroad on the gale—to me
Sweeter than odors of Araby;
Wealth was mine, for the yellow gold
Lay before me in heaps untold.
Death to that island knew not the way,
But life was mine for ever and aye,
Till Love again made my heart its throne,
And I ceased to dwell on the isle alone.
Long did my footsteps delighted range
My peaceful home, but there came a change:
My heart grew sad, and I looked with pain
On all I had bartered life's ties to gain.
A chilling weight on my spirits fell,
As the low, soft wail of the ocean shell—
Or the bee's faint hum in the flowery wood,
Was all that broke on my solitude.
Oh! then I felt, in my loneliness,
That earth had no power the heart to bless,
Unwarmed by affection's holy ray;
And hope was withered, as day by day
I watched for the bark, but in vain—in vain;
She never sought that green isle again!
I stretched my arms o'er the heaving sea,
And prayed aloud, in my agony,
That Love's pure spirit might with me dwell.
Then rose the waves with a murmuring swell,
Higher and higher, till naught was seen
Where slept in beauty that islet green.
The waters passed o'er me—the spell was broke;
From the dream of the lonely isle I woke,
With a heart redeemed from its selfish stain,
To mingle in scenes of the world again
With cheerful spirit—and rather share
The pains and sorrows which mortals bear,
Than dwell where no shade on my path is thrown,
Mid fadeless flowers and bright gems alone.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

THERE is a lonely homestead
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully
To every passing gale;
There are many mansions round it,
In the sunlight gleaming fair;
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,
Its walls are gray and bare.
Where once glad voices sounded
Of children in their mirth,
No whisper breaks the solitude
By that deserted hearth.
The swallow from her dwelling
In the low eaves hath flown;
And all night long, the whip-poor-will
Sings by the threshold stone.
No hand above the window
Ties up the trailing vines;
And through the broken casement-panes
The moon at midnight shines.
And many a solemn shadow
Seems starting from the gloom;
Like forms of long-departed ones
Peopling that dim old room.
No furrow for the harvest
Is drawn upon the plain,
And in the pastures green and fair
No herds or flocks remain.
Why is that beauteous homestead
Thus standing bare and lone,
While all the worshipped household gods
In dust lie overthrown.
And where are they whose voices
Rang out o'er hill and dale?
Gone—and their mournful history
Is but an oft-told tale.
There smiles no lovelier valley
Beneath the summer sun,
Yet they who dwelt together there,
Departed one by one.
Some to the quiet churchyard,
And some beyond the sea;
To meet no more, as once they met,
Beneath that old roof-tree.
Like forest-birds forsaking
Their sheltering native nest,
The young to life's wild scenes went forth,
The aged to their rest.
Fame and ambition lured them
From that green vale to roam,
But as their dazzling dreams depart,
Regretful memories come
Of the valley and the homestead—
Of their childhood pure and free—
Till each world-weary spirit pines
That spot once more to see.
Oh! blest are they who linger
Mid old familiar things,
Where every object o'er the heart
A hallowed influence flings.
Though won are wealth and honors—
Though reached fame's lofty dome—
There are no joys like those which dwell
Within our childhood's home.

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAN

FATHER in heaven!
Behold, he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul.
With the thick darkness now around him spre
He long hath striven—
Oh, thou most kind! break not the golden b

Father in heaven!
Thou who so oft hast healed the broken-hea
And raised the weary spirit bowed with c
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

Father in heaven!
Oh, grant to his most cherished hopes a blessi
Let peace and rest descend upon his head,
That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing
May not be riven—
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed.

Father in heaven!
Oh, may his heart be stayed on thee! each fe
Still lifted up in gratitude and love;
And may that faith the joys of heaven reve
To him be given,
Till he shall praise thy name in realms abov

REST IN THE GRAVE.

OH, peaceful grave! how blest
Are they who in thy quiet chambers rest,
After the feverish strife—
The wild, dark, turbulent career of life!.....

There shall the throbbing brain,
The heart with its wild hopes and longings
Find undisturbed repose—
No more to struggle with its weight of woe
No passionate desires
For some bright goal to which the soul aspir
Forever unattained—consume like quenchles

Oh! for a dreamless sleep,
A slumber calm and deep,
A long and silent midnight in the tomb,
Where no dim visions of the past may com
No haunting memories—no tears,
Nor voices which the startled spirit hears,
Whispering mysteriously of ill in coming y
Peace—peace unbroken dwells,
Oh grave! in thy lone cells.

And yet not lone, for they
Who've passed from earth away,
People thy realms—the beautiful, the young
The kindred who around my pathway flung
All that earth had of brightness—and the t
Is robbed of all its gloom.

There would I rest, O Grave!
Till thy unstormy wave
Hath overswept the whole of life's bleak sh
In thy deep stream of calm forgetfulness
My soul would sink—no more
To brave within a frail, unanchored bark,
Life's tossing billows and its tempests dark.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

s graceful and popular authoress — the
:d of our country—to whom we are in
ge a degree indebted for redeeming the
es' magazines," so called, from the re-
ı of frivolity and sickly sentiment, is
hter of Dr. James R. Manley, for many
one of the most eminent physicians of
York, from whom she inherits all the
ar pride and prejudice that make up
nuine Knickerbocker. She was mar-
t appears from the New York Mirror
following Saturday, on the tenth of
1828, to Mr. Daniel Embury, now of
lyn, a gentleman of liberal fortune, who
l known for his taste and scholarly ac-
ıents.

. Embury's native interest in literature
ıanifested by an early appreciation of
›rks of genius, and her poetical talents
›oon recognised and admired. Under
;nature of "Ianthe," she gave to the
numerous effusions, which were dis-
shed for vigor of language and genuine
›f feeling. A volume of these youthful
›st promising compositions was select-
published, under the title of Guido and
Poems. Since her marriage, she has
to the public more prose than verse,
: former is characterized by the same
tic spirit which is the essential beauty
try. Many of her tales are founded
just observation of life, although not
are equally remarkable for attractive
invention. In point of style, they often possess the merit of graceful and pointed diction, and the lessons they inculcate are invariably of a pure moral tendency. Constance Latimer, or The Blind Girl, is perhaps better known than any other of her single productions; and this, as well as her Pictures of Early Life, has passed through a large number of editions. In 1845 she published, in a beautiful quarto volume, with pictorial illustrations, Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers, a work which contains some of the finest specimens of her writings, in both prose and verse. In 1846 she gave to the public a collection of graceful poems, under the title of Love's Token Flowers; and, in 1848, The Waldorf Family, or Grandfather's Legends, a little volume in which she has happily adapted the romantic and poetical legendary of Brittany to the tastes of our own country and the present age; and a work entitled Glimpses of Home Life, in which many of the beautiful fictions she had written for the magazines, having a unity and completeness of design, are reproduced, to run anew the career of popularity through which they passed on their first and separate publication. The tales and sketches by Mrs. Embury are very numerous, probably not less than one hundred and fifty; and several such delightful series, evincing throughout the same true cultivation and refinement of taste and feeling, might be made from them.

WO PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

I.

at a timid watch young Love was keeping
thou wert fashioned in such gentle guise!
was thy nature nursed with secret sighs!
itter tears thy mother's heart were steeping!
n the crystal depths of thy blue eyes
l of troubled tenderness lies sleeping,
n thy full and glowing lip there lies
›w that portends thee future weeping.
and self-distrustful—doubting still
lf, but trusting all the world beside,
ingly sensitive to coming ill,
ing with woman's softness manhood's pride,
ilt thou all life's future conflicts bear,
rless suffer all that man must do and dare?

II.

Proud, self-sustained and fearless! dreading naught
Save falsehood—loving everything but sin—
How glorious is the light that from within
Illumes thy boyish face with lofty thought!
A child thou art—but thy deep eyes are fraught
With that mysterious light by genius shed,
And in thine aspect is a glory caught
From the high dreams that cluster round thy head.
I know not what thy future lot may be,
But, when men gather to a new crusade
Against earth's falsehood, wrong, and tyranny,
Thou wilt be there with all thy strength displayed—
Thy voice clear-ringing mid the conflict's roar,
And on thy banner, writ in stars, "Excelsior!"

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

Heir of that name
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth—
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,
When kings and princes round thy cradle came,
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thy hand—
Thine heritage the spoils of many a land!

How were the schemes
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state!
What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams,
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race!

Scarce had thine eyes
Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow crowned
With Rome's imperial diadem—the prize
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light,
And led on half the world to stirring fight,
Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow?
Alas! when foiled on his last battle-plain,
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain.

Far worse *thy* fate
Than that which doomed him to the barren rock;
Through half the universe was felt the shock,
When down he toppled from his high estate;
And the proud thought of still acknowledged power
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy!
Hadst no such dreams to cheat the lagging hours;
Thy chains still galled, though wreathed with fairest flowers;
Thou hadst no images of bygone joy,
No visions of anticipated fame,
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she,
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife?
She who first gave, and should have watched thy life,
Trebling a mother's tenderness for thee,
Despoiled heir of empire? On her breast
Did thy young heart repose in its unrest?

No! round her heart
Children of humbler, happier lineage twined:
Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind
Of pageants where she bore a heartless part;
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest:
Child of Ambition's martyr! life had been
To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene
Of doubt, and dread, and suffering at the best;
For thou wert one whose path, in these dark times,
Would lead to sorrows—it may be to crimes!

Thou art at rest:
The idle sword hath worn its sheath away;
The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay;
And they, who with vain tyranny compress
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,
And fling ambition's purple o'er thy bier!

SYMPATHY.

Like the sweet melody which faintly lingers
Upon the windharp's strings at close of day,
When gently touched by evening's dewy fing
It breathes a low and melancholy lay:

So the calm voice of sympathy meseemeth;
And while its magic spell is round me cast,
My spirit in its cloistered silence dreameth,
And vaguely blends the future with the past

But vain such dreams while pain my bosom thrill
And mournful memories around me move;
E'en friendship's alchemy no balm distilleth,
To soothe th' immedicable wound of love.

Alas, alas! passion too soon exhaleth
The dewy freshness of the heart's young flow
We water them with tears, but naught availet
They wither on through all life's later hours

AUTUMN EVENING.

"And Isaac went out in the field to meditate at eventide."

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtained tents of nigh
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And man awakes to labor and to care,
Then hie thee forth: go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest-sheaves to b

Go forth at noontide hour,
Beneath the heat and burden of the day
Pursue the labors of thine onward way,
Nor murmur if thou miss life's morning flow
Where'er the footsteps of mankind are found
Thou may'st discern some spot of hallowed grou
Where duty blossoms even as the rose, [encl
Though sharp and stinging thorns the beauteous

Go forth at eventide,
When sounds of toil no more the soft air fill,
When e'en the hum of insect life is still,
And the bird's song on evening's breeze has di
Go forth, as did the patriarch of old, [t
And commune with thy heart's deep thoughts
Fathom thy spirit's hidden depths, and learn
The mysteries of life, the fires that inly burn.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of summer, when the trees
Yield their frail honors to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dy
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds,
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,
To meditate alone—alone to watch and pray.

Go forth at eventide,
Commune with thine own bosom, and be still
Check the wild impulses of wayward will,
And learn the nothingness of human pride
Morn is the time to act, noon to endure;
But, oh, if thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with G

PEACE.

ɪ her not in marble halls of pride,
gushing fountains fling their silver tide,
vealth of freshness toward the summer sky;
:oes of a palace are too loud—
ɪt give back the footsteps of the crowd
hrong about some idol throned on high,
ermined robe and pomp of rich array
re to hide the false one's feet of clay.

k her form in poverty's low vale, [pale,
touched by want, the bright cheek waxes
ıe heart faints, with sordid cares opprest,
pining discontent has left its trace
ıd abiding in each haggard face.
ere, not there Peace builds her halcyon nest:
vel scares her from wealth's towering dome,
sery frights her from the poor man's home.

ells she in the cloister, where the sage
: the mystery of some time-stained page,
g, with feeble hand, the classic mine;
o can tell the restless hope of fame,
ter yearnings for a deathless name,
ɔund the student's heart like serpents twine!
n's fever burns within his breast,
ace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest?

not within the city's crowded mart,
the low-whispered music of the heart
ınheard amid the clang of gold;
'er yet did Peace her chaplet twine
ıpon base mammon's sordid shrine, [sold;
: earth's most precious things are bought and
ı on *that* pile, the pearl of price would be
d, because unfit for merchantry.

: thee to God's altar—kneeling there,
the mingled voice of fervent prayer
:wells around thee in the sacred fane;
ı the solemn organ's pealing note,
grateful praises on the still air float,
ıe freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain:
earn that Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found
:ternal home, on holy ground.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

of the winds! how vainly art thou swelling
ıspason on the heedless blast;
ly, too, thy gentler chords are telling
of sorrow as the breeze sweeps past:
ost thou waste in loneliness the strain
were not heard by human ears in vain?

Harp answered, Though the winds are bear-
ıl of sweetness on their viewless wings, [ing
faint tone may reach some soul despairing,
ouse its energies to happier things:
in vain my song, if it but gives
ɔment's joy to anything that lives.

rt of mine! canst thou not, here discerning
ıblem of thyself, some solace find? [ing,
ı earth may never quench thy life-long yearn-
ive thyself like music to the wind:
ındering thought may teach thy love and
raken sympathy when thou art dust. [trust.

UNREST.

Heart, weary Heart! what means thy wild unrest?
Hast thou not tasted of earth's every pleasure?
With all that mortals seek thy lot is blest;
Yet dost thou ever chant in mournful measure—
"Something beyond!"

Heart, weary Heart! canst thou not find repose
In the sweet calm of friendship's pure devotion?
Amid the peace which sympathy bestows,
Still dost thou murmur with repressed emotion,
"Something beyond!"

Heart, weary Heart! too idly hast thou poured
Thy music and thy perfume on the blast;
Now, beggared in affection's treasured hoard,
Thy cry is still—thy saddest and thy last—
"Something beyond!"

Heart, weary Heart! oh, cease thy wild unrest—
Earth can not satisfy thy bitter yearning:
Then onward, upward speed thy lonely quest,
And hope to find, where Heaven's pure stars are burning, "Something beyond!"

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

Oh, for one draught of those sweet waters now
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
Oh that I could but bathe my fevered brow
To wash away the dust of worldly strife,
And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary, and my spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts
Where once, with Hope, I dreamed the hours away,
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

Vain are such wishes: I no more may tread
With lingering step and slow the green hill-side;
Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
And I must onward, whatsoe'er betide:
The pleasant nooks of youth are passed for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveller on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
Glitters with fragments of each ruined shrine,
Where once my spirit worshipped, when, with sweet
And passionless devotion, it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's wrath?
Daily they droop by nature's swift decay:
What though the setting sun still lights my path?
Morn's dewy freshness long has passed away.
Oh, give me back life's newly-budded flowers--
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth, my youth! oh, give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrowed brow and blooming cheek,
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings—these I seek:
Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage? [page!
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted

THE AMERICAN RIVER.
A REMEMBRANCE.

It rusheth on with fearful might,
That river of the west,
Through forests dense, where seldom light
Of sunbeam gilds its breast:
Anon it dashes wildly past
The widespread prairie lone and vast,
Without a shadow on its tide,
Save the long grass that skirts its side;
Again its angry currents sweep
Beneath some tall and rocky steep,
Which frowns above the darkened stream,
Till doubly deep its waters seem.
No rugged cliff may check its way,
No gentle mead invite its stay—
Still with resistless, maddened force,
Following its wild and devious course,
The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on—the rocks are stirred,
And echoing far and wide,
Through the dim forest aisles, is heard
The thunder of its tide;
No other sound strikes on the ear,
Save when, beside its waters clear,
Crashing o'er branches dry and sear,
Comes bounding forth the antlered deer;
Or when, perchance, the woods give back
The arrow whizzing on its track,
Or deadlier rifle's vengeful crack:
No hum of busy life is near,
And still uncurbed in its career
The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on—no firebark leaves
Its dark and smoking trail
O'er the pure wave, which only heaves
The bateau light and frail;
Long, long ago the rude canoe
Across its sparkling waters flew;
Long, long ago the Indian brave
In the clear stream his brow might lave:
But seldom has the white man stood
Within that trackless solitude,
Where onward, onward dashing still,
With all the force of untamed will,
The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on—no changes mark
How many years have sped
Since to its banks, through forests dark,
Some chance the hunter led;
Though many a season has passed o'er
The giant trees that gird its shore—
Though the soft limestone mass, imprest
By naked footstep on its breast,
Now hardened into rock appears,
By work of indurating years,
Yet 'tis by grander strength alone
That Nature's age is ever known.
While crumbling turrets tell the tale
Of man's vain pomp and projects frail,
Time, in the wilderness displays
Th' ennobling power of length of days,
And in the forest's pathless bound,
Type of Eternity, is found—
The river rushing on.

THE ENGLISH RIVER.
A FANTASY.

It floweth on with pleasant sound—
A vague and dreamlike measure,
And singeth to the flowers around
A song of quiet pleasure;
No rugged cliff obstructs the way
Where the glad waters leap and play,
Or, if a tiny rock look down
In the calm stream with mimic frown,
The waves a sweeter music make,
As at its base they flash and break:
It speedeth on, like joy's bright hours,
Traced but by verdure and by flowers;
And whether sunbeams on it rest,
Or storm-clouds hover o'er its breast,
Still in that green and shady glen,
Beside the busy haunts of men,
The river singeth on

It floweth on, past tree and flower,
Until the stream is laving
The ruins of some ancient tower,
With ivy banners waving:
Methinks the river's pleasant chime
Now tells a tale of olden time,
When mail-clad knights were often seen
Upon its banks of living green,
And gentle dames of lineage high
Lingered to hear Love's thrilling sigh;
Haply some squire, whose humble name
Was yet unheralded by fame,
Here wove ambition's earliest dreams:
While then, as now, 'neath sunset gleam
The river singeth on

It floweth on—that gentle stream—
And seems to tell the story
Of old-world heroes, and their dream
Of fame and martial glory;
The war-cry on its banks has pealed,
Blent with the clang of lance and shield
Waked to new life by war's alarms,
Bold knights, and squires, and men-at-arms
Have sallied forth in proud array,
With hearts impatient for the fray:
Though nature's voice is little heard,
When pulses are thus madly stirred,
Yet, while in brightness it gives back
The glittering sheen that marks their track
The river singeth on

Yet, as above the sunniest fate
Hangs the dark cloud of sorrow,
So sadder scenes the fancy wait,
Since dreams from truth we borrow:
A well-worn path, now grass-o'ergrown
And hid by many a fallen stone,
To yonder roofless chapel led
Where sleep the castle's honored dead;
Full often that pure stream has glassed
The funeral train, as slow it passed;
Hark! as the barefoot monks repeat
The "Requiescat," wild and sweet,
The river singeth on

The vision fades, the phantoms flee,
And naught of all remaineth;
The river runneth fast and free,

The wind through ruins plaineth:
The feudal lord and belted knight,
And spurless squire and lady bright,
Long since have shared the common lot—
All, save their haughty name, forgot.
The ivy wreathes the ruined shrine,
Flaunting beneath the glad sunshine;
The fallen fortress, ruined wall,
And crumbling battlement, are all
That still are left to tell the tale
Of those who ruled that fairy vale:
But Nature still upholds her sway,
And flowers and music mark the way
The river singeth on.

BALLAD.

The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee:
Her song was in mockery of Love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor Love
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of future days of wo,
While she carolled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maid sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale:
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to Love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

CHEERFULNESS.

A gentle heritage is mine,
A life of quiet pleasure:
My heaviest cares are but to twine
Fresh votive garlands for the shrine
Where 'bides my bosom's treasure;
I am not merry, nor yet sad,
My thoughts are more serene than glad.

I have outlived youth's feverish mirth,
And all its causeless sorrow:
My joys are now of nobler birth,
My sorrows too have holier birth
And heavenly solace borrow;
So, from my green and shady nook,
Back on my by-past life I look.

The past has memories sad and sweet,
Memories still fondly cherished,
Of love that blossomed at my feet,
Whose odors still my senses greet,
E'en though the flowers have perished:
Visions of pleasures passed away
That charmed me in life's earlier day.

The future, Isis-like, sits veiled,
And none her mystery learneth;
Yet why should the bright cheek be paled,
For sorrows that may be bewailed
When time our hopes inureth?
Come when it will grief comes too soon—
Why dread the night at highest noon?

I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow;
If sweet content with me abides
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow;
It may bring griefs—enough for me
The quiet joy I feel and see.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear:
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see;
In vain—he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred:
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last,
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb:
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

MADAME DE STAEL.

There was no beauty on thy brow,
No softness in thine eye;
Thy cheek wore not the rose's glow,
Thy lip the ruby's dye;
The charms that make a woman's pride
Had never been thine own—
For Heaven to thee those gifts denied
In which earth's bright ones shone.

But brighter, holier spells were thine,
For mental wealth was given,
Till thou wert as a sacred shrine
Where men might worship Heaven.
Yes, woman as thou wert, thy word
Could make the tyrant start,
And thy tongue's witchery has stirred
Ambition's iron heart.

The charm of eloquence—the skill
To wake each secret string,
And from the bosom's chords, at will,
Life's mournful music bring;
The o'ermastering strength of mind, which sways
The haughty and the free,
Whose might earth's mightiest one obeys—
These—these were given to thee.

Thou hadst a prophet's eye to pierce
The depths of man's dark soul,
For thou couldst tell of passions fierce
O'er which its wild waves roll;
And all too deeply hadst thou learned
The lore of woman's heart—
The thoughts in thine own breast that burned
Taught thee that mournful part.

Thine never was a woman's dower
Of tenderness and love,
Thou, who couldst chain the eagle's power,
Could never tame the dove;
Oh, Love is not for such as thee:
The gentle and the mild,
The beautiful thus blest may be,
But never Fame's proud child

When mid the halls of state, alone,
In queenly pride of place,
The majesty of mind thy throne,
Thy sceptre mental grace—
Then was thy glory felt, and thou
Didst triumph in that hour
When men could turn from beauty's brow
In tribute to thy power.

And yet a woman's heart was thine—
No dream of fame could fill
The bosom which must vainly pine
For sweet affection still;
And oh, what pangs thy spirit wrung,
E'en in thy hour of pride,
When all could list Love's wooing tongue
'Save thee, bright Glory's bride.

Corinna! thine own hand has traced
Thy melancholy fate,
Though by earth's noblest triumphs graced,
Bliss waits not on the great:
Only in lowly places sleep
Life's flowers of sweet perfume,
And they who climb Fame's mountain-steep
Must mourn their own high doom.

HEART QUESTIONINGS.

When Life's false oracles, no more replying
To baffled hope, shall mock my weary quest,
When in the grave's cold shadow calmly lying,
This heart at last has found its earthly rest,
How will ye think of me?
Oh, gentle friends, how will ye think of me?

Perhaps the wayside flowers around ye springing,
Wasting, unmarked, their fragrance and their bloom,
Or some fresh fountain, through the forest singing,
Unheard, unheeded, may recall my doom:
Will ye thus think of me?

May not the daybeam glancing o'er the ocean,
Picture my restless heart, which, like yon wave,
Reflected doubly, in its wild commotion,
Each ray of light that pleasure's sunshine gave?
Will ye thus think of me?

Will ye bring back, by Memory's art, the gladness
That sent my fancies forth, like summer birds?
Or will ye list that undertone of sadness,
Whose music seldom shaped itself in words?
Will ye thus think of me?

Remember not how dreams, around me thronging,
Enticed me ever from life's lowly way,
But oh! still hearken to the deep soul longing,
Whose mournful tones pervade the poet's lay:
Will ye thus think of me?

And then, forgetting every wayward feeling,
Bethink ye only that I loved ye well,
Till o'er your souls that "late remorse" is stealing,
Whose voiceless anguish only tears can tell.
Will ye *thus* think of me?
Oh, gentle friends! will ye *thus* think of me?

NEVER FORGET.

Never forget the hour of our first meeting,
When, mid the sounds of revelry and song,
Only thy soul could know that mine was greeting
Its idol, wished for, waited for, so long.
Never forget.

Never forget the joy of that revealment,
Centring an age of bliss in one sweet hour,
When Love broke forth from friendship's frail concealment,
And stood confest to us in godlike power:
Never forget.

Never forget my heart's intense devotion,
Its wealth of freshness at thy feet flung free—
Its golden hopes, whelmed in that boundless ocean,
Which merged all wishes, all desires, save thee:
Never forget.

Never forget the moment when we parted—
When from life's summer-cloud the bolt was hurled
That drove us, scathed in soul and broken hearted,
Alone to wander through this desert world
Never forget.

ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

Elizabeth Margaret Chandler was born near Wilmington, in Delaware, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1807. Her father, an exemplary member of the society of Friends, after leaving college had become a physician, but at this period he was a farmer, in easy circumstances, and he continued his agricultural pursuits until the death of his wife, when he removed to Philadelphia and resumed the practice of his profession. He died in 1816, leaving two sons and a daughter to the care of their maternal grandmother, in Burlington, New Jersey. Elizabeth, the youngest of his children, was placed at one of the schools of the society, in Philadelphia, where she remained until about thirteen years of age. She was remarkable, when very young, for a love of books, and for a habit of writing verses, and in her seventeenth year she began to send pieces to the journals. For a poem entitled The Slave-Ship, written at eighteen, she received a prize offered by the publishers of The Casket, a monthly magazine, and this led to her acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin Lundy, then editor of The Genius of Universal Emancipation, to which paper she became from that time a frequent contributor. She continued in Philadelphia until the summer of 1830, when, her health having failed, she accompanied her brother to a rural town in Lenawee county, Michigan, where, at a place which she named Hazlebank, she remained, in intimate correspondence with a few friends, and in the occasional indulgence of her taste for literary composition, until her death, on the second of November, 1834.

The Poetical Works of Miss Chandler, with a Memoir of her Life and Character, and a collection of her Essays, Philanthropic and Moral, principally relating to the Abolition of Slavery, were published in Philadelphia in 1836. These volumes are altogether creditable to her principles and her abilities. Her style and feelings were influenced by her religious and social relations, and her writings exhibit but little scope or variety; but the pieces that are here quoted, show how well she might have succeeded, with a wider experience and inspiration.

THE DEVOTED.

Stern faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire:
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimmed and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no signs of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;—
A half-formed smile of scorn,
That curled upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;—
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones, they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rushed up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly owned their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his;
He can not 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou mayst win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honor to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flashed proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden *here!*

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quailed beneath her haughty glance
They silent turned aside,
And left her all unharmed amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The last fading sunbeam has sunk in the ocean,
And darkness has shrouded the forest and hill;
The scenes that late rang with the battle's commotion
Now sleep 'neath the moonbeams serenely and still;
Yet light misty vapors above them still hover,
And dimly the pale beaming crescent discover,
Though all the stern clangor of conflict is over,
And hushed the wild trump-note that echoed so shrill.

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more—
And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
Torn, trampled, and sullied, with earth and with gore.
With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring—
Now—standard and bearer alike are no more!

All hushed! not a breathing of life from the numbers
That, scattered around me, so heavily sleep—
Hath the cup of red wine lent its fumes to their slumbers,
And stained their bright garments with crimson so deep?
Ah no! these are not like gay revellers sleeping,
The nightwinds, unfelt, o'er their bosoms are sweeping,
Ignobly their plumes o'er the damp ground are creeping,
And dews, all uncared for, their bright falchions steep.

Bright are they? at morning they were—ay, at morning
Yon forms were proud warriors, with hearts beating high;
The smiles of stern valor their lips were adorning,
And triumph flashed out from the glance of their eye!
But now: sadly altered the evening hath found them,
They care not for conquest, disgrace can not wound them,
Distinct but in name, from the earth spread around them,
Beside their red broadswords unconscious they lie.

How still is the scene! save when dismally whooping,
The nightbird afar hails the gathering gloom, [ing
Or a heavy sound tells that their comrades are scoop-
A couch, where the sleepers may rest in the tomb.
Alas! ere yon planet again shall be lighted,
What hearts shall be broken, what hopes will be blighted,
How many, midst sorrow's dark storm-clouds benighted,
Shall envy, e'en while they lament, for thy doom.

Oh war! when thou 'rt clothed in the garments of glory,
When Freedom has lighted thy torch at her shrine,
And proudly thy deeds are emblazoned in story,
We think not, we feel not, what horrors are thine.
But oh, when the victors and vanquish'd have p
When lonely we stand on the war ground dese
And think of the dead, and of those broken he
Thy blood-sprinkled laurel wreath ceases to

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER'S PRA

I care not for the hurried march
Through August's burning noon,
Nor for the long cold ward at night,
Beneath the dewy moon;
I've calmly felt the winter's storms
O'er my unsheltered head,
And trod the snow with naked foot,
Till every track was red!

My soldier's fare is poor and scant—
'T is what my comrades share,
Yon heaven my only canopy—
But that I well can bear;
A dull and feverish weight of pain
Is pressing on my brow,
And I am faint with recent wounds—
For that I care not now.

But oh, I long once more to view
My childhood's dwelling-place,
To clasp my mother to my heart—
To see my father's face!
To list each well-remembered tone,
To gaze on every eye
That met my ear, or thrilled my heart
In moments long gone by.

In vain with long and frequent draugh
Of every wave I sip—
A quenchless and consuming thirst
Is ever on my lip!
The very air that fans my cheek
No blessed coolness brings—
A burning heat or chilling damp
Is ever on its wings.

Oh! let me seek my home once more
For but a little while—
But once above my couch to see
My mother's gentle smile;
It haunts me in my waking hours—
'T is ever in my dreams,
With all the pleasant paths of home,
Rocks, woods, and shaded streams.

There is a fount—I know it well—
It springs beneath a rock,
Oh, how its coolness and its light,
My feverish fancies mock!
I pine to lay me by its side,
And bathe my lips and brow,
'T would give new fervor to the heart
That beats so languid now.

I may not—I must linger here—
Perchance it may be just!
But well I know this yearning soon
Will scorch my heart to dust;
One breathing of my native air
Had called me back to life—
But I must die—must waste away
Beneath this inward strife!

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The last fading sunbeam has sunk in the ocean,
And darkness has shrouded the forest and hill;
The scenes that late rang with the battle's commotion
Now sleep 'neath the moonbeams serenely and still;
Yet light misty vapors above them still hover

But oh, when the victors and vanquish'd have parted,
When lonely we stand on the war ground deserted,
And think of the dead, and of those broken hearted,
Thy blood-sprinkled laurel wreath ceases to shine.

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER'S PRAYER

glory,
When Freedom has lighted thy torch at her shrine,
And proudly thy deeds are emblazoned in story,
We think not, we feel not, what horrors are thine.

will scorch my heart to dust;
One breathing of my native air
Had called me back to life—
But I must die—must waste away
Beneath this inward strife!

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THE BRANDYWINE.

My foot has climbed the rocky summit's height,
And in mute rapture from its lofty brow
Mine eye is gazing round me with delight
On all of beautiful, above, below:
The fleecy smoke-wreath upward curling slow,
The silvery waves half hid with bowering green,
That far beneath in gentle murmurs flow,
Or onward dash in foam or sparkling sheen: [scene.
While rocks and forest-boughs hide half the distant

Beneath, from this bright wilderness 'tis sweet
To look through loopholes formed by forest boughs,
And view the landscape far beneath the feet,
Where cultivation all its aid bestows,
And o'er the scene an added beauty throws;
The busy harvest group, the distant mill,
The quiet cattle stretched in calm repose,
The cot half seen behind the sloping hill—
All mingled in one scene with most enchanting skill.

The very air that breathes around my cheek—
The summer fragrance of my native hills—
Seems with the voice of other times to speak,
And, while it each unquiet feeling stills,
My pensive soul, with hallowed memories fills:
My fathers' hall is there; their feet have pressed
The flower-gemmed margin of these gushing rills,
When light yon the water's dimpled breast [rest.
Their own light bark beside the frail canoe would

The rock was once your dwelling-place, my sires!
Or cavern scooped within the green hill's side;
The prowling wolf fled far your beacon fires,
And the kind Indian half your wants supplied;
While round your necks the wampum-belt he tied,
He bade you on his lands in peace abide,
Nor dread the wakening of the midnight brand,
Or aught of broken faith to loose the peacebelt's band.

Oh! if there is in beautiful and fair
A potency to charm, a power to bless;
In bright blue skies and music-breathing air,
And nature in her every varied dress
Or graceful beauty and wild loveliness,
Cherished across the heart one sunshine ray,
Then others, too, sweet stream, with only less
Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear away [day
Some cherished thought of thee for many a coming

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,
Nor all unknown to history's page thy name;
For there wild war hath poured his battle ranks,
And stamped in characters of blood and flame,
Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.
The wave that ripples on, so calm and still,
Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud acclaim,
The cannon's voice hath rolled from hill to hill,
And midst thy echoing vales the trump hath sounded shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder height,
Her red cross banner England there displayed,
And there the German, who, for foreign fight,
Had left his own domestic hearth, and made
War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,
Amidst the battle stood; and all the day,
The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,
The bugle's martial notes, the musket's play,
In mingled uproar wild, resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear bright sky,
And hung above them like a funeral pall,
Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon to lie
Like brethren slumbering in one father's hall:
The work of death went on, and when the fall
Of night came onward silently, and shed
A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,
How many a brother's heart in anguish bled [dead.
O'er cherished ones, who there lay resting with the

Unshrouded and uncoffined they were laid
Within the soldier's grave—e'en where they fell:
At noon they proudly trod the field—the spade
At night dug out their resting-place; and well
And calmly did they slumber, though no bell
Pealed over them its solemn music slow:
The night winds sung their only dirge—their knell
Was but the owlet's boding cry of wo, [ters' flow.
The flap of nighthawk's wing, and murmuring wa-

But it is over now—the plough hath rased
All trace of where War's wasting hand hath been:
No vestige of the battle may be traced,
Save where the share, in passing o'er the scene,
Turns up some rusted ball; the maize is green
On what was once the death-bed of the brave;
The waters have resumed their wonted sheen,
The wild bird sings in cadence with the wave,
And naught remains to show the sleeping soldier's grave.

A pebble-stone that on the war-field lay,
And a wild rose that blossomed brightly there,
Were all the relics that I bore away,
To tell that I had trod the scene of war,
When I had turned my footsteps homeward far
These may seem childish things to some; to me
They shall be treasured ones—and, like the star
That guides the sailor o'er the pathless sea,
They shall lead back my thoughts, loved Brandywine, to thee!

SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis beautiful, when first the dewy light
Breaks on the earth! while yet the scented air
Is breathing the cool freshness of the night,
And the bright clouds a tint of crimson wear.....
When every leafy chalice holds a draught
Of nightly dew, for the hot sun to drink, [laughed
When streams gush sportively, as though they
For very joyousness, and seemed to shrink
In playful terror from the rocky brink
Of some slight precipice—then with quick leap
Bound lightly o'er the barrier, and sink
In their own whirling eddy, and then sweep
With rippling music on, or in their channels sleep!

While lights and shades play on them with each breath
That moves the calm, still waters; when the fly
Skims o'er the surface, and all things beneath
Gleam brightly through the flood, and fish glance
With a quick flash of beauty; when the sky [by
Wears a deep azure brightness, and the song
Of matin gladness lifts its voice on high,
And mingled harmony and perfume throng
On every whispering breeze that lightly floats along.

THE DAVIDSONS.

THE lives of LUCRETIA MARIA and MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, which it is impossible to contemplate without emotions of admiration and sadness, have been illustrated at home by Professor Morse, by Washington Irving, and by Miss Sedgwick, and abroad by Mr. Southey and several other authors of well-deserved eminence in the literary world. An attempt to invest them with any new interest would therefore be in vain. It is doubtful whether the annals of literary composition can show anything, produced at the same age, finer than some of their poems; and the beauty of their characters, which appear to have had in them something of angelic holiness, fitted them as well to shine in heaven, as their genius to win the applauses of the world.

Those who are familiar with our literary history may remember that a remarkable precocity of intellect has been frequently exhibited in this country. The cases of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson are perhaps more interesting than any which have received the general attention; but they are not the most wonderful that have been known here. A few years ago I was shown, by one of the house of Harper and Brothers, the publishers, some verses by a girl but eight years of age — the daughter of a gentleman in Connecticut — that seemed not inferior to any composed by the Davidsons; and other prodigies of the same kind are at this time exciting the hopes of more than one family. Greatness is not often developed in childhood, and where a strange precocity is observable, it is generally but an early and complete maturity of the mind. We can not always decide, to even our own satisfaction, whether it is so, but as the writings of these children, when they were from nine to fifteen years of age, exhibited no advancement, it is reasonable to suppose that, like the wonderful boy Zerah Colburn, of Vermont, whose arithmetical calculations many years ago astonished the world, they would have possessed in their physical maturity no high or peculiar intellectual qualities.

The father of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson was a physician. Their mother's maiden name was Margaret Miller. She was a woman of an ardent temperament and an affectionate disposition, and had been carefully educated. Lucretia was born in the village of Plattsburg, in New York, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1808. In her infancy she was exceedingly fragile, but she grew stronger when about eighteen months old, and though less vigorous than most children of her age, suffered little for several years from sickness. She learned the alphabet in her third year, and at four was sent to a public school, where she was taught to read and to form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian system. As soon as she could read, her time was devoted to the little books that were given to her, and to composition. Her mother, at one time, wishing to write a letter, found that a quire or more of paper had disappeared from the place where writing implements were kept, and when she made inquiries in regard to it, the child came forward and acknowledged that she had "used it." As Mrs. Davidson knew she had not been taught to write, she was surprised, and inquired in what manner it had been destroyed. Lucretia burst into tears, and replied that she did not like to tell. The question was not urged. The paper continued to disappear, and she was frequently observed with little blank books, and pens, and ink, sedulously shunning observation. At length, when she was about six years old, her mother found hidden in a closet, rarely opened, a parcel of papers which proved to be her manuscript books. On one side of each leaf was an artfully sketched picture, and on the other, in rudely formed letters, were poetical explanations.

From this time she acquired knowledge very rapidly, studying intensely at school, and reading in every leisure moment at home. When about twelve years of age she accompanied her father to a celebration of the birth-night of Washington. She had studied the history of the father of his country,

and the scene awakened her enthusiasm. The next day an older sister found her absorbed in writing. She had drawn an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it. They were shown to her mother, who expressed her delight with such animation that the child immediately added the concluding verses, and returned with the poem as it is printed in her Remains:

And does a hero's dust lie here?
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage:
He left a train of glory bright,
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of fame,
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled!

And every sex, and every age,
From lisping boy to learned sage,
The widow, and her orphan son,
Revere the name of Washington.

She continued to write with much industry from this period. In the summer of 1823, her health being very feeble, she was withdrawn from school, and sent on a visit to some friends in Canada. In Montreal she was delighted with the public buildings, martial parades, pictures, and other novel sights, and she returned to Plattsburg with renovated health. Her sister Margaret was born on the twenty-sixth of March, 1823, and a few days afterward, while holding the infant in her lap, she wrote the following lines:

Sweet babe! I can not hope that thou'lt be freed
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed;
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed,
To bear each evil howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form;
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease!

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile—
Teach thee to look beyond that world of wo,
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of years is safely passed,
When Death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

In the summer of 1824 she finished her longest poem, Amir Khan, and in the autumn of the same year was sent to the seminary of Mrs. Willard, at Troy, where she remained during the winter. In May, 1825, after spending several weeks at home, she was transferred to a boarding-school at Albany, and here her health, which had before been slightly affected, rapidly declined. In company with her mother, and Mr. Moss Kent, a gentleman of fortune, who had undertaken to defray the costs of her education, she returned to Plattsburg in July, and died there on the twenty-seventh of August, one month before her seventeenth birthday. She retained, until her death, the purity and simplicity of childhood, and died in the confident hope of immortal happiness.

Soon after her death, her poems and prose writings were published, with a memoir by Mr. S. F. B. Morse, of New York, and an elaborate biography of her life and character has since been written by Miss C. M. Sedgwick, the author of Hope Leslie, etc. The following verses are among the most perfect she produced. They were addressed to her sister, Mrs. Townsend, in her fifteenth year:

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give:
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half afraid,
Oh, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day—
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

At the same age she wrote these lines To a Star:

Thou brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven,
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 't would spread its wings to thee.

How ca'mly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine:
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights—
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven,
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free.

In her sixteenth year she wrote Three Prophecies, of which the following is one:

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream;
But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly flashing eye,
That, maiden, there 's that within thy breast
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblessed:
The strife of love with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye
A dark and a doubtful prophecy:
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse.
I see the cloud and the tempest near;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life:
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave:
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep:
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

In a more sportive vein is the piece entitled Auction Extraordinary, written about the same period:

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use—
'T was horrid injustice, and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day:"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I,—I."
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice:
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

A few months before her death she wrote this address to her mother:

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove:

To thee my lay is due, the simplest song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life, [me!
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for
Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee!

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear!

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow!
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and wo?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery;
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

She died with her "singing robes" about her, having composed, while confined to her bed in her last illness, these verses, expressive of her fear of madness:

There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness:
'T is not the dread of death—'t is more,
It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which burning, glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still—
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal.....

The poem is unfinished, and it is the last she wrote.

Margaret Davidson, at the time of the death of Lucretia, was not quite two years old. The event made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. She loved, when but three years old, to sit on a cushion at her mother's feet, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life, and details of the events which preceded her death, and would often exclaim, while her face beamed with mingled emotions, "Oh, I will try to fill her place—teach me to be like her!" She needed little teaching. In intelligence, delicacy, and susceptibility, she surpassed Lucretia. When in her sixth year, she could read with fluency, and would sit by the bedside of her sick mother, reading, with enthusiastic delight and appropriate emphasis, the poetry of Milton, Cowper, Thomson, and other great authors, and marking, with discrimination, the passages with which she was most pleased. Between the sixth and seventh years of her age, she entered on a general course of education, studying grammar, geography, history, and rhetoric; but her constitution had already begun to show symptoms of decay, which rendered it expedient to check her application. In her seventh summer she was taken to the springs of Saratoga, the waters of which seemed to have a beneficial effect, and she afterward accompanied her parents to New York, with which city she was highly delighted. On her return to Plattsburg, her strength was much increased, and she resumed her studies with great assiduity. In the autumn of 1830, however, her health began to fail again, and it was thought proper for her and her mother to join Mrs. Townsend, an elder sister, in an inland town of Canada. She remained here until 1833, when she had a severe attack of scarlet fever, and on her slow recovery it was determined to go again to New York. Her residence in the city was protracted until the summer heat became oppressive, and she expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac, in the following lines, which are probably equal to any ever written by so young an author:

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light;
Again would I view the old cottage so dear,
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear:
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer-day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh, 'tis tenderer yet;
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
'T was there she first drew, and there yielded her breath.
A father I love is away from me now—
Oh, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear:
Attentive I listen to Pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home, it is dearer than all.

The family soon after became temporary residents of the village of Ballston, near Saratoga, and, in the autumn of 1835, of Rure-mont, on the sound, or East river, about four miles from New York. Here they remained, except at short intervals, until the summer of 1837, when they returned to Ballston. In the last two years, Margaret had suffered much from illness herself, and had lost by death her sister Mrs. Townsend and two brothers; and now her mother became alarmingly ill. As the season advanced, however, health seemed to revisit all the surviving members of the family, and Margaret was as happy as at any period of her life. Early in 1838, Dr. Davidson took a house in Saratoga, to which he removed on the first of May. Here she had an attack of bleeding at the lungs, but recovered, and when her brothers visited home from New York, she returned with them to the city, and remained there several weeks. She reached Saratoga again in July; the bloom had for the last time left her cheeks; and she decayed gradually until the twenty-fifth of November,

when her spirit returned to God. She was then *but fifteen years and eight months old.*

She was aware of her approaching change, and in the preceding September she wrote a short poem, characterized by much beauty of thought and tenderness of feeling, to her brother, a young officer in the army, stationed at a frontier post in the west, in which an allusion to the fading verdure, and falling leaf, and gathering melancholy, and lifeless quiet of the season, as typical of her own blighted youth and approaching dissolution, is pointed out by Mr. Irving as having in it something peculiarly solemn and affecting. "But when," she says:

"But when, in the shade of the autumn wood,
Thy wandering footsteps stray;
When yellow leaves and perishing buds
Are scattered in thy way;
When all around thee breathes of rest,
And sadness and decay —
With the drooping flower, and the fallen tree,
Oh, brother, blend thy thoughts of me!"

Her later poems do not seem to me superior to some written in her eleventh year, and the prose compositions included in the volume of her Remains, edited by Mr. Irving, are not better than those of many girls of her age. One of her latest and most perfect pieces is the dedication of a poem entitled Leonore to the spirit of her sister Lucretia:

Oh, thou, so early lost, so long deplored!
Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near!
And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear.

For thee I pour this unaffected lay;
To thee these simple numbers all belong:
For though thine earthly form has passed away,
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take, then, this feeble tribute—'t is thine own—
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
And bid its wakened music sleep no more!

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
Hung o'er thy grave, in death's unbroken rest;
But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

Oh, thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee!

Leonore is the longest of her poems, and it was commenced after much reflection, and written with care and a resolution to do something that should serve as the measure of her genius, and carry her name into the future. It is a story of romantic love, happily conceived, and illustrated with some fine touches of sentiment and fancy. It is a creditable production, and would entitle a much older author to consideration; but its best passages scarcely equal some of her earlier and less elaborate performances.

The following lines addressed to her mother, a few days before her death, are the last she ever wrote:

Oh, mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lovest to hear,
And breathe each trembling new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear,
As when, in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapped
The remnant of my brief career:
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And oh, how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life!
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee as in "days of yore."

I said that Hope had passed from earth—
'T was but to fold her wings in heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven:
When mine are washed in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell the lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart,
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise:
And all not offered at his shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

In 1843, a volume entitled Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller Davidson, was published, with a preface by Miss Sedgwick. There is nothing in the book to arrest attention. Mrs. Davidson has some command of language and a knowledge of versification, and the chief production of her industry in this line is a paraphrase of six books of Fingal. Her writings are interesting only as indexes to the early culture of her daughters.

MARY E. HEWITT.

t maiden name of Mrs. HEWITT was ELIZABETH MOORE, and she is a na- f Malden, a country town about five from Boston, in which city she resided her removal to New York, in 1829, two years after her marriage with Mr. L. Hewitt, now of that city.

s. Hewitt's earlier poems appeared in nickerbocker Magazine and other pe- als, under the signature of "Ione," and 5 she published in Boston a volume d Songs of our Land and other Poems, confirmed the high opinions which had been formed of her abilities from the fugitive pieces that had been popularly attributed to her. Her compositions in this collection show that she has a fine and well-cultivated understanding, informed with womanly feeling and a graceful fancy, and they are distinguished in an unusual degree for lyrical power and harmony as well as for sweetness of versification.

Among the more recent productions of Mrs. Hewitt are some elegant translations, which illustrate her taste and learning and fine command of language.

THE SONGS OF OUR LAND.

say we sing no household songs,
o children round our hearths at play;
minstrelsy to us belongs,
o legend of a bygone day—
old tradition of the hills—
giant land no memory fills:
e have no proud heroic lay.
sk the time-worn storied page—
sk the lore of other age,
rom us, a race of yesterday!

ore, in Britain's feudal halls,
here many a storied trophy hung
h shield and banner on the walls,
he Bard's high harp was sternly strung
raise of war—its fierce delights—
heroes of a hundred fights."
he lofty sounding shell outrung!
e is the ancient Bardic race:
ir song hath found perpetual place
heir country's proud archives among.

stirring Scottish border tale
raled from the chords in chieftain's hall,
wild traditions of the Gael
he wandering harper's lays recall.
themes, Germania, fire thy strings;
when the Marseillaise outrings,
ith patriot ardor thrills the Gaul:
ave their legend and their song,
rds of glory, feud, and wrong—
f conquest wrought, and foeman's fall.

I thought the Switzer's bosom fills
hen sounds the "Ranz des Vaches" on high:
es as ancient as their hills
ill echoes that wild mountain cry.
springs along the rocky height,
narks the lammergeyer's flight,
The startled chamois bounding by;
He snuffs the mountain breeze of morn;
He winds again the mountain horn,
And loud the wakened Alps reply!

Our fathers bore from Albion's isle
No stories of her sounding lyres:
They left the old baronial pile—
They left the harp of ringing wires.
Ours are the legends still rehearsed,
Ours are the songs that gladsome burst
By all your cot and palace fires:
Each tree that in your soft wind stirs,
Waves o'er our ancient sepulchres,
The sleeping ashes of our sires!

They left the gladsome Christmas chime,
The yule fire, and the misletoe;
They left the vain, ungodly rhyme,
For hymns the solemn paced and slow;
They left the mass, the stoled priest,
The scarlet woman and the beast,
For worship rude and altars low:
Their land, with its dear memories fraught,
They left for liberty of thought—
For stranger clime and savage foe.

And forth they went—nerved to forsake
Home, and the chain they might not wear
And woman's heart was strong to break
The links of love that bound her there:
Here, free to worship and believe,
From many a log-built hut at eve
Went up the suppliant voice of prayer.
Is it not writ on history's page,
That the strong hand grasped our heritage?
Of the lion claimed his forest lair!

Our people raised no loud war songs,
The shouted no fierce battle cry—
A burning memory of their wrongs
Lit up their path to victory:

With prayer to God to aid the right,
The yeoman girded him for fight,
To free the land he tilled, or die.
They bore no proud escutcheoned shield,
No blazoned banners to the field—
Naught but their watchword "Liberty!"

Their sons—when after-years shall fling
O'er these, romance—when time hath cast
The mighty shadow of his wing
Between them and the storied past—
Will tell of foul oppression's heel,
Of hands that bore the avenging steel,
And battled sternly to the last—
By their hearth-fires—on the free hill-side:
So shall our songs, o'er every tide,
Swell forth triumphant on the blast!

E'en now the word that roused our land
Is calling o'er the wave, "Awake!"
And pealing on from strand to strand,
Wherever ocean's surges break:
Up to the quickened ear of toil
It rises from the teeming soil,
And bids the slave his bonds forsake.
Hark! from the mountains to the sea,
The old world echoes "Liberty!"
Till thrones to their foundations shake.

And ye who idly set at naught
The sacred boon in suffering won,
Read o'er our page with glory fraught,
Nor scoff that we no more have done:
Read how the nation of the free
Hath carved her deeds in history,
Nor count them bootless every one—
Deeds of our mighty men of old,
Whose names stand evermore enrolled
Beneath the name of Washington!

Oh, mine own fair and glorious land!
Did I not hold such faith in thee,
As did the honored patriot band
That bled to make thee great and free—
Did I not look to hear thee sung,
To hear thy lyre yet proudly strung,
Thou ne'er had waked my minstrelsy:
And I shall hear thy song resound,
Till from his shackles man shall bound,
And shout, exultant, "Liberty!"

THE TWO VOICES.

A voice went forth throughout the land,
And an answering voice replied
From the rock-piled mountain fastnesses
To the surging ocean tide.

And far the blazing headlands gleamed
With their land-awakening fires;
And the hill-tops kindled, peak and height,
With a hundred answering pyres.

The quick youth snatched his father's sword,
And the yeoman rose in might;
And the aged grandsire nerved him there
For the stormy field of fight:

And the hillmen left their grass-grown steeps,
And their flocks and herds unkept;
And the ploughshare of the husbandman
In the half-turned furrow slept.

They wore no steel-wrought panoply,
Nor shield nor morion gleamed;
Nor the flaunt of bannered blazonry
In the morning sunlight streamed.

They bore no marshalled, firm array—
Like a torrent on they poured,
With the firelock, and the mower's scythe,
And the old forefathers' sword.

And again a voice went sounding on,
And the bonfires streamed on high;
And the hill-tops rang to the headlands bac
With the shout of victory!

So the land redeemed her heritage,
By the free hand mailed in right,
From the war-shod, hireling foeman's treac
And the ruthless grasp of might.

THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.

Thou conqueror of the wilderness,
With keen and bloodless edge—
Hail! to the sturdy artisan
Who welded thee, bold wedge!
Though the warrior deem the weapon
Fashioned only for the slave,
Yet the settler knows thee mightier
Than the tried Damascus glaive.

While desolation marketh
The course of foeman's brand,
Thy strong blow scatters plenty
And gladness through the land:
Thou opest the soil to culture,
To the sunlight and the dew;
And the village spire thou plantest
Where of old the forest grew.

When the broad sea rolled between thee
And their own far native land,
Thou wert the faithful ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band.
They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky;
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swelled its fearful notes on high.

But the ringing wild rēechoed
Thy bold, resistless stroke,
Where, like incense, on the morning
Went up the cabin smoke:
The tall oaks bowed before thee,
Like reeds before the blast;
And the earth put forth in gladness
Where the axe in triumph passed.

Then hail! thou noble conqueror,
That, when tyranny oppressed,
Hewed for our fathers from the wild
A land wherein to rest:
Hail, to the power that giveth
The bounty of the soil,
And freedom, and an honored name,
To the hardy sons of toil!

A THOUGHT OF THE PILGRIMS.

How beauteous in the morning light,
Bright glittering in her pride,
Trimountain,* from her ancient height,
Looks down upon the tide:
The fond wind woos her from the sea,
And ocean clasps her lovingly,
As bridegroom clasps his bride.

And out across the waters dark,
Careering on their way,
Full many a gallant, home-bound bark
Comes dashing up the bay:
Their pennons float on morning's gale,
The sunlight gilds each swelling sail,
And flashes on the spray.

Not thus toward fair New England's coast,
With eager-hearted crew,
The pilgrim-freighted, tempest-tost,
And lonely May Flower drew:
There was no hand outstretched to bless,
No welcome from the wilderness,
To cheer her hardy few.

But onward drove the winter clouds
Athwart the darkening sky,
And hoarsely through the stiffened shrouds
The wind swept stormily;
While shrill from out the beetling rock,
That seemed the billows' force to mock,
Broke forth the sea-gull's cry.

God's blessing on their memories!
Those sturdy men and bold,
Who girt their hearts in righteousness,
Like martyr saints of old;
And mid oppression sternly sought,
To hold the sacred boon of Thought
In freedom uncontrolled.

They left the old, ancestral hall
The creed they might not own;
They left home, kindred, fortune, all—
Left glory and renown:
For what to them was pride of birth,
Or what to them the pomp of earth,
Who sought a heavenly crown?

Strong armed in faith they crossed the flood:
Here, mid the forest fair,
With axe and mattock, from the wood
They laid broad pastures bare;
And with the ploughshare turned the plain,
And planted fields of yellow grain
And built their dwellings there.

The pilgrim sires!—How from the night
Of centuries dim and vast,
It comes o'er every hill and height—
That watchword from the past!
And old men's pulses quicker bound,
And young hearts leap to hear the sound,
As at the trumpet's blast.

And though the Pilgrim's day hath set,
Its glorious light remains—
Its beam refulgent lingers yet
O'er all New England's plains:
Dear land! though doomed from thee to part,
The blood that warmed the Pilgrim's heart
Swells proudly in my veins!

Go to the islands of the sea,
Wherever man may dare—
Wherever pagan bows the knee,
Or Christian bends in prayer—
To every shore that bounds the main,
Wherever keel on strand hath lain—
New England's sons are there.

Toil they for wealth on distant coast,
Roam they from sea to sea:
Self-exiled, still her children boast
Their birthplace 'mong the free;
Or seek they fame on glory's track,
Their hearts, like mine, turn ever back,
New England, unto thee!

* Boston—built upon three hills—was originally named, by the early settlers, "Trimountain."

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

Crowned with the hoar of centuries,
There, by the eternal sea,
High on her misty cape she sits,
Like an eagle—fearless, free.

And thus in olden time she sat,
On that morn of long ago;
Mid the roar of Freedom's armament,
And the war-bolts of her foe.

Old Time hath reared her pillared walls,
Her domes and turrets high:
With her hundred tall and tapering spires,
All flashing to the sky.

Shall I not sing of thee, beloved?
My beautiful, my pride!
Thou that towerest in thy queenly grace,
By the tributary tide.

There, swan-like crestest thou the waves
That, enamored, round thee swell—
Fairer than Aphrodité, couched
On her foam-wreathed ocean shell.

Oh, ever, mid this restless hum
Resounding from the street,
Of the thronging, hurrying multitude,
And the tread of stranger feet—

My heart turns back to thee—mine own!
My beautiful, my pride!
With thought of thy free ocean wind,
And the clasping, fond old tide—

With all thy kindred household smokes,
Upwreathing far away;
And the merry bells that pealed as now
On my grandsire's wedding-day:

To those green graves and truthful hearts,
Oh, city by the sea!
My heritage, and priceless dower,
My beautiful, in thee!

THE SUNFLOWER TO THE SUN.

Hymettus' bees are out on filmy wing,
Dim Phosphor slowly fades adown the west,
And Earth awakes. Shine on me, oh my king!
For I with dew am laden and oppressed.

Long through the misty clouds of morning gray
The flowers have watched to hail thee from yon sea:
Sad Asphodel, that pines to meet thy ray,
And Juno's roses, pale for love of thee.

Perchance thou dalliest with the Morning Hour,
Whose blush is reddening now the eastern wave;
Or to the cloud for ever leav'st thy flower,
Wiled by the glance white-footed Thetis gave.

I was a proud Chaldean monarch's child!*
Euphrates' waters told me I was fair—
And thou, Thessalia's shepherd, on me smiled,
And likened to thine own my amber hair.

Thou art my life—sustainer of my spirit!
Leave me not then in darkness here to pine;
Other hearts love thee, yet do they inherit
A passionate devotedness like mine?

But lo! thou lift'st thy shield o'er yonder tide:
The gray clouds fly before the conquering Sun;
Thou like a monarch up the heavens dost ride—
And, joy! thou beamst on me, celestial one!

On me, thy worshipper, thy poor Parsee,
Whose brow adoring types thy face divine—
God of my burning heart's idolatry,
Take root like me, or give me life like thine!

THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.

By that mysterious sympathy which chaineth
For evermore my spirit unto thine;
And by the memory, that alone remaineth,
Of that sweet hope that now no more is mine;
And by the love my trembling heart betrayeth,
That, born of thy soft gaze, within me lies;
As the lone desert-bird, the Arab sayeth,
Warms her young brood to life with her fond eyes:

Hear me, adored one! though the world divide us,
Though never more my hand in thine be pressed,
Though to commingle thought be here denied us,
Till our high hearts shall beat themselves to rest;
Forget me not, forget me not! oh, ever
This one, one prayer, my spirit pours to thee;
Till every memory from earth shall sever,
Remember, oh, beloved! remember me!

And when the light within mine eye is shaded,
When I, o'erwearied, sleep the sleep profound,
And like that nymph of yore who drooped and faded,
And pined for love, till she became a sound;
My song, perchance, awhile to earth remaining,
Shall come in murmured melody to thee:
Then let my lyre's deep, passionate complaining,
Cry to thy heart, beloved—"Remember me!"

* Clytia, daughter of Orchamus, king of Babylon, was beloved by Apollo; but the god deserting her, she pined away with continually gazing on the sun, and was changed to the flower denominated from him, which turns as he moves, to look at his light.

GREEN PLACES IN THE CITY.

Ye fill my heart with gladness, verdant places
That mid the city greet me where I pass;
Methinks I see of angel-steps the traces
Where'er upon my pathway springs the gra
I pause before your gates at early morning,
When lies the sward with glittering sheen
spread;
And think the dewdrops there each blade adorn
Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed.

And ye, earth's firstlings, here in beauty spring
Erst in your cells by careful Winter nursed-
And to the morning heaven your incense fling
As at His smile ye forth in gladness burst—
How do ye cheer with hope my lonely hour,
When on my way I tread despondingly,
With thought that He who careth for the flov
Will, in his mercy, still remember me!

Breath of our nostrils—Thou! whose love embr
Whose light shall never from our souls dep
Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis
Amid the arid desert of my heart.
Thy sun and rain call forth the bud of promi
And with fresh leaves in spring-time deck the
That where man's hand hath shut out Nature
We, by these glimpses, may remember Thee!

CAMEOS.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

Reclined enervate on the couch of ease,
No more he pants for deeds of high emprise
For Pleasure holds in soft, voluptuous ties
Enthralled, great Jove-descended Hercules.
The hand that bound the Erymanthian boar,
Hesperia's dragon slew, with bold intent—
That from his quivering side in triumph ren
The skin the Cleonæan lion wore,
Holds forth the goblet—while the Lydian qu
Rob'd like a nymph, her brow enwreath'd with
Lifts high the amphora, brimmed with rosy v
And pours the draught the crowned cup with
And thus the soul, abased to sensual sway,
Its worth forsakes—its might forgoes for aye.

TITYOS CHAINED IN TARTARUS.

Oh, wondrous marvel of the sculptor's art!
What cunning hand hath cull'd thee from the
And carved thee into life, with skill divine!
How claims in thee Humanity a part—
Seems from the gem the form enchained to
While thus with fiery eye, and outspread w
The ruthless vulture to his victim clings,
With whetted beak deep in the quivering he
Oh, thou embodied meaning, master-wrough
Thus taught the sage, how, sunk in crime an
The soul a prey to conscience, writhes with
Its fleshly bonds enslaved: thus ever, Thoug
The breast's keen torturer, remorseful tears
At life, the hell whose chain the soul in an
wears!

A YARN.

"'T is Saturday night, and our watch below—
What heed we, boys, how the breezes blow,
While our cans are brimmed with the sparkling flow:
Come, Jack—uncoil, as we pass the grog,
And spin us a yarn from memory's log."

Jack's brawny chest like the broad sea heaved,
While his loving lip to the beaker cleaved;
And he drew his tarred and well-saved sleeve
Across his mouth, as he drained the can,
And thus to his listening mates began:

"When I sailed a boy, in the schooner Mike,
No bigger, I trow, than a marlinspike—
But I've told ye the tale ere now, belike?"
"Go on!" each voice reechoed,
And the tar thrice hemmed, and thus he said:

"A stanch-built craft as the waves e'er bore—
We had loosed our sails for home once more,
Freighted full deep from Labrador,
When a cloud one night rose on our lee,
That the heart of the stoutest quailed to see.

And voices wild with the winds were blent,
As our bark her prow to the waters bent;
And the seamen muttered their discontent—
Muttered and nodded ominously—
But the mate, right carelessly whistled he.

'Our bark may never outride the gale—
'Tis a pitiless night! the pattering hail
Hath coated each spar as 't were in mail;
And our sails are riven before the breeze,
While our cordage and shrouds into icicles freeze!'

Thus spake the skipper beside the mast,
While the arrowy sleet fell thick and fast;
And our bark drove onward before the blast
That goaded the waves, till the angry main
Rose up and strove with the hurricane.

Up spake the mate, and his tone was gay—
'Shall we at this hour to fear give way?
We must labor, in sooth, as well as pray:
Out, shipmates, and grapple home yonder sail,
That flutters in ribands before the gale!'

Loud swelled the tempest, and rose the shriek—
'Save, save! we are sinking!—A leak! a leak!'
And the hale old skipper's tawny cheek
Was cold, as 't were sculptured in marble there,
And white as the foam, or his own white hair.

The wind piped shrilly, the wind piped loud—
It shrieked 'mong the cordage, it howled in the shroud;
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud:
But high over all, in tones of glee,
The voice of the mate rang cheerily—

'Now, men, for your wives' and your sweethearts' sakes!
Cheer, messmates, cheer!—quick! man the brakes!
We 'll gain on the leak ere the skipper wakes;
And though our peril your hearts appal,
Ere dawns the morrow we 'll laugh at the squall.'

He railed at the tempest, he laughed at its threats,
He played with his fingers like castanets:
Yet think not that he, in his mirth, forgets
That the plank he is riding this hour at sea,
May launch him the next to eternity!

The white-haired skipper turned away,
And lifted his hands, as it were to pray;
But his look spoke plainly as look could say,
The boastful thought of the Pharisee—
'Thank God, I'm not hardened as others be!'

But the morning dawned, and the waves sank low,
And the winds, o'erwearied, forbore to blow;
And our bark lay there in the golden glow—
Flashing she lay in the bright sunshine,
An ice-sheathed hulk on the cold, still brine.

Well, shipmates, my yarn is almost spun—
The cold and the tempest their work had done,
And I was the last, lone, living one,
Clinging, benumbed, to that wave-girt wreck,
While the dead around me bestrewed the deck.

Yea, the dead were round me everywhere!
The skipper gray, in the sunlight there,
Still lifted his paralyzed hands in prayer; [leapt,
And the mate, whose tones through the darkness
In the silent hush of the morning, slept.

Oh, bravely he perished who sought to save
Our storm-tossed bark from the pitiless wave,
And her crew from a yawning and fathomless grave:
Crying, 'Messmates cheer!' with a bright, glad smile,
And praying, 'Be merciful, God!' the while.

True to his trust, to his last chill gasp,
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp—
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp:
And his crisp, brown locks were dank and thin,
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin.

My timbers have weathered, since, many a gale;
And when life's tempests this hulk assail,
And the binnacle lamp in my breast burns pale,
'Cheer, messmates, cheer!' to my heart I say,
'We must labor, in sooth, as well as pray!'"

IMITATION OF SAPPHO.

If to repeat thy name when none may hear me,
To find thy thought with all my thoughts inwove;
To languish where thou 'rt not—to sigh when near
Oh, if this be to love thee, I do love! [thee:

If when thou utterest low words of greeting,
To feel through every vein the torrent pour;
Then back again the hot tide swift retreating,
Leave me all powerless, silent as before:

If to list breathless to thine accents falling,
Almost to pain, upon my eager ear—
And fondly when alone to be recalling
The words that I would die again to hear:

If 'neath thy glance my heart all strength forsaking,
Pant in my breast as pants the frighted dove;
If to think on thee ever, sleeping—waking—
Oh! if this be to love thee, I do love!

LOVE'S PLEADING.

Speak tender words, mine own beloved, to me—
Call me thy lily—thy imperial one,
That, like the Persian, breathes adoringly
Its fragrant worship ever to the sun.

Speak tender words, lest doubt with me prevail:
Call me thy rose—thy queen rose! throned apart,
That all unheedful of the nightingale,
Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

For thou 'rt the sun that makes my heaven fair,
Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;
And like the plant that hath its root in air,
I only live within thy atmosphere.

Look on me with those soul-illumined eyes,
And murmur low in love's entrancing tone—
Methinks the angel-lute of paradise
Had never voice so thrilling as thine own!

Say I am dearer to thee than renown,
My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim:
Call me thy laurel—thy victorious crown,
Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name.

Breathe low to me each pure, enraptured thought,
While thus thy arms my trusting heart entwine:
Call me by all fond meanings love hath wrought,
But oh, Ianthia, ever call me thine!

THE HEARTH OF HOME.

The storm around my dwelling sweeps,
And while the boughs it fiercely reaps,
My heart within a vigil keeps,
The warm and cheering hearth beside;
And as I mark the kindling glow
Brightly o'er all its radiance throw,
Back to the years my memories flow,
When Rome sat on her hills in pride;
When every stream, and grove, and tree,
And fountain, had its deity.

The hearth was then, 'mong low and great,
Unto the Lares consecrate:
The youth, arrived to man's estate,
There offered up his golden heart;
Thither, when overwhelmed with dread,
The stranger still for refuge fled—
Was kindly cheered, and warmed, and fed,
Till he might fearless thence depart:
And there the slave, a slave no more,
Hung reverent up the chain he wore.

Full many a change the hearth hath known;
The Druid fire, the curfew's tone,
The log that bright at yule-tide shone,
The merry sports of Hallow-e'en:
Yet still where'er a home is found,
Gather the warm affections round,
And there the notes of mirth resound—
The voice of wisdom heard between:
And welcomed there with words of grace,
The stranger finds a resting place.

Oh, wheresoe'er our feet may roam,
Still sacred is the hearth of home;
Whether beneath the princely dome,
Or peasant's lowly roof it be,
For home the wanderer ever yearns;
Backward to where its hearth-fire burns
Like to the wife of old, he turns
Fondly the eyes of memory:
Back where his heart he offered first—
Back where his fair, young hopes he nurs

My humble hearth though all disdain,
Here may I cast aside the chain
The world hath coldly on me lain—
Here to my Lares offer up
The warm prayer of a grateful heart:
Thou that my household Guardian art,
That dost to me thine aid impart,
And with thy mercy fill'st my cup—
Strengthen the hope within my soul,
Till I in faith may reach the goal!

THE LAUNCH.

A sound through old Trimountain went
A voice to great and small,
That told of feast and merriment,
And welcome kind to all:
And there was gathering in the hall,
And gathering on the strand;
And many a heart beat anxiously
That morning, on the sand:

For 'tis the morn when ocean tide,
An hundred tongues record,
Shall wed the daughter of the oak—
The mighty forest lord.

They dressed the bride in streamers gay
Her beauty to enhance;
And o'er her hung Columbia's stars,
And the tri-fold flag of France;
They decked her prow with rare device
With wealth of carving good;
And they girt her with a golden zone,
The maiden of the wood.

The gay tones of the artisan
Fell lightly on the ear,
And sound of vigorous hammer stroke
Rang loudly out and clear;
And stout arms swayed the ponderous sl
While a shout the hills awoke,
As forth to meet the bridegroom flood
Swept the daughter of the oak.

And bending to the jewelled spray
That rose her step to greet,
She dashed aside the yesty waves
That gathered round her feet;
And down her path right gracefully,
The queenly maiden pressed,
Till the royal ocean clasped her form
To his broad and heaving breast.

God guide thee o'er the trackless deep,
My brother—brave and true;
God speed the good Damascus well,
And shield her daring crew!

THE ODE OF HAROLD THE VALIANT.

I mid the hills was born,
Where the skilled bowmen
Send, with unerring shaft,
Death to the foemen.
But I love to steer my bark—
To fear a stranger—
Over the Maëlstrom's edge,
Daring the danger;
And where the mariner
Paleth affrighted,
Over the sunken rocks
I dash on delighted.
The far waters know my keel—
No tide restrains me;
But ah! a Russian maid
Coldly disdains me.

Once to Sicilia's isle
Voyaged I, unfearing:
Conflict was on my prow,
Glory was steering.
Where fled the stranger-ship
Wildly before me,
Down, like the hungry hawk,
My vessel bore me;
We carved on the craven's deck
The red runes of slaughter:
When my bird whets her beak,
Our spears give no quarter!
The far waters know my keel, &c.

Countless, like spears of grain,
Were the warriors of Drontheim,
When like the hurricane
I swept down upon them!
Like chaff beneath the flail
They fell in their numbers—
Their king with the golden hair
I sent to his slumbers.
I love the combat fierce, &c.

Once o'er the Baltic sea
Swift we were dashing;
Bright on our twenty spears
Sunlight was flashing;
When through the Skagerack
The storm-wind was driven,
And from our bending mast
The broad sail was riven:
Then, while the angry brine
Foamed like a flagon,
Brimfull the yesty rhime
Filled our brown dragon;
But I, with sinewy hand,
Strengthened in slaughter,
Forth from the straining ship
Bailed the dun water:
I love the combat fierce, &c.

Firmly I curb my steed,
As e'er Thracian horseman;
My hand throws the javelin true,
Pride of the Norseman;
And the bold skaiter marks,
While his lips quiver,
Where o'er the bending ice
I skim the strong river.
Forth to my rapid oar
The boat swiftly springeth—
Springs like the mettled steed
When the spur stingeth.
Valiant I am in fight,
No fear restrains me, &c.

Saith she, the maiden fair,
The Norsemen are cravens!
I in the Southland gave
A feast to the ravens!
Green lay the sward outspread,
The bright sun was o'er us,
When the strong fighting men
Rushed down before us.
Midway to meet the shock
My fleet courser bore me,
And like Thor's hammer crashed
My strong hand before me!
Left we their maids in tears,
Their city in embers:
The sound of the Viking's spears
The Southland remembers!
I love the combat fierce, &c.

LAY.

A lay of love! ask yonder sea
For wealth its waves have closed upon—
A song from stern Thermopylæ—
A battle-shout from Marathon!
Look on my brow! Reveals it naught?
It hideth deep rememberings,
Enduring as the records wrought
Within the tombs of Egypt's kings!
Take thou the harp—I may not sing—
Awake the Teian lay divine,
Till fire from every glowing string
Shall mingle with the flashing wine!

The Theban lyre but to the sun
Gave forth at morn its answering tone:
So mine but echoed when the one,
One sunlit glance was o'er it thrown.
The Memnon sounds no more! my lyre—
A veil upon thy strings is flung:
I may not wake the chords of fire—
The words that burn upon my tongue.
Fill high the cup! I may not sing—
My hands the crowning buds will twine.
Pour—till the wreath I o'er it fling
Shall mingle with the rosy wine.

No lay of love! the lava-stream
Hath left its trace on heart and brain!
No more—no more! the maddening theme
Will wake the slumbering fires again!
Fling back the shroud on buried years—
Hail, to the ever-blooming hours!
We'll fill Time's glass with ruby tears,
And twine his bald, old brow with flowers!
Fill high! fill high! I may not sing—
Strike forth the Teian lay divine,
Till fire from every glowing string
Shall mingle with the flashing wine!

SUSAN R. A. BARNES.

Miss Susan Rebecca Ayer, now Mrs. Barnes, is a daughter of the Hon. Richard H. Ayer, of the city of Manchester, in New Hampshire. Her family has furnished several names distinguished in public affairs and in literature. Mr. John Greene, the banker, of Paris, is her maternal uncle, and the accomplished scholar and writer, Mr. Nathaniel Greene, of Boston, is nearly related to her. Her associations have therefore been preëminently favorable to the cultivation of her abilities. Her poems are marked by many felicities of expression; and they frequently combine a masculine vigor of style with tenderness and a passionate earnestness of feeling. Mrs. Barnes now resides with her father, in Manchester. Her native place is Hooksett, in the same state.

IMALEE:

AN EASTERN LEGEND

Shrined in the bosom of the Indian sea,
Where ceaseless Summer smiles perpetually,
A festal glory o'er the tropic thrown,
To other lands and other climes unknown—
By friends untrodden, unprofaned by foes,
The bright isle of the Indian god arose.
There waving mid a wilderness of green,
The palm-tree spread its leaf of glossy sheen;
The tamarind blossom floating on the gale,
Bore breathing odors to the passing sail;
The banyan's broad, interminable shade
A bower of bright, perennial beauty made;
And from the rock's deep cleft, by Nature nurst,
The tropic's floral wealth in splendor burst.
It seemed that Nature, revelling in bloom,
Here claimed exemption from the general doom:
Perpetual verdure o'er the seasons reigned,
Perpetual beauty every sense enchained;
And here the Indian, Nature's untaught child,
The simple savage of a sunny wild,
Deemed that the spirit whom he worshipped dwelt,
And here at eve in adoration knelt
The Indian maiden—sacred to the power
So deeply reverenced, day's departing hour.....

The shadows deepen o'er the summer sea,
The breeze is up—the ripple murmurs free;
A single sail in the dim distance holds
Its onward course, though twilight's darkening folds,
Descending, deepening, veil the lessening prow;
And now it nears the sacred isle, and now
A single, solitary form is seen—
A fearless foot hath pressed the yielding green!—
And Imalee, the dark-browed Indian maid,
At this dim hour, unshrinking, undismayed,
With step that borrows firmness from despair—
With eye that tells what woman's soul will dare,
When wars the spirit in its prisoned home,
Till Reason yielding, trembles on her throne—
Hath sought the shrine, unmindful of the hour,
To hold dark commune with an unknown power.
Around, a paradise of bloom is shed;
The cocoa breathes its blossoms o'er her head;
The scarlet bombex clusters at her feet,
And bloom and fragrance unregarded meet;
While heavy with the glittering dews of night,
The leaf is greener and the flower more bright.
The maiden hung her wreath upon the shrine,
An offering to the power she deemed divine,
When soft and low a breathing whisper came
That thrilled through every fibre of her frame;
That spirit-voice all tremulous she hears—
"Within thy wreath a withered rose appears!"
"There is—there is—fit emblem of my heart;
Oh, Power benign! thine influence impart
To raise, restore, and renovate for me,
That withered flower, or bid its memory flee!
I flung it from me in an idle hour,
In the first dream of conscious maiden power:
That dream is o'er, and I have lived to wake,
To wish my bursting heart indeed might break!"
Again that voice is stealing on her ear,
That spirit-voice, but not in tones of fear;
It murmurs in a soft, familiar tone,
It thrills her heart, but why, she dares not own:
Her head is raised, her cheek like sunset glows;
Again it breathes, "Wilt thou restore the rose!"
And mid the waving foliage's deepening green
A well remembered form is dimly seen.
That eve it had been hers unmoved to mark
The shadows deepening round her lonely bark;
A darker shadow brooded o'er her rest,
A deeper desolation veiled her breast;
And she who had in tearless sadness sought
The haunted shade where gods and demons wrought,
And there unmoved her fearful vigil kept,
Now bowed her head, and like an infant wept.
Abroad once more upon the starlit sea,
The sounding surge is musical to thee;
The deepening shadows lose their ghastly gloom,
The distant shades are redolent of bloom;
The sky is cloudless and the air is balm,
The tropic night's peculiar, breathing calm—
Bright Imalee, 'tis thine once more to own,
Abroad upon the wave—but not alone.

THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

It must have been a glorious sight,
And one which to behold
Would stir the sternest spirit's depths,
Those armed bands of old!
The glittering panoply of proof,
The helmet and the shield,
The spear and ponderous battle-axe,
Which only they could wield!

The knightly daring—high resolve,
Engraven on each brow,
The manly form of iron mould—
Methinks I see them now,
As fresh and vividly they rise,
To bid the bosom glow,
As when they burst upon the eye
A thousand years ago!

And 'neath that burning Syrian sun,
Far as the eye can measure,
Prepared to pour like water forth
Their life-blood and their treasure—
Those banded legions pressing on,
The red-cross banner flying,
And thousands seeking 'neath that sign
The glorious need of dying!

Oh holy, pure, and heartfelt zeal,
Misguided though thou be,
There still is something heavenly bright
And beautiful in thee!
And He who judges not as man,
'T is his alone to try thee,
And thou wilt meet that grace from him
Thy brother would deny thee.

Assailed without, begirt within
By those who hate and fear thee,
Though Danger lurks within thy path,
And Death is busy near thee—
As reckless of continual toil
As if that frame were iron,
A glorious destiny is thine,
Undaunted Cœur de Lion!

God speed thee on thine enterprise,
Lord of the lion heart;
Go—mid "the rapture of the strife"
Enact thy princely part:
Do battle with the infidel,
And smite his haughty brow,
And plant the standard of the cross
Where waves the crescent now!

The blood of the Plantagenets
Is bounding in thy veins,
The soul of the Plantagenets
Within thy bosom reigns;
And deeds that breathe of future fame,
And deathless meed assign,
Desires not conquest e'en can tame,
And beauty's smile, are thine!

The story of thy knightly faith,
As ages roll along,
Shall brighten o'er the poet's page,
And wake the minstrel's song:
Ay—to the tale of high emprise,
The daring deed and bold,
The spirit leaps as wildly now
As in those days of old!

PENITENCE.

Thou art not penitent, although
There rages in thy brain
A scorching madness undefined,
Whose very breath is flame.
Thou art not penitent: alas!
The world hath wounded thee,
And thou in anguish ill concealed
Art fain to turn and flee.

Thou hast in Pleasure's maddening cup—
That cup too deeply quaffed—
The pearl of thy existence thrown,
And drained it at a draught!
Unmourned and unrepressed, behold
Life's energies decline—
Worn, wasted in unholy fires:
And what reward is thine?

The world, once worshipped, spurns thee now,
Rejects thee—casts thee hence—
And thou art nursing injured pride,
And dreamst of penitence!
Let but the temptress smile again,
Thou wouldst her influence own,
Forgetting in that charmed embrace
The evil thou hadst known.

Thou bringest not a broken heart
To offer at the throne
Of Him who has in love declared
The broken heart his own.
Thy heart is hard—thou who hast long
The path of error trod;
Deemst thou that weak and wicked thing
An offering meet for God!

Go, if thou canst, when Flattery's voice
Is stealing on thine ear
In tones so sweet, an angel might,
Forgetting, turn to hear—
Go, rather list the voice within,
And bow beneath the rod,
And recognise with soul subdued
The chastening of thy God!

Go to the wretch who may have wrought
Irreparable ill,
To thee, or those more deeply dear,
More fondly cherished still;
Approach, though it may seem like death
To look on him, and live,
And while Revenge is wooing thee,
Say firmly, "I forgive."

Go, when to deep idolatry
Thy heart is darkly prone—
That heart whose steadfast hope should still
Be fixed on God alone:
Go, rend the image from its shrine,
And hurl the idol hence,
And bring it bleeding back to Him:
This—this is penitence!

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

MRS. WHITMAN is a native of Providence. Her father, the late Mr. Nicholas Power, a merchant of that city, was a lineal descendant of that Nicholas Power who accompanied Roger Williams in his banishment, and assisted him in establishing the first of governments which claimed no authority over the conscience. The founder of her family in Rhode Island appears to have been worthy of his fraternity with the new Baptist, preaching the gospel of liberty in the wilderness, and the Massachusetts General Court made him feel the weight of its displeasure for advancing so much faster than itself in civilization.

Miss Power married at an early age Mr. John Winslow Whitman, a son of Mr. Kilborn Whitman, an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, and a descendant from Edward Winslow, the first governor of Plymouth. Mr. Whitman's childhood was passed with his grandfather, Dr. Isaac Winslow, upon the only estate which at that time remained by uninterrupted transmission in the families of the Pilgrims. Mrs. Whitman has published an interesting account of a visit to the old mansion, soon after the death of Dr. Winslow, while it was still graced with the richly-carved oaken chairs and massive tables brought over in the May Flower, and its venerable walls were decorated with the family portraits, that have since been deposited in the halls of the Antiquarian and Historical Societies of Massachusetts.

Mr. Whitman was graduated at Brown University, and, after completing his studies in the law, began to practise in the courts of Boston, where his fine abilities gave promise of a brilliant career; but a lingering illness soon compelled him to abandon his profession, and after a brief union his wife returned, a widow, to the house of her mother, in her native city.

From this period she has devoted her time chiefly to literary studies. To a knowledge of the best English authors she has added a familiarity with the languages and literatures of Germany, Italy, and France. She has given her most loving attention to the poets, critics and philosophers, of the first of these countries, who have in a larger degree than any others formed her own tastes and opinions. These are exhibited in several striking and brilliant papers in the periodicals; and particularly in her article on Goëthe's Conversations with Eckermann, in the Boston Quarterly Review, for January, 1840, and in her notice of Emerson's Essays, in the Democratic Review, for June, 1845.

Of the poems of Mrs. Whitman, one entitled Hours of Life contains probably the finest passages, though it is perhaps somewhat too mystical and metaphysical to be very popular. This has not been printed. The most carefully elaborated of her published poems are three Fairy Ballads — The Golden Ball, The Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderilla — in the composition of which she has been assisted by her sister, Miss Anna Marsh Power. To these are prefixed the lines of Burns:

> "Full oft the Muse, as frugal housewives do,
> Gars auld claes look amaist as weel as new."

Nothing can be finer in its way than the Sleeping Beauty of Tennyson, but that brilliant poet has given only an episode of the beautiful legend, which is here presented with so much clearness of narrative, propriety of illustration, and splendor of coloring. Cinderilla is longer than the Sleeping Beauty, to the sombre character of which its polished and glowing vivacity presents a pleasing contrast.

Mrs. Whitman's poems all betray the luxuriant delight with which she abandons herself to her inspirations. The silvery sweetness and clearness of her versification, the varied modulations of emphasis and cadence, the many nice adaptations of sound to sense, would alone entitle her poems to rank among our most exquisite lyrics; but these subtle intertwinings and linked harmonies of her style are ennobled by thoughts full of originality and beauty, and enriched by illustrations drawn from a wide range of literary culture. She has not only the artist eye which sees at a glance all that outline and color can express, but she gives us the breathing perfumes, the atmospheric effects, and the spiritual character, of the scenes that live in her numbers.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY:

A TALE OF FORESTS AND ENCHANTMENTS DREAR."

Il Penseroso.

Sister, 'tis the noon of night!—
Let us, in the web of thought,
We've the threads of ancient song,
From the realms of Fairies brought.

Thou shalt stain the dusky warp
In night-shade wet with twilight dew:
I, with streaks of morning gold,
Will strike the fabric through and through. *

Where a lone castle by the sea
Upreared its dark and mouldering pile,
Far seen, with all its frowning towers,
For many and many a weary mile;
The wild waves beat the castle walls,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
And moaned along its mouldering towers.
Within those wide and echoing halls,
To guard her from a fatal spell,
A maid of noble lineage born
Was doomed in solitude to dwell.
Five fairies graced the infant's birth
With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
The sixth, by one fell stroke, reversed
The lavish splendors of her dower.
Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
A spindle's shining point should pierce,
She swore upon her magic wand,
The maid should sleep a hundred years.
The wild waves beat the castle wall,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers;
Dark, heaving billows plunge and fall
In whitening foam beneath the towers.
There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
In youthful grace the maiden grew,
And from her solitary dreams
A sweet and pensive pleasure drew.
Yet often, from her lattice high,
She gazed athwart the gathering night,
To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
And longed to follow in their flight.
One winter night, beside the hearth
She sat and watched the smouldering fire,
While now the tempests seemed to lull,
And now the winds rose high and higher—
Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
Dim faces glimmer through the gloom—
And still mysterious voices call,
And shadows flit from room to room—
Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
She chanced a sudden gleam to see:
She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
And lo! she finds a golden key!
Lured on, as by an unseen hand,
She roamed the castle o'er and o'er—
Through many a darkling chamber sped,
And many a dusky corridor:
And still, through unknown, winding ways
She wandered on for many an hour,
For gallery still to gallery leads,
And tower succeeds to tower.
Oft, wearied with the steep ascent,
She lingered on her lonely way,
And paused beside the pictured walls,
Their countless wonders to survey.
At length, upon a narrow stair
That wound within a turret high,
She saw a little low-browed door,
And turned, her golden key to try:
Slowly, beneath her trembling hand,
The bolts recede, and, backward flung,
With harsh recoil and sullen clang
The door upon its hinges swung.
There, in a little moonlit room,
She sees a weird and withered crone,
Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.
With mute amaze and wondering awe,
A passing moment stood the maid,
Then, entering at the narrow door,
More near the mystic task surveyed.
She saw her twine the flaxen fleece,
She saw her draw the flaxen thread,
She viewed the spindle's shining point,
And, pleased, the novel task surveyed.
A sudden longing seized her breast
To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel:
She stretched her lily hand, and pierced
Her finger with the shining steel!
Slowly her heavy eyelids close,
She feels a drowsy torpor creep
From limb to limb, till every sense
Is locked in an enchanted sleep.
A dreamless slumber, deep as night,
In deathly trance her senses locked;
At once through all its massive vaults
And gloomy towers the castle rocked:
The beldame roused her from her lair,
And raised on high a mournful wail—
A shrilly scream that seemed to float
A requiem on the dying gale.
"A hundred years shall pass," she said,
"Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
Ere these deserted halls and towers
Shall echo to a bugle-horn.
A hundred Norland winters pass,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Shall beat against the castle walls,
Nor wake thee from thy long repose.
A hundred times the golden grain
Shall wave beneath the harvest moon,
Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun!"
She ceased: but still the mystic rhyme
The long-resounding aisles prolong,
And all the castle's echoes chime
In answering cadence to her song.
She bore the maiden to her bower,
An ancient chamber wide and low,
Where golden sconces from the wall
A faint and trembling lustre throw;
A silent chamber, far apart,
Where strange and antique arras hung,
That waved along the mouldering walls,
And in the gusty night wind swung.
She laid her on her ivory bed,
And gently smoothed each snowy limb
Then drew the curtain's dusky fold
To make the entering daylight dim.

* This is a joint production of Mrs. Whitman and her sister, Miss Power, as before stated.

PART II.

And all around, on every side,
Throughout the castle's precincts wide,
In every bower and hall,
All slept: the warder in the court,
The figures on the arras wrought,
The steed within his stall.
No more the watchdog bayed the moon,
The owlet ceased her boding tune,
The raven on his tower,
All hushed in slumber still and deep,
Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
Await the appointed hour.
A pathless forest, wild and wide,
Engirt the castle's inland side,
And stretched for many a mile;
So thick its deep, impervious screen,
The castle towers were dimly seen
Above the mouldering pile.
So high the ancient cedars sprung,
So far aloft their branches flung,
So close the covert grew,
No foot its silence could invade,
No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
Or see the welkin through.
Yet oft, as from some distant mound
The traveller cast his eyes around,
O'er wold and woodland gray,
He saw, athwart the glimmering light
Of moonbeams, on a misty night,
A castle far away.

A hundred Norland winters passed,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Beat loud against the castle walls,
Nor broke the maiden's long repose.
A hundred times on vale and hill
The reapers bound the golden corn—
And now the ancient halls and towers
Reëcho to a bugle-horn!

A warrior from a distant land,
With helm and hauberk, spear and brand,
And high, untarnished crest,
By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed, before the morning's red,
To break her charméd rest.
From torrid clime beyond the main
He comes the costly prize to gain,
O'er deserts waste and wide.
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire;
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.
He gains the old, enchanted wood,
Where never mortal footsteps trod,
He pierced its tangled gloom;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His pathway to illume.
Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground;
No open foeman meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around!
At every turn his footsteps sank
Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,
For long and weary hours—
Till issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood,
With all its flanking towers!
The moon a paly lustre sheds;
Resolved, the grass-grown court he treads,
The gloomy portal gained—
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall, where all around
A deathly silence reigned.
No fears his venturous course could stay—
Darkling he groped his dreary way—
Up the wide staircase sprang.
It echoed to his mailéd heel;
With clang of arms and clash of steel
The silent chambers rang.
He sees a glimmering taper gleam
Far off, with faint and trembling beam,
Athwart the midnight gloom:
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As with slow footsteps drawing near,
He gained the lighted room.
And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
And, by their dying gleam,
He raised the curtain's dusky fold,
And lo! his charméd eyes behold
The lady of his dream!
As violets peep from wintry snows,
Slowly her heavy lids unclose,
And gently heaves her breast;
But all unconscious was her gaze,
Her eye with listless languor strays
From brand to plumy crest:
A rising blush begins to dawn
Like that which steals at early morn
Across the eastern sky;
And slowly, as the morning broke,
The maiden from her trance awoke
Beneath his ardent eye!
As the first kindling sunbeams threw
Their level light athwart the dew,
And tipped the hills with flame,
The silent forest-boughs were stirred
With music, as from bee and bird
A mingling murmur came.
From out its depths of tangled gloom
There came a breath of dewy bloom,
And from the valleys dim
A cloud of fragrant incense stole,
As if each violet breathed its soul
Into that floral hymn.
Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
The cock crowed on the castle wall,
The warder wound his horn;
The linnet sang in leafy bower,
The swallows, twittering from the tower,
Salute the rosy morn.
But fresher than the rosy morn,
And blither than the bugle-horn,
The maiden's heart doth prove,
Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
Beholds a double morning break—
The dawn of light and love!

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

LL the forest shade, the twilight grove,
ath with fern and flowers inwove,
ugh long summer days I wandered far,
l of evening by her "folding star."
linger by the fountain's play
ing boughs shut out the sultry ray,
ioontide hours a dewy gloom [bloom,
ist marge where weeds and wild flowers
e western sun a glancing flood
radiance filled the twilight wood,
rwart each leafy, verdant fold,
g all the turf with drops of gold.
ng the wild bird on the waving bough
November winds are wailing now;
f insects on the sunny lea,
ld music of the wandering bee,
l—closed is their vesper lay,
e breeze of autumn far away:
withered heath I love to rove,
rown meadow, and the leafless grove;
tread the bleak hill's rocky side,
ling asters wave in purple pride,
summit listen to the flow
waters booming far below.
the tangling, pathless copse I stray
and rustling leaves obstruct the way,
last pale blossom of the year,
ely blooms when all is dark and drear:
itch hazel, fraught with mystic power
less, as sorcery rules the hour.
ward wending thro' the dusky vale
ling rills their evening damps exhale,
e dark pool in whose sleeping wave
oves her golden locks to lave
ed fountain's heart, serene and cold,
r glorious image—as of old,
she stole upon Endymion's rest,
ng dreams with heavenly beauty blest.
, "stern ruler of the inverted year,"
ess Winter, hath thy wild career
eculiar pleasures for the heart,
eal worth to rudest forms impart?
igh thy long, dark nights, cold sleet and
lash against the frosty pane, [rain
ined from the storm, I love to lie
id listening to the lullaby
ids, that, as they rise and fall,
murmurs through the echoing hall.
e blazing hearth at eventide
rk the changing shadows glide
motion o'er the umbered wall,
r's honey dew my senses thrall.
in dreamy consciousness I lie
and waking, fairy Fantasy
he golden past a treasured store,
a dream so sweet, Hope could not ask
ore.
l splendor of a frosty night,
ig stars burn with intenser light
blue vault of heaven; when cold and

ugh which yon tall cliffs rise severe;
shrouded earth in solemn trance
Sleeps 'neath the wan moon's melancholy glance,
I love to mark earth's sister planets rise,
And in pale beauty tread the midnight skies,
Where, like lone pilgrims, constant as the night,
They fill their dark urns from the fount of light.
I love the Borealis' flames that fly
Fitful and wild athwart the northern sky—
The storied constellation, like a page
Fraught with the wonders of a former age,
Where monsters grim, gorgons, and hydras, rise,
And "gods and heroes blaze along the skies."
Thus Nature's music, various as the hour,
Solemn or sweet, hath ever mystic power
Still to preserve the unperverted heart
Awake to love and beauty—to impart
Treasures of thought and feeling pure and deep,
That aid the doubting soul its heavenward course to keep.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst:

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispéd leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell,
Or with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dream-
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight, [ing,
And through the trancéd woods soft airs are stream-
Still as the dewfall of the summer night. [ing,

So, in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling,
Stirs like the wind in ocean's hollow shell—
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.

"A GREEN AND SILENT SPOT AMONG THE HILLS."

In the soft gloom of summer's balmy eve,
When from the lingering glances of the sun
The sad Earth turns away her blushing cheek,
Mantling its glow in twilight's shadowy veil,
Oft mid the falling dews I love to stray
Onward and onward through the pleasant fields,
Far up the lilied borders of the stream,
To this "green, silent spot among the hills,"
Endeared by thronging memories of the past.
Oft have I lingered on this rustic bridge
To view the limpid waters winding on
Under dim vaulted woods, whose woven boughs
Of beech, and maple, and broad sycamore,
Throw their soft, moving shadows o'er the wave,
While blossomed vines, dropped to the water's brim,
Hang idly swaying in the summer wind.
The birds that wander through the twilight heaven
Are mirrored far beneath me, and young leaves
That tremble on the birch tree's silver boughs,
In the cool wave reflected, gleam below
Like twinkling stars athwart the verdant gloom.
A sound of rippling waters rises sweet
Amid the silence; and the western breeze,
Sighing through sedges and low meadow blooms,
Comes wafting gentle thoughts from Memory's land,
And wakes the long hushed music of the heart.
Oft dewy Spring hath brimmed the brook with showers;
Oft hath the long, bright Summer fringed its banks
With breathing blossoms; and the Autumn sun
Shed mellow hues o'er all its wooded shores,
Since first I trod these paths in youth's sweet prime,
With loved ones whom Time's desolating wave
Hath wafted now for ever from my side.
The living stream still lingers on its way
In idle dalliance with the dew lipped flowers
That toss their pretty heads at its caress,
Or trembling listen to its silver voice;
While through yon rifted boughs the evening star
Is seen above the hilltop, beautiful
As when on many a balmy summer night,
Lapped in sweet dreams, in "holy passion hushed,"
I saw its ray slant through the trembling pines.
Long years have passed: and by the unchanging stream,
Bereft and sorrow taught, alone I stand,
Listening the hollow music of the wind.
Alone—alone! the stars are far away,
And frequent clouds shut out the summer heaven,
But still the calm Earth keeps her constant course,
And whispers hope through all her breathing flowers.
Not all in vain the vision of our youth—
The apocalypse of beauty and of love—
The staglike heart of hope: life's mystic dream
The soul shall yet interpret—to our prayer
The Isis veil be lifted—though we pine
E'en mid the ungathered roses of our youth,
Pierced with strange pangs and longings infinite,
As if earth's fairest flowers served but to wake
Sad, haunting memories of our Eden home,
Not all in vain. Meantime, in patient trust
Rest we on Nature's bosom—from her eye
Serene and still, drinking in faith and love,
To her calm pulse attempering the heart
That throbs too wildly for ideal bliss.
Oh, gentle mother! heal me, for I faint
Upon life's arid pathway, and "my feet
On the dark mountains stumble." Near thy he
In childlike trust, close nestling, let me lie,
And let thy breath fall cool upon my cheek
As in those unworn ages, ere pale Thought
Forestalled life's patient harvest. Give me streng
In generous abandonment of heart
To follow wheresoe'er o'er the world's waste
The cloudy pillar moveth, till at last
It guide to pleasant vales and pastures green
By the still waters of eternal life.

THE WAKING OF THE HEART.

"Pleasure sits in the flower cups, and breathes itself out in fragran
Rush

As the fabled stone into music woke
When the morning sun o'er the marble broke,
So wakes the heart from its stern repose;
As o'er brow and bosom the spring wind blows
So it stirs and trembles as each low sigh
Of the breezy south comes murmuring by—
Murmuring by like a voice of love,
Wooing us forth amid flowers to rove,
Breathing of meadow-paths thickly sown
With pearls from the blossoming fruit trees blo
And of banks that slope to the southern sky
Where languid violets love to lie.
No foliage droops o'er the woodpath now,
No dark vines swinging from bough to bough:
But a trembling shadow of silvery green
Falls through the young leaf's tender screen,
Like the hue that borders the snowdrop's bell,
Or lines the lid of an Indian shell;
And a fairy light, like the firefly's glow,
Flickers and fades on the grass below.
There the pale Anemone lifts her eye
To look at the clouds as they wander by,
Or lurks in the shade of a palmy fern
To gather fresh dews in her waxen urn. [bre
Where the moss lies thick on the brown ear
The shy little Mayflower weaves her nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loa
And betrays the path to her woodland home.
Already the green budding birchen spray
Winnows the balm from the breath of May,
And the aspen thrills to a low, sweet tone
From the reedy bugle of Faunus blown.
In the tangled coppice the dwarf oak weave
Her fringelike blossoms and crimson leaves;
The sallows their delicate buds unfold
Into downy feathers bedropped with gold;
While, thick as the stars in the midnight sky,
In the dark, wet meadows the cowslips lie.
A love tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,
Rich melodies gush from the violet's beak,
On the rifts of the rock the wild columbines gr
Their heavy honey-cups bending low—
As a heart which vague, sweet thoughts oppr
Droops 'neath its burden of happiness. [w
There the waters drip from their moss rim
With a sound like the tinkling of silver bells,

l with a mellow and flutelike flow
igh the channels and clefts of the rock below.
t music gushes in every tone,
erfume in every breeze is blown;
lower in fragrance, the bird in song,
clittering wave as it glides along—
eathe the incense of boundless bliss,
loquent music of happiness.
d the soul as it sheds o'er the sunbright hour
ntold wealth of its mystic dower,
d to all nature by chords of love,
l by faith to bright worlds above—
with the passion of beauty fraught,
it utter its burden of blissful thought!
ad would the springtime of nature seem
e soul that wanders mid life's dark dream,
ry a meteor that sweeps the sky,
ssom that floats on the storm-wind by,
oke no thought of that starry clime
lies on the desolate shores of Time,
urtured no delicate flowers to blow
e hills where the palm and the amaranth grow.

A DAY OF THE INDIAN SUMMER.

"Yet one more smile, departing distant sun
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run
And naught are silted o'er the meadows bare."—*Bryant.*

y of golden beauty!—Through the night
hoar-frost gathered o'er each leaf and spray
ing its filmy network, thin and bright
shimmering like silver in the ray
e soft, sunny morning—turf and tree
ted in its delicate embroidery,
every withered stump and mossy stone,
gems encrusted and with seed-pearl sown;
e in the hedge the frosted berries glow,
scarlet holly and the purple sloe,
all is gorgeous, fairy-like and frail,
e famed gardens of the Arabian tale.
w soft and still the varied landscape lies,
ly outspread beneath the smiling skies,
the earth in prodigal array
ems and broidered robes kept holyday;
harvest yielded and her work all done
ing in beauty 'neath the autumn sun!
t once more through the soft and balmy day
e brown hill-side, o'er the sunny brae,
t us rove—or, through lone solitudes [woods,"
re "autumn's smile beams through the yellow
lly retracing each sweet, summer haunt
sylvan pathway—where the sunbeams slant
ugh yonder copse, tinging the saffron stars
he witch-hazel with their golden bars,
ingering down this dim and shadowy lane
re still the damp sod wears an emerald stain,
igh ripe brown nuts hang clustering in the
the rude barberry o'er yon rocky ledge [hedge,
ps with its pendent corals. When the showers
pril clothed this winding path with flowers,
oft we sought the violet, as it lay
ed in beds of moss and lichens gray;
still the aster greets us as we pass
With her faint smile—among the withered grass
Beside the way, lingering as loath of heart,
Like me, from these sweet solitudes to part.

Now seek we the dank borders of the stream
Where the tall fern-tufts shed a ruby gleam
Over the water from their crimsoned plumes,
And clustering near the modest gentian blooms
Lonely around—hallowed by sweetest song,
The last and loveliest of the floral throng.
Yet here we may not linger, for behold,
Where the stream widens, like a sea of gold
Outspreading far before us—all around
Steep wooded heights and sloping uplands bound
The sheltered scene—along the distant shore
Through colored woods the glinting sunbeams pour,
Touching their foliage with a thousand shades
And hues of beauty, as the red light fades
Upon the hill-side 'neath yon floating shroud,
Or, from the silvery edges of the cloud
Pours down a brighter gleam. Gray willows lave
Their pendent branches in the crystal wave,
And slender birch trees o'er its banks incline,
Whose tall, slight stems across the water shine
Like shafts of silver—there the tawny elm,
The fairest subject of the sylvan realm,
The tufted pine tree and the cedar dark,
And the young chestnut, its smooth polished bark
Gleaming like porphyry in the yellow light,
The dark brown oak and the rich maple dight
In robes of scarlet, all are standing there
So still, so calm in the soft misty air,
That not a leaf is stirring—nor a sound
Startles the deep repose that broods around,
Save when the robin's melancholy song
Is heard from yonder coppice, and along
The sunny side of that low, moss-grown wall
That skirts our path, the cricket's chirping call,
Or, the fond murmur of the drowsy bee
O'er some lone flow'ret on the sunny lea,
And, heard at intervals, a pattering sound
Of ripened acorns rustling to the ground [all,
Through the crisp, withered leaves.—How lonely
How calmly beautiful! Long shadows fall
More darkly o'er the wave as day declines,
Yet from the west a deeper glory shines,
While every crested hill and rocky height
Each moment varies in the kindling light
To some new form of beauty—changing through
All shades and colors of the rainbow's hue,
"The last still loveliest" till the gorgeous day
Melts in a flood of golden light away,
And all is o'er. Before to-morrow's sun
Cold winds may rise and shrouding shadows dun
Obscure the scene—yet shall these fading hues
And fleeting forms their loveliness transfuse
Into the mind—and memory shall burn
The painting in on her enamelled urn
In undecaying colors. When the blast
Rages around and snows are gathering fast,
When musing sadly by the twilight hearth
Or lonely wandering through life's crowded path
Its quiet beauty rising through the gloom
Shall sooth the languid spirits and illume
The drooping fancy—winning back the soul [trol.
To cheerful thoughts through nature's sweet con

THE LOST CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In yonder dim and pathless wood
Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
And peals of solemn music swell
As from some minster's lofty tower.
From age to age those sounds are heard,
Borne on the breeze at twilight hour;
From age to age no foot hath found
A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
As onward through the gloom I trod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth
My soul ascended to its God.
When lo, in the hushed wilderness
I heard, far off, that solemn bell:
Still heavenward as my spirit soared,
Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings rapt,
My mind from outward sense withdrawn,
Some power had caught me from the earth,
And far into the heavens upborne—
Methought a hundred years had passed
In mystic visions as I lay,
When suddenly the parting clouds
Seemed opening wide and far away.

No midday sun its glory shed,
The stars were shrouded from my sight,
And lo! majestic o'er my head
A minster shone in solemn light.
High through the lurid heavens it seemed
Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,
Till all its pointed turrets gleamed
Far flaming through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal
Rang booming through the rocking tower:
No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power.
My bosom beating like a bark
Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
I trod with faltering, fearful joy
The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed
Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,
Far through the dusky arches gleamed,
And filled with glory all the room.
Pale sculptures of the sainted dead
Seemed waking from their icy thrall,
And many a glory circled head
Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,
Transfixed with awe, and dumb with dread,
For blazoned on the vaulted roof
Were heaven's fiercest glories spread.
Yet when I raised my eyes once more,
The vaulted roof itself was gone;
Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,
What joys unutterable there
In waves on waves for ever roll
Like music through the pulseless air—
These never mortal tongue may tell:
Let him who fain would prove their power
Pause when he hears that solemn knell
Float on the breeze at twilight hour.

THE PAST.

"So near—yet oh, how far!"—*Goethe's Helena.*

Thick darkness broodeth o'er the world:
The raven pinions of the Night
Close on her silent bosom furled,
Reflect no gleam of orient light.
E'en the wild northland fires, that mocked
The faint bloom of the eastern sky,
Now leave me, in close darkness locked,
To night's weird realm of fantasy.

Borne from pale shadow-lands remote,
A Morphean music, wildly sweet,
Seems on the starless gloom to float
Like the white pinioned Paraclete.
Softly into my dream it flows,
Then faints into the silence drear,
While from the hollow dark outgrows
The phantom Past, pale gliding near.

The visioned Past—so strangely fair!
So veiled in shadowy, soft regrets,
So steeped in sadness, like the air
That lingers when the daystar sets!
Ah! could I fold it to my heart,
On its cold lip my kisses press,
This waste of aching life impart
To win it back from nothingness!

I loathe the purple light of day,
And shun the morning's golden star,
Beside that shadowy form to stray
For ever near, yet oh how far!
Thin as a cloud of summer even,
All beauty from my gaze it bars;
Shuts out the silver cope of heaven,
And glooms athwart the dying stars.

Cold, sad, and spectral, by my side
It breathes of love's ethereal bloom—
Of bridal memories long affied
To the dread silence of the tomb.
Sweet cloistered memories, that the heart
Shuts close within its chalice cold,
Faint perfumes that no more dispart
From the bruised lily's floral fold.

"My soul is weary of her life;"
My heart sinks with a slow despair;
The solemn, starlit hours are rife
With fantasy—the noontide glare,
And the cool morning, "fancy free,"
Are false with shadows, for the day
Brings no blithe sense of verity,
Nor wins from twilight thoughts away.

Oh, bathe me in the Lethean stream,
And feed me on the lotus flowers;
Shut out this false, bewildering gleam,
The dreamlight of departed hours!
The Future can no charm confer,
My heart's deep solitudes to break—
No angel's foot again shall stir
The waters of that silent lake.

I wander in pale dreams away,
And shun the morning's golden star,
To follow still that failing ray
For ever near, yet oh how far!
Then bathe me in the Lethean stream,
And feed me on the lotus flowers;
Nor leave one late and lingering beam,
One memory of departed hours!

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSHASSUCK.

"Now to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past."
Shakspere's Sonnets.

Again September's golden day
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umbered hills away
And melts into the coming night.
Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tasselled wreath and tangling vine,
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And standing on its velvet shore
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more
Far winding on through vale and wood.
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last glinting sunbeams kissed,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft where pine trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapors cloud the illumined air
And parting daylight lingers there.

But ah, no longer *thou* art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here
To-night can only think on thee—
The flowers thy gentle hand caressed
Still lie unwithered on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the murmuring fall
Of water from some distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell—
Again, again those sounds I hear,
But oh, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night—how like a knell
The music of that evening bell.

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest
With one pale planet trembling nigh,
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we blessed its beams last night,
But thou art on the far blue sea,
And I can only think on thee.

SUMMER'S INVITATION TO THE ORPHAN

The summer skies are darkly blue,
The days are still and bright,
And Evening trails her robes of gold
Through the dim halls of night.

Then, when the little orphan wakes,
A low voice whispers, "Come,
And all day wander at thy will
Beneath my azure dome.

"Beneath my vaulted azure dome,
Through all my flowery lands,
No higher than the lowly thatch
The royal palace stands.

"I'll fill thy little longing arms
With fruits and wilding flowers,
And tell thee tales of fairy land
In the long twilight hours."

The orphan hears that wooing voice:
A while he softly broods—
Then hastens down the sunny slopes
Into the twilight woods.

There all things whisper pleasure:
The tree has fruits, the grass has flowers,
And the little birds are singing
In the dim and leafy bowers.

The brook stays him at the crossing
In its waters cool and sweet,
And the pebbles leap around him
And frolic at his feet.

At night no cruel hostess
Receives him with a frown;
He sleeps where all the quiet stars
Are calmly looking down.

The Moon comes gliding through the trees,
And softly stoops to spread
Her dainty silver kirtle
Upon his grassy bed.

The drowsy night wind murmuring
Its quaint old tunes the while,
Till Morning wakes him with a song,
And greets him with a smile.

STANZAS WITH A BRIDAL RING

The young Moon hides her virgin heart
Within a ring of gold;
So doth this little circlet all
My bosom's love infold,
And tell the tale that from my lips
Seems ever half untold,

Like the rich legend of the east
That never finds a close,
But winds in linkéd sweetness on
And lengthens as it goes,
Or like this little cycle still
Returneth whence it flows.

And still as in the elfin ring
Where fairies dance by night,
Shall the green places of the heart
Be kept for ever bright,
And hope within this magic round
Still blossom in delight.

SHE BLOOMS NO MORE.

"Oh primavera, gioventa dell' anno,
Bella madre di fiori
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornani i sereni
E fortunati di delle mi gioge."—*Guarini.*

I DREAD to see the summer sun
Come glowing up the sky,
And early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.

The choral melody of June,
The perfumed breath of heaven,
The dewy morn, the radiant noon,
The lingering light of even—

These, which so charmed my careless heart
In happy days gone by,
A deeper sadness now impart
To Memory's thoughtful eye.

They speak of one who sleeps in death,
Her race untimely o'er—
Who ne'er shall taste Spring's honeyed breath,
Nor see her glories more:

Of one who shared with me in youth
Life's sunshine and its flowers,
And kept unchanged her bosom's truth
Through all its darker hours.

She faded when the leaves were sere,
And wailed the autumnal blast;
With all the glories of the year,
From earth her spirit passed.

Again the fair azalia bows
Beneath its snowy crest;
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows,
The robin builds her nest;

The tulips lift their proud tiàrs,
The lilac waves her plumes,
And peeping through my lattice-bars
The rose-acacia blooms.

Breathe but one word, ye starry flowers!
One little word to tell,
If in that far off shadow-land
Love and Remembrance dwell.

For she can bloom on earth no more,
Whose early doom I mourn;
Nor Spring nor Summer can restore
Our flower, untimely shorn.

Now dim as folded violets
Her eyes of dewy light,
And her rosy lips have mournfully
Breathed out their last good-night!

She ne'er shall hear again the song
Of merry birds in spring,
Nor roam the flowery braes among
In the year's young blossoming;

Nor longer in the lingering light
Of summer's eve shall we,
Locked hand in hand, together sit
Beneath the greenwood tree.

'Tis therefore that I dread to see
The glowing summer sun,
And balmy blossoms on the tree
Unfolding one by one.

They speak of things that once have been,
But never more can be:
And earth all decked in smiles again
Is still a waste to me.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

"Thrice hallowed be that beautiful dawn of love when the m
cheek still blushes at the conscious sweetness of her own
thoughts."—*Jean Paul.*

Ask not if she loves, but look
In the blue depths of her eye,
Where the maiden's spirit seems
Tranced in happy dreams to lie.

All the blisses of her dream,
All she may not, must not speak,
Read them in her clouded eye,
Read them on her conscious cheek.

See that check of virgin snow
Damasked with love's rosy bloom;
Mark the lambent thoughts that glow
Mid her blue eye's tender gloom.

As if in a cool, deep well,
Veiled by shadows of the night,
Slanting through, a starbeam fell,
Filling all its depths with light.

Something mournful and profound
Saddens all her beauty now,
Weds her dark eye to the ground—
Fling's a shadow o'er her brow.

Hath her love-illumined soul
Raised the veil of coming years—
Read upon life's mystic scroll
Its doom of agony and tears?

Tears of tender sadness fall
From her soft and lovelit eye,
As the night dews heavily
Fall from summer's cloudless sky.

Still she sitteth coyly drooping
Her white lids in virgin pride,
Like a languid lily stooping
Low her folded blooms to hide.

Starting now in soft surprise
From the tangled web of thought,
Lo, her heart a captive lies,
In its own sweet fancies caught.

Ah! bethink thee, maiden yet,
Ere to passion's doom betrayed;
Hearts where Love his seal has set,
Sorrow's fiercest pangs invade.

Let that young heart slumber still,
Like a bird within its nest;
Life can ne'er its dreams fulfil—
Love but yield thee long unrest.

Ah! in vain the dovelet tries
To break the web of tender thought—
The little heart a captive lies,
In its own sweet fancies caught.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WRITTEN FOR AN ANNIVERSARY OF THE RHODE-ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Now, while the echoing cannon's roar
Rocks our far frontal towers,
And bugle blast and trumpet's blare
Float o'er the "Land of Flowers;"
While our bold eagle spreads his wing,
No more in lofty pride,
But sorrowing sinks, as if from Heaven
The ensanguined field to hide:
Turn we from War's bewildering blaze,
And Conquest's choral song,
To the still voice of other days,
Long heard—forgotten long.

Listen to his rich words, intoned
To "songs of lofty cheer,"
Who, in the "howling wilderness,"
When only God could hear,
Breathed not of exile, nor of wrong,
Through the long winter nights,
But uttered, in exulting song,
The soul's unchartered rights.

Who opened wide the guarded doors
Where Conscience reigned alone,
And bade the nations own her laws,
And tremble round her throne;
Who sought the oracles of God
Within her veiled shrine,
Nor asked the monarch nor the priest
Her sacred laws to sign.

The brave, high heart, that would not yield
Its liberty of thought,
Far o'er the melancholy main,
Through bitter trials brought;
But, to a double exile doomed,
By Faith's pure guidance led
Through the dark labyrinth of life,
Held fast her golden thread.

Listen!—the music of his dream
Perchance may linger still
In the old familiar places
Beneath the emerald hill.
The waveworn rock still breasts the storm
On Seekonk's lonely side,
Where the dusk natives hailed the bark
That bore their gentle guide.

The spring that gushed, amid the wild,
In music on his ear,
Still pours its waters undefiled,
The fainting heart to cheer.
But the fair cove, that slept so calm
Beneath o'ershadowing hills,
And bore the pilgrim's evening psalm
Far up its flowery rills—

The tide that parted to receive
The stranger's light canoe,
As if an angel's balmy wing
Had swept its waters blue—
When, to the healing of its wave,
We come in pensive thought,
Through all its pleasant borders
A dreary change is wrought!

The fire-winged courser's breath has swept
Across its cooling tide:
Lo! where he plants his iron heel,
How fast the wave has dried!
Unlike the fabled Pegasus,
Whose proud hoof, where he trode
Earth's flinty bosom, oped a fount
Whence living waters flowed.

Or, turn we to the green hill's side:
There, with the spring-time showers,
The white thorn, o'er a nameless grave,
Rains its pale, silver flowers.
Yet Memory lingers with the past,
Nor vainly seeks to trace
His footprints on a rock, whence time
Nor tempests can efface;

Whereon he planted, fast and deep,
The roof tree of a home
Wide as the wings of Love may sweep,
Free as her thoughts may roam;
Where through all time the saints may dwell,
And from pure fountains draw
That peace which passeth human thought,
In liberty and law.

When heavenward, up the silver stair
Of silence drawn, we tread
The visioned mount that looks beyond
The valley of the dead—
Oh, may we gather to our hearts
The deeds our fathers wrought,
And feed the perfumed lamp of Love
In the cool air of Thought.
While Hope shall on her anchor lean,
May Memory fondly turn,
To wreathe the amaranth and the palm
Around their funeral urn!

HOW SOFTLY COMES THE SUMMER WIND.

"And henceforth all that once was fair,
Grew fairer."

How softly comes the summer wind
At evening, o'er the hill—
For ever murmuring of thee
When busy crowds are still;
The wayside flowers seem to guess
And whisper of my happiness.

While, in the dusk and dewy hours,
The silent stars above
Seem leaning from their airy towers
To gaze on me in love;
And clouds of silver wander by,
Like missioned doves athwart the sky—

Till Dian lulls the throbbing stars
Into elysian dreams,
And, rippling through my lattice-bars,
A brooding glory streams
Around me, like the golden shower
That rained through Danae's guarded tower

A low, bewildering melody
Is murmuring in my ear—
Tones such as in the twilight wood

The aspen thrills to hear,
When Faunus slumbers on the hill,
And all the tranced boughs are still.

The jasmine twines her snowy stars
Into a fairer wreath;
The lily, through my lattice-bars,
Exhales a sweeter breath;
And, gazing on Night's starry cope,
I dwell with "Beauty, which is Hope."

A SONG OF SPRING.

In April's dim and showery nights,
When music melts along the air,
And Memory wakens at the kiss
Of wandering perfumes, faint and rare—

Sweet springtime perfumes, such as won
Proserpina from realms of gloom
To bathe her bright locks in the sun,
Or bind them with the pansy's bloom,

When light winds rift the fragrant bowers
Where orchards shed their floral wreath,
Strewing the turf with starry flowers,
And dropping pearls at every breath;

When all night long the boughs are stirred
With fitful warblings from the nest,
And the heart flutters like a bird
With its sweet, passionate unrest—

Oh! then, beloved, I think on thee,
And on that life, so strangely fair,
Ere yet one cloud of memory
Had gathered in hope's golden air.

I think on thee and thy lone grave
On the green hillside far away;
I see the wilding flowers that wave
Around thee as the night winds sway;

And still, though only clouds remain
On life's horizon, cold and drear,
The dream of youth returns again
With the sweet promise of the year.

I linger till night's waning stars
Have ceased to tremble through the gloom,
Till through the orient's cloudy bars
I see the rose of morning bloom!

All flushed and radiant with delight,
It opens through earth's stormy skies,
Divinely beautiful and bright
As on the hills of paradise.

Lo! like a dewdrop on its breast
The morning star of youth and love,
Melting within the rosy east,
Exhales to azure depths above.

My spirit, soaring like a lark,
Would follow on its airy flight,
And, like yon little diamond spark,
Dissolve into the realms of light.

Sweet-missioned star! thy silver beams
Foretell a fairer life to come,
And through the golden gate of dreams
Allure the wandering spirit home.

DAVID.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE.*

At, this is he—the bold and gentle boy,
That in lone pastures by the mountain's side
Guarded his fold, and through the midnight sky
Saw on the blast the God of battles ride;
Beheld his bannered armies on the height,
And heard their clarion sound through all the stormy night.

The valiant boy that o'er the twilight wold
Tracked the dark lion and ensanguined bear;
Following their bloody footsteps from the fold
Far down the gorges to their lonely lair—
This the stout heart, that from the lion's jaw
Back o'er the shuddering waste the bleeding victim bore.

Though his fair locks lie all unshorn and bare
To the bold toying of the mountain wind,
A conscious glory haunts the o'ershadowing air,
And waits with glittering coil his brows to bind,
While his proud temples bend superbly down,
As if they felt e'en now the burden of a crown.

Though a stern sorrow slumbers in his eyes,
As if his prophet glance foresaw the day
When the dark waters o'er his soul should rise,
And friends and lovers wander far away—
Yet the graced impress of that floral mouth
Breathes of love's golden dream and the voluptuous south.

Peerless in beauty as the prophet star,
That in the dewy trances of the dawn
Floats o'er the solitary hills afar,
And brings sweet tidings of the lingering morn;
Or weary at the day-god's loitering wane,
Strikes on the harp of light a soft prelusive strain.

So his wild harp with psaltery and shawm
Awoke the nations in thick darkness furled,
While mystic winds from Gilead's groves of balm
Wafted its sweet hosannas through the world—
So when the Dayspring from on high he sang,
With joy the ancient hills and lonely valleys rang.

Ay, this is he—the minstrel, prophet, king,
Before whose arm princes and warriors sank;
Who dwelt beneath Jehovah's mighty wing,
And from the "river of his pleasures" drank;
Or through the rent pavilions of the storm
Beheld the cloud of fire that veiled his awful form.

And now he stands as when in Elah's vale,
Where warriors set the battle in array,
He met the Titan in his ponderous mail,
Whose haughty challenge many a summer's day
Rang through the border hills, while all the host
Of faithless Israel heard and trembled at his boast.

Till the slight stripling from the mountain fold
Stood, all unarmed, amid their sounding shields,
And in his youth's first bloom, devoutly bold,
Dared the grim champion of a thousand fields:
So stands he now, as in Jehovah's might
Glorying, he met the foe and won the immortal fight.

* This fine statue, executed by Thomas F. Hoppin, of Providence, R. I., represents the young champion of Israel as he stands prepared to attack the Philistine.

ELIZABETH OAKES-SMITH.

THIS accomplished and popular author was born in a pleasant country town about twelve miles from the city of Portland, in Maine. Descended on her father's side from Thomas Prince, one of the early Puritan governors of the Plymouth colony, and claiming through the Oakeses, on her mother's side, the same early identification with the first European planters of our soil, Mrs. OAKES-SMITH may readily be supposed to have that characteristic which is so rarely found among us, Americanism; and her writings in their department may be regarded as the genuine expression of an American mind.

At the early age of sixteen, Miss Prince was married to Mr. Seba Smith, at that time editor of the leading political journal of his native state, and since then well known to his countrymen as the original "Jack Downing," whose great popularity has been attested by a score of imitators. The embarrassed affairs of Mr. Smith (who, himself a poet, partook with a poet's sanguineness of temper in that noted attempt to settle the wild lands of Maine, which proved so disastrous a speculation to some of the wealthiest families of the state) first impelled Mrs. Oakes-Smith to take up her pen to aid in the support of her children. She had before that period, indeed, given utterance to her poetic sensibilities in several anonymous pieces, which are still much admired. But a shrinking and sensitive modesty forbade her appearing as an author; and though, in her altered circumstances, when she found that her talents might be made available, she did not hesitate, like a true woman, to sacrifice feeling to duty, yet some of her most beautiful prose writings still continue to appear under *nommes des plumes*, with which her truly feminine spirit avoids identification.

Seeking expression, yet shrinking from notoriety; and with a full share of that respect for a just fame and appreciation which belongs to every high-toned mind, yet oppressed by its shadow when circumstance is the impelling motive of publication, the writings of Mrs. Oakes-Smith might well be supposed to betray great inequality; still in her many contributions to the magazines, it is remarkable how few of her pieces display the usual carelessness and haste of magazine articles. As an essayist especially, while graceful and lively, she is compact and vigorous; while through poems, essays, tales, and criticisms, (for her industrious pen seems equally skilful and happy in each of these depatments of literature,) through all her manifold writings, indeed, there runs the same beautiful vein of philosophy, viz.: that truth and goodness of themselves impart a holy light to the mind, which gives it a power far above mere intellectuality; that the highest order of human intelligence springs from the moral and not the reasoning faculties.

One of her most popular poems is The Acorn, which, though inferior in high inspiration to The Sinless Child, is by many preferred for its happy play of fancy and proper finish. Her sonnets, of which she has written many, have not been as much admired as The April Rain, The Brook, and other fugitive pieces, which we find in many popular collections. I doubt, indeed, whether they will ever attain the popularity of these "unconsidered trifles," though they indicate concentrated poetical power of a very high, possibly of the very highest order. Not so, however, with The Sinless Child. Works of bad taste will often captivate the uncultivated many; works of mere taste as often delight the cultivated few; but works of genius appeal to the universal mind.

The simplicity of diction, and pervading beauty and elevation of thought, which are the chief characteristics of The Sinless Child, bring it undoubtedly within the last category. And why do such writings seize at once on the feelings of every class? Wherein lies this power of genius to wake a response in society? Is it the force of a high will, fusing feeble natures, and stamping them for the moment with an impress of its own? or is it that in every heart, unless thoroughly cor-

rupted by the world — in every mind, unless completely encrusted by cant, there lurks an inward sense of the simple, the beautiful, and the true; an instinctive perception of excellence which is both more unerring and more universal than that of mere intellect. Such is the cheering view of humanity enforced in The Sinless Child, and the reception of it is evidence of the truth of the doctrine it so finely shadows forth. "It is a work," says a discriminating critic, "which demands more in its composition than mere imagination or intellect could supply;" and I may add that the writer, in unconsciously picturing the actual graces of her own mind, has made an irresistible appeal to the ideal of soul-loveliness in the minds of her readers. She comes before us like the florist in Arabian story, whose magic vase produced a plant of such simple, yet perfect beauty, that the multitude were in raptures from the familiar field associations of childhood which it called forth, while the skill of the learned alone detected the unique rarity of the enchanting flower.

An analysis of The Sinless Child will not be attempted here, but a few passages are quoted to exhibit its graceful play of fancy and the pure vein of poetical sentiment by which it is pervaded. And first, the episode of the Step-Mother:

You speak of Hobert's second wife,
A lofty dame and bold:
I like not her forbiding air,
And forehead high and cold.
The orphans have no cause for grief,
She dare not give it now,
Though nothing but a ghostly fear
Her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called:
They heard him weeping say—
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
And wipe his tears away!"
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
The watch-dog howls with fear;
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:
What form is gliding near?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space—
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face!

What boots it that no other eye
Beheld the shade appear?
The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear!

It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
With lips that gave no sound!

Then softly on the stepdame's arm
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand;
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his read.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest;
The mother folds her wings beside—
The mother from the blest!

It is commonly difficult to select from a em of which the parts make one harmoni whole; but the history of The Sinless C is illustrated all through with cabinet tures which are scarcely less effective w separated from their series than when c bined, and the reader will be gratified wi few of those which best exhibit the auth manner and feeling:

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

With downy pinion they enfold
The heart surcharged with wo,
And fan with balmy wing the eye
Whence floods of sorrow flow;
They bear, in golden censers up,
That sacred gift, a tear—
By which is registered the griefs
Hearts may have suffered here.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts—
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged Hope departs.
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:

Yet all becomes a discipline,
To lure us to the sky;
And angels bear the good it brings
With fostering care on high.
Though human hearts may weary grow,
And sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep:

Yet *they* with ministering zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away, on heavenward wing;
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven—
The love more earnest in its glow
Where much has been forgiven!

FIELD ELVES.

The tender violets bent in smiles
To elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
They kissed the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew;
A shower of pearly dust they brought,
And o'er the lily threw.

A host flew round the mowing field,
And they were showering down
The cooling spray on the early grass,
Like diamonds o'er it thrown;
They gemmed each leaf and quivering spear
With pearls of liquid dew,
And bathed the stately forest tree
Till his robe was fresh and new.

SUPERSTITION.

For oft her mother sought the child
Amid the forest glade,
And marvelled that in darksome glen
So tranquilly she stayed.
For every jagged limb to her
A shadowy semblance hath
Of spectres and distorted shapes,
That frown upon her path,
And mock her with their hideous eyes;
For when the soul is blind
To freedom, truth, and inward light,
Vague fears debase the mind.

MIDSUMMER.

'T is the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies:
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil 's athirst,
And the mulleins first appear,
Hath a dry and rusty-colored bark,
And its leaves are curled and sere;
But the dogwood and the hazel-bush
Have clustered round the brook—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
And he gnaws it like a file;
The naked stalks are withering by,
Where he has been erewhile.
The cricket hops on the glistering rock,
Or pipes in the faded grass;
The beetle's wing is folded mute,
Where the steps of the idler pass.

CONSCIENCE.

"Dear mother! in ourselves is hid
The holy spirit-land,
Where Thought, the flaming cherub, stands
With its relentless brand:
We feel the pang when that dread sword
Inscribes the hidden sin,
And turneth everywhere to guard
The paradise within."

FLOWERS.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares, too, their blessedness:
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

INFANT SLUMBER.

A holy smile was on her lip
Whenever sleep was there;
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed
Amid the silent air.

Recently Mrs. Smith has turned her attention to the field which next to the epic is highest in the domain of literary art, and it is anticipated by those who have examined her tragedies that her success as a dramatic poet will secure for her a fame not promised by any of her previous achievements. The Roman Tribute, in five acts, refers to a familiar period in the history of Constantinople when Theodosius saved the city from being sacked by paying its price to the victorious Attila; and the subject suggests some admirable contrasts of rude integrity with treacherous courtesy, of pagan piety with the craft of a nominal Christianity, still pervaded by heathen prejudice while uncontrolled by heathen principle. The play opens with the spectacle of the frivolous monarch jesting with his court at their uncouth enemies, and exulting at the happy thought of buying them off with money. Then appears Anthemius, who had been absent, raising levies for the defence of the city, indignant at the cowardly peace which makes the Roman tributary to the Hun, and — a soldier, a statesman, and a patriot — he determines to retrieve the national honor. Perplexed as to the best means of doing this, he sees that the whole government must be recast. Hitherto Theodosius and his sister had between them sustained its administration, with Anthemius as prime minister. The princess had conceived for him an attachment, and would have thrown herself and the purple into his arms; but he has no sympathy with her passion, and is intent only upon the emancipation of the em

pire by placing her alone in possession of the crown, and sacrificing Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius, who is rapidly growing in the popular favor. Outraged as a woman and a queen, Pulcheria offers to adjust state affairs by marrying the barbarian Attila, and Anthemius seemingly accedes to the plan, resolving to destroy the Hun at the bridal. But Attila rejects the proposal, and his answer is thus reported by Anthemius to his mistress:

The Hun strade up and down his tent, and swore
The plan was worthy Attila himself—
Then laid his finger to his brow, and, thus—
Gods what a progeny might spring such veins conjoined!
But she, like Attila, loves pomp and power—
She, with her finely trained and haughty blood,
Mine, with a kingly but barbaric flow:
She, keen in mystery of subtle thought,
I, making records with the sword and blood.

Anthemius, influenced entirely by considerations of a public nature, at first resolves upon the destruction of Eudocia, but disgusted with the masculine energy and cruel craft of Pulcheria, as well as subdued by the gentler virtues of the suffering queen, tries to save her life and place her upon the throne. He is persevering in the one purpose of saving the empire, and to accomplish this, proceeds to the camp of Attila, with the design of slaying him in the midst of his followers; but the plot is betrayed by Helena, who trembles for the life of her lover Manlius, the friend and companion of Anthemius; and disappointed here, he next resolves that he shall die at the banquet prepared by the court, ostensibly in honor of the barbarian king, but in reality to poison him. The generous nature of Anthemius is touched by the hardy simplicity and truthful magnanimity of the rude warrior, and he dashes the poisoned chalice aside and dares him to single combat, in which the brave and patriotic minister is killed. The following extract gives a portion of the last scene:

Anthemius. Bear with me: we have fallen upon evil times.
Attila, thou art a soldier, bred in the camp—
For idle pastime hunting the wild boar,
With hound and spear and sound of bugle-horn;
In wantonness you march to Rome, or here:
Thy palace by the Danube bravely shows
With reeking rafters, horns, and skins, and shields.
Attila, (*interrupting him.*) And men, stout men, true, and a thousand strong.
Ant. I do believe them true, and strong, and bold.
Behold our blazoned walls—purple and gold!
Wine not from tusk of boar, or horn of deer,
But blushing golden in the golden vase—
Att. (*scornfully.*) A fair picture, proud Roman—goodly walls,
With hollow faith—men, curlèd and perfumed!
Ant. Attila, we have fallen upon evil times:
Listen! In that rude wooden home of thine [hound
There's not the meanest serf would wrong his
By mixing poison with his food—there's not—
Att. No, by the eternal gods! thou 'rt worthy, Roman, to be one of us.
Ant. (*waving his hand.*) The most useless, the most old and outworn beast
That human hand hath trifled with in love,
Receives his death by honorable wound,
Nor dies like a poor reptile in his hole.
[*Dashes the cup from him and draws his sword.*
If thou 'rt God's Fate, show thy credentials now!
Honor to thy rude service: thy barbaric faith—
Here stand—thou for thy skin-clad hordes, and I
For Rome!

There is a striking and not unnatural contrast in the character of the two queens. Pulcheria is haughty, revengeful, intelligent, and imaginative. Remorseless in the pursuit of an object, and unflinching in the most daring action, she is yet so much a woman as to love passionately—almost tenderly—and when evil follows her policy, haunted in secret by shapes of conscience, which, to her excited and powerful imagination, take tangible forms and beset her path, she meditates the death of Eudocia:

It seemed I heard a dirge, a sound of wo—
Wo, wo! it said. Was it Eudocia's voice!
How my heart beats, and its perturbèd play
Hath conjured sounds too wildly like its own—
EUDOCIA *enters, unobserved, and pronounces her name softly*
Who called!—the slightest sound grows fearful to [me!
Ay, thus it is, that we in our poor pride
By our earth-serving senses are beguiled;
Our overweening self shapes any sound
To invocation of our name, and we
Recoil as 't were a summons from the dead.
Eudocia, (*softly.*) The child starts from his innocent pillow
And answers with a smile, for he believes
The angels called him with their sweet rose lips.
[EUDOCIA *retires.*
Pul. She is gone, and with her my good angel.
I shall be haunted by the blackest fiends.
We have sat embowered in friendly converse:
Avaunt! what dost thou say, thou gibbering imp
Hark! I have slumbered with thee until now—
A nameless, shapeless, wingless, couchant thing,
Within the filmy vesture of the soul,
Until thy evil hour evoked me forth.
Oh God! I dare not pray, and this within:
She lives! no sheeted ghost hath leave to walk,
And curdle up my blood with its dead stare.

Fearful to sacrifice Eudocia at once, she entangles her in the meshes of court craft till she is finally destroyed, and Pulcheria

to enjoy her state alone. Eudocia is verse of the empress, gentle, affection- nd trustful; the force of her character lved solely through her tenderness for hild. Beloved by Theodosius, she is sted at his imbecile sensuality, while aces have won upon the barbarian heart eda, the brother of Attila, who would r win her to himself and usurp the e. Eudocia is a woman, but one steady r devotion to duty. Through this par- of Bleda, Pulcheria is able to work the fall of the queen. She has gone to the of her father, Leontius, who is a philos- , where Bleda has also gone to learn the s and philosophy of a more polite people. he is taken ill, and Eudocia, partly in rdness and partly in admiration for aracter, insists upon playing the leech. eria brings Theodosius, who finds her ing by the couch. She is thrown into ; thence she escapes to the chamber r husband, designing to kill him in re- for her wrongs, but, overcome with she turns away, and dies of overwrought in the arms of Anthemius, who has tried in to save her. The following is a part r interview with Bleda:

d. Perchance the priest would best become thy case.
. A priest! I do abhor the murmuring tribe.
air bespeaks thee gentle as thy sex:
ou not one of those, once sacred held
estess of a shrine? The ancient gods
n our forefathers worshipped in their strength,
ot well to spurn: if such art thou,
ret will be held most sacred by thee.
d. Nay, mistake me not. [office.
. Thou needst not fear; I do respect thine
d. It is enough; thy leech is unknown to thee.
. (*starting and taking hold of her veil.*) By the gods—that voice!
d. Our art is learned by dames of gentle blood,
sit with patient toil and lips contract,
hey may relieve one human pang.
hastly wound appals us not, nor yet
aging fury of the moonstruck brain;
rrinkled hags are we, with corded veins,
ing with spells the midnight watches through,
ome are fair as she, the vestal mother.
. And such art thou, might I but cast aside
envious veil; thy voice is crystalline,
water moss-incrusted in its flow! [befit
d. I will hear thee, prince—such tale as may
man's ear.
. (*aside.*) Now, Bleda, shape thy speech:
r and love both urge thee to the goal!
Eudocia.] I have made my way with trusty sword and shield,
falsehood known—there is no other crime.
But thou, all passionless, cold, and serene—
Thy truth, like drops preserved in cubes of stone,
For drinking of the gods, can know no change.
Eud. (*aside.*) Thanks, thanks, for words so high.
Ble. I am sick of love—love of a dame
Whose dovelike eyes have robbed me of all rest.
The world is in the market, and all bid:
Then why not Bleda, urged less by pride than love?
I would become a Christian; the meanest knight
Who doth her service, should his office yield
To me a prince, might I but win one smile.
The fair Eudocia—— [talkest treason!
Eud. (*starting.*) Lift not thy aspect there; thou
Ble. (*aside.*) She listens. I can hear the beating
This can not, must not be a dream! [of her heart;
[*To* Eudocia.] Eudocia loathes the sensual, weakling, dotard
Emperor of Rome: she should cast the bondage off,
And for herself and child assure the reins. [hence.
Eud. (*aside.*) I can not lift my knees, or I would
[*To* Bleda.] Thy tale—I must away.
Ble. 'T is told: I love Eudocia! and thou——
Eud. Thy words are madness! [*Aside.*] And yet they steal
Like dew into the parchéd bud, and lure
My aching, vacant heart to maddening bliss.
Ble. Eudocia must be saved, and who but Bleda
Will lift a finger for the rescue? [dead!
Eud. Nothing can be done; she and Rome are
Ble. Is human will so impotent and vain?
Shall we see the wolf with fang upon the lamb,
Nor stir to aid? the vulture tear the dove,
And we forbear the shaft? No, by the fates!
Eud. (*faintly.*) Such are God's children: 'tis their doom, my lord.
Ble. And we are made avengers of their doom.
[Eudocia *points to a ring on the finger of the Prince.*
Such ills admit of no redemption—none!
Behold this circlet: lightly worn as 'tis,
It hath not failed to leave its scar behind.
We can not raze the traces of the past;
Heal up the jaggéd wound, and leave no seam;
Tread down the burning ploughshare with our feet,
And feel ourselves unscathed: it is our doom,
And we by patient sufferance keep our souls.

Then follows the surprise of the court, in which she defends herself with gentle dignity, but is disgraced and imprisoned. Pulcheria visits her and leaves a dagger, and the rooms ajar; and she proceeds to the chamber of Theodosius, determined to revenge her wrongs:

Eud. The stillness of this room is most terrible! I wish that he would move.
[*She lifts the dagger and approaches the couch.*
Oh, the long, long, eternal sleep! He stirs! now—
No, he sleeps. 'T is pitiful: the jaw adown;
The loose brown flesh impending round the chin
The eyes, like sunken and encased balls,
Shut in from speculation; the thin locks,
All wantoned by the wind, do mock at them!
Helpless and sleeping with his folded hands——
[*She turns away.*
Oh, I am glad to mark there is no line

To win on human love—nor any shows
Nor prints of grand old worth to plead for him;
No imperial majesty is there—
No lion-like rebuke, uncurbed by sleep,
To shame me for the deed that I will do.
[*R. turns and bends over him.*
A haggard, pallid, weak, bad man asleep!
Oh, weakness! thou hast thy power: a pity grows
Too terrible upon me; it shields thee [locks!
More than love; it pleads amid these whitening

Then follows her interview with her child, and final burst of feeling, in which she expires. To her child she says:

Boy, thou wilt be a man anon, and learn
Hard, cruel, manlike ways: thou wilt break hearts,
And think it brave pastime; thou wilt rule men,
And for the pleasure of thy petty will
Make pools of blood, and top thy pikes with heads;
Burn cities, and condemn the little ones
To bleed and die within their mother's arms!
Child, (*weeping.*) I will never be so vile; I will
And merciful as thou hast taught me. [be brave
Eud. (*fondly.*) Wilt thou, pretty dear? Thou art a brave boy.
Wilt always love me? Look here into mine eyes:
My own brave boy, when men shall evil speak,
Defame and curse me, wilt thou forget to love?
Child. Never!
Eud. Never, my brave boy; and when evil tongues
Shall make thy mother's name a blush, wilt thou,
Mine own dear child, wilt thou believe?
Child. Never!
Eud. My boy, dost thou remember thy poor dove,
Thy white-winged dove, which the fell hawk pur-
And sprinkled all the marble with his blood? [sued,
Child, (*sobbing.*) My poor, dear dove!
Eud. Ay, thine *innocent* dove!
Listen, child! In the long hereafter years,
Wilt thou remember me as that poor dove,
Hawked down and done to death by cruel hands?
Think this, and God himself will bless thee!

To Anthemius, who urges her to speak the word, and he will avenge her and raise her to the throne, she says:

That little word would yawn a gulf beneath my
No more: that ready dagger told its bad tale, [feet.
But I have closed the well of blackness up—
Have seen the pitying angel pleading
In the locks of him, the weak and unloved one,
Till my uplifted dagger fell. I wept
Tears of unmingled pity—aching tears!
Empire has long since faded from my thought:
The nearer view of an eternal world
Makes my poor, injured name a nothingness;
A mother's love alone survives the wreck.

The reverse of these painful scenes is the love of Manlius and Helena, in which simple affections and every-day perceptions take the place of more profound emotions. The character of Petrus gives opportunity for quaint humor as well as efficient advancement of the plot.

Mrs. Oakes-Smith's next work was Leisler, a Tragedy. Its general char will be inferred from its title. There i perhaps in American history a finer su for dramatic illustration than the revol in New York in 1680, but hitherto i failed of attention from any author of quate abilities. The story is in som spects like that of Massaniello, but L was a gentleman, and was never, lik Neapolitan, made "drunk with power was all through the important scenes elevation, administration, and overthr calm, sagacious, and brave man, equ anything within the scope of lawful s or experience-suggesting probabilities might be demanded for the common we The interest of the play turns largely a striking underplot of domestic life much affects and hastens the politics *nouement.* The heroine, Elizabeth Ho is an original and noble creation, and t cissitudes of her life give occasion fo plays of lofty sentiment and careful an of the heart, in scenes where tenderne comes pathos, devotion sublimity, an illustrations of a passionate fancy kind on the confines of imagination. In En she has been married to a man named Sl ter, from whom, for reasons developed play, she has separated and fled to Am where she keeps the secret of her earl tory, and has been for some time h married to Leisler, when—he mea having become the people's governor hears that Sloughter has arrived on the to demand the seals of the province f crown. The following scene here suc an interview between Elizabeth and and confidential servant:

ELIZABETH *and* HANNAH.

Eliz. Nay, it must be told: he might he
In the market-place, or on the battle-field.
Leave me, my good Hannah.
Han. Oh, dearest madam! you are so s
Eliz. Leave me—it were best. [*Exit* H
How mournfully, how yearningly have I
Longed for thy presence, velvet-footed Pea
The drudging housewife singing at her toil
I have most envied; and the market dame
Content with her small gains, and with th
Homely but hearty of the wayside boor,
Provokes me to a spleen. Oh, thou lowly
Common flesh, braced by the rosy, sweet-b
Could yet but see the ruby-girdled heart,
How would ye shrink with dread, and bless
Of honest toil!.....
I do forget the secret of my grief.

Enter LEISLER, *hurriedly.*

Leis. My sweet wife, thou art fit to wear a crown!
I'll give thee what is better: thou dost rule
Him who rules the people by their own free choice.
Look up, dearest! I am the people's king—
Not king—nay, God forbid; in this great land!—
But what ails thee, sweet? these times oppress thee.
[*Sees the letter.*
A letter! well, put it by—I'll none of it;
I shall be much abroad—shall see thee less—
So we will seize the present bliss as sure.
How beautiful thou art, and yet so pale,
So very sad! What is it, love?

Eliz. The vase of life is rarely garland-crowned.

Leis. Nay, dearest, thou dost think me ambitious,
And tremblest lest the household altar dim.

Eliz. Nay, fill thee with great thoughts, and me forget.

Leis. Thou dost reproach me, love; it can not be.

Eliz. Dost love me, Leisler?

Leis. Love thee, Bess? To doatingness, to madness!

Eliz. Because that I am fair, and true, and good?

Leis. A very angel; nay, better, an all, all woman!

Eliz. Dost love me, Leisler?

Leis. My own wife, thou knowest I do love thee.

Eliz. I love to hear thee say it: I will remember.

Leis. Thou art ill; thy hands cold—thy cheek so pale!
These times are too much for thee.

Eliz. Dost love me, Leisler?

Leis. Ah, Bess, dear Bess, thou art ill! Dost love me?

Eliz. Love thee? words have no meaning to my deep love!
It hath purged me from the weakness of my sex,
And made me new create in thee. Love thee?
I had not lived until I knew thee!
Love thee? Oh—oh—oh! [*Throws herself into his arms.*

Leis. My wife, my love, what has moved thee thus?

Eliz. Ah, the letter! shall I tell it thee?

Leis. Yes—let me know the worst.

Eliz. The worst!

Leis. Yes, the worst: it can not touch our love.

Eliz. Touch our love!

Leis. Nay, the letter——

Eliz. I have a friend, who was once exceeding fair.
They tell me she is wan and changed now.
Poor thing! she broke the heart of him she loved:
And she did love so well—as I love thee! [*Weeps.*

Leis. My poor Bess! do not tell it now.

Eliz. I must tell it thee. Well, she was wedded,
A simple child, with childhood's vacant heart.
The days wore on; the night succeeded day;
And she did loathe him in her very soul,
And loathed herself to such vile bondage held.
She left him!

Leis. The tale should not be in thy mouth, sweet wife.

Eliz. She did not love another——

Leis. Had she not felt the stirring of a life
Within her own? small, pleading, upward hands,
Or piping voice steal to a mother's heart?

Eliz. Oh, never, never! I did know her well:
She would have died sooner than leave her child
To stranger hands; nay, more than this, had lived—
In bitterness had cherished life for it;
Not all the deadening miseries that wait
On constrained love—not all the tortures felt
By th' recoiling nerve and shrinking sense—
Not all the blight and famine of the soul
Had moved her to forget a mother's love.

Leis. 'Tis a sad tale, Bess; think no more of it.

Eliz. This is not all. Years passed, and she did love——

Leis. Talk no more of her; we can but pity.

Eliz. (*drawing back.*) This is not all: she buried up the past;
She loved and was beloved, and held the secret still.

Leis. She was infamously perjured.

Eliz. She married him she loved——

Leis. No more of the vile adultress!

Eliz. Leisler, Leisler, I am that woman!

Leis. (*tenderly.*) Alas! she has gone mad!—My fond wife!

Eliz. Would to God it were madness, but 'tis true!
[LEISLER *staggers to one side; she throws herself at his feet.*
Oh, I have killed thee—killed thee! Speak to me,
Curse me—stab me to the heart—but look not thus!
See here! [*Opens her bosom.*] To die by thy hand were joy indeed;
I'll kiss the dagger's point, and kiss thy hand—
And forfeit heaven itself, if, ere I die,
Thou wilt but smile and kiss me once again!

There are in this tragedy several scenes of great power, among which are that in which Elizabeth poisons her child, and that in which she discovers herself to the husband whom she had abandoned, to plead for the life of the husband by whom she has herself been cast off, abhorred and contemned.

The prose writings of Mrs. Oakes-Smith—for the most part printed in magazines and other miscellanies—are characterized by qualities similar to those which mark her poetry. Her most elaborate performances are The Western Captive, a novel, published in 1842, and her last work, recently issued by Putnam, with illustrations by Darley, entitled The Salamander, a Legend for Christmas, purporting to be by "Ernest Helfenstein," a name under which she has frequently written.

The great and peculiar merits of Mrs. Oakes-Smith are so fully illustrated in what has been remarked in the preceding pages, and in the liberal extracts that are here given from her works, that little remains to be added upon the subject. In the drama, in the sonnet, and in miscellaneous poems of imagination and fancy, she has vindicated her right to a place among the first poets of her sex.

THE ACORN.

Long years ago, when our headlands broke
The silent wave below,
And bird-song then the morn awoke
Where towers a city now;
When the red man saw on every cliff,
Half seen and half in shade,
A tiny form, or a pearly skiff,
That sought the forest glade—

An acorn fell from an old oak-tree,
And lay on the frosty ground:
"Oh, what shall the fate of the acorn be?"
Was whispered all around,
By low-toned voices, chiming sweet,
Like a floweret's bell when swung—
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
And the beetle's hoofs uprung;

For the woodland Fays came sweeping past
In the pale autumnal ray,
Where the forest-leaves were falling fast,
And the acorn quivering lay;
They came to tell what its fate should be,
Though life was unrevealed;
For life is a holy mystery,
Where'er it is concealed.

They came with gifts that should life bestow:
The dew and the living air—
The bane that should work it deadly wo—
The little men had there.
In the gray moss-cup was the mildew brought,
The worm in a rose-leaf rolled,
And many things with destruction fraught,
That its doom were quickly told.

But it needed not; for a blessèd fate
Was the acorn's meant to be:
The spirits of earth should its birth-time wait,
And watch o'er its destiny.
To HIM OF THE SHELL was the task assigned
To bury the acorn deep,
Away from the frost and searching wind,
When they through the forest sweep.

'T was a dainty sight, the small thing's toil,
As, bowed beneath the spade,
He balanced his gossamer wings the while
To peep in the pit he made.
A thimble's depth it was scarcely deep,
When the spade aside he threw,
And rolled the acorn away to sleep
In the hush of dropping dew.

The spring-time came with its fresh, warm air,
And gush of woodland song;
The dew came down, and the rain was there,
And the sunshine rested long:
Then softly the black earth turned aside,
The old leaf arching o'er,
And up, where the last year's leaf was dried,
Came the acorn-shell once more.

With coilèd stem, and a pale-green hue,
It looked but a feeble thing;
Then deeply its root abroad it threw,
Its strength from the earth to bring.
The woodland sprites are gathering round,
Rejoiced that the task is done—
That another life from the noisome ground
Is up to the pleasant sun.

The young child passed with a careless tread,
And the germ had well nigh crushed;
But a spider, launched on her airy thread,
The cheek of the stripling brushed.
He little knew, as he started back,
How the acorn's fate was hung
On the very point in the spider's track
Where the web on his cheek was flung.

The autumn came—it stood alone,
And bowed as the wind passed by—
The wind that uttered its dirgelike moan
In the old oak sere and dry;
The hollow branches creaked and swayed,
But they bent not to the blast,
For the stout oak-tree, where centuries played,
Was sturdy to the last.

But the sapling had no strength as yet
Such peril to abide,
And a thousand guards were round it set
To evil turn aside.
A hunter boy beheld the shoot,
And an idle prompting grew
To sever the stalk from the spreading root,
And his knife at once he drew.

His hand was stayed; he knew not why:
'T was a presence breathed around—
A pleading from the deep-blue sky,
And up from the teeming ground.
It told of the care that had lavished been
In sunshine and in dew—
Of the many things that had wrought a screen
When peril around it grew.

It told of the oak that once had bowed,
As feeble a thing to see;
But now, when the storm was raging loud,
It wrestled mightily.
There 's a deeper thought on the hunter's bro
A new love at his heart;
And he ponders much, as with footsteps slow
He turns him to depart.

Up grew the twig, with a vigor bold,
In the shape of the parent tree,
And the old oak knew that his doom was tol
When the sapling sprang so free.
Then the fierce winds came, and they raging to
The hollow limbs away;
And the damp moss crept from the earthy floc
Round the trunk, timeworn and gray.

The young oak grew, and proudly grew,
For its roots were deep and strong;
And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
And the sunshine lingered long
On its glossy leaf, where the flickering light
Was flung to the evening sky;
And the wild bird sought to its airy height,
And taught her young to fly.

In acorn-time came the truant boy,
With a wild and eager look,
And he marked the tree with a wondering jo
As the wind the great limbs shook.

He looked where the moss on the north side grew,
The gnarled arms outspread,
The solemn shadow the huge tree threw,
As it towered above his head:

And vague-like fears the boy surround,
In the shadow of that tree;
So growing up from the darksome ground,
Like a giant mystery.
His heart beats quick to the squirrel's tread
On the withered leaf and dry,
And he lifts not up his awe-struck head
As the eddying wind sweeps by.

All regally the stout oak stood,
In its vigor and its pride;
A monarch owned in the solemn wood,
With a sceptre spreading wide—
No more in the wintry blast to bow,
Or rock in the summer breeze;
But draped in green, or starlike snow,
Reign king of the forest trees.

A thousand years it firmly grew,
A thousand blasts defied;
And, mighty in strength, its broad arms threw
A shadow dense and wide.
Change came to the mighty things of earth—
Old empires passed away;
Of the generations that had birth,
O Death! where, where are they?

Yet fresh and green the brave oak stood,
Nor dreamed it of decay,
Though a thousand times in the autumn wood
Its leaves on the pale earth lay.
It grew where the rocks were bursting out
From the thin and heaving soil—
Where the ocean's roar and the sailor's shout
Were mingled in wild turmoil;

Where the far-off sound of the restless deep
Came up with a booming swell;
And the white foam dashed to the rocky steep,
But it loved the tumult well.
Then its huge limbs creaked in the midnight air,
And joined in the rude uproar;
For it loved the storm and the lightning's glare,
And the wave-lashed iron shore.

The bleaching bones of the sea-bird's prey
Were heaped on the rocks below;
And the bald-head eagle, fierce and gray,
Looked off from its topmost bough.
Where the shadow lay on the quiet wave
The light boat often swung,
And the stout ship, saved from the ocean-grave,
Her cable round it flung.

A sound comes down in the forest trees,
And echoing from the hill;
It floats far off on the summer breeze,
And the shore resounds it shrill.
Lo! the monarch tree no more shall stand
Like a watchtower of the main—
A giant mark of a giant land
That may not come again.

The stout old oak!—'T was a worthy tree,
And the builder marked it out;

He smiled its angled limbs to see,
As he measured the trunk about.
Already to him was a gallant bark
Careering the rolling deep,
And in sunshine, calm, or tempest dark,
Her way she will proudly keep.

The chisel clicks, and the hammer rings,
The merry jest goes round;
While he who longest and loudest sings
Is the stoutest workman found.
With jointed rib and trunnelled plank
The work goes gayly on,
And light-spoke oaths, when the glass they drank,
Are heard till the task is done.

She sits on the stocks, the skeleton ship,
With her oaken ribs all bare,
And the child looks up with parted lip,
As it gathers fuel there:
With brimless hat, the barefoot boy
Looks round with strange amaze,
And dreams of a sailor's life of joy
Are mingling in that gaze.

With graceful waist and carvings brave
The trim hull waits the sea—
She proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yesty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray:
And the glad waves gathering round her sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly reared, O heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock broke,
And bellowed along the shore:
And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on her trackless way,
In sunshine or midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And the joyous winds her canvass fill:
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.
On the Birman sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay like molten gold,
And her pendent shroud and towering mast
Seemed twice on the waters told.
The idle canvass slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music around her rung
From the palm-tree growing nigh.

Oh, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes looked out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a perilled ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheeled in her stormy flight,
The wind piped shrill and high;
On the topmast sat a pale-blue light,
That flickered not to the eye:
The black cloud came like a banner down,
And down came the shrieking blast;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast!

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-troughed wave:
A gurgling sound—a phrensied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave!
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak-tree,
And HE OF THE SHELL in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As he floundered in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave as it towered, then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well;
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell;
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along,
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water ploughs—
But the ship is fleet and strong:
The topsails are reefed and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there came no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dea
And its long hair out on the wave was sprea
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need,
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past,
A voice calls loud for thee—
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last,
The plunging ship on her beam is cast,
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spok
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly brok
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee—
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone—
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save—
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is pa
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to s
Where the sea its dirge shall swell,
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell her music keep,
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy sid
They fell from the neck of the beautiful brid
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed,
The mother and child are there—
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair,
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features pla
And there is each cherished and beautiful fo
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

TO THE HUDSON.

Oh, river! gently as a wayward child
I saw thee mid the moonlight hills at rest
Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wi
How didst thou still the throbbings of thy b
Rude headlands were about thee, stooping r
As if amid the hills to hold thy stay;
But thou didst hear the far-off ocean sound,
Inviting thee from hill and vale away,
To mingle thy deep waters with its own;
And, at that voice, thy steps did onward
Onward from echoing hill and valley lone.
Like thine, oh, be my course—nor turned
While listing to the soundings of a land,
That like the ocean call invites me to its str

SONNETS.

I. POESY.

no fond, sickly thirst for fame, I kneel,
dess of the high-born art, to thee;
to thee with semblance of a zeal
e. O pure and heaven-eyed Poesy!
irt to me a spirit and a love,
ver from the time when first the earth,
reen beauty, and the sky above
ned my soul with joy too deep for mirth.
a child of thine before my tongue
l lisp its infant utterance unto thee,
ow, albeit from my harp are flung
rdant numbers, and the song may be
hich I would not, yet I know that thou
ffering wilt not spurn, while thus to thee I bow.

II. THE BARD.

not be, the baffled heart, in vain,
seek, amid the crowd, its throbs to hide;
housand other kindred pangs may bide,
t the less will our own griefs complain.
d to our rock, the vulture's gory stain
tearing beak is every moment rife,
wing pangs that end but with our life.
e bursteth forth the gushing voice of song,
oul's deep anguish thence an utterance finds,
aling to all hearts: and human minds
own in awe: thence doth the Bard belong
ll times: the laurel steeped in wrong
ght is his: his soul demanded bread, [stead.
e, charmed with the voice, gave but a stone in-

III. AN INCIDENT.

PLE thing, yet chancing as it did,
n life was bright with its illusive dreams,
lge and promise seemed beneath it hid;
ocean lay before me, tinged with beams
ingering draped the west, a wavering stir,
at my feet down fell a worn, gray quill;
gle, high above the darkling fir,
a steady flight, seemed there to take his fill
at pure ether breathed by him alone.
bie bird! why didst thou loose for me
agle plume! still unessayed, unknown
t be that pathway fearless winged by thee;
it not, no lofty flight be mine,
ld not soar like thee, in loneliness to pine!

IV. THE UNATTAINED.

is this life? and are we born for this?
ollow phantoms that elude the grasp,
hatsoe'er secured, within our clasp,
ithering lie, as if each earthly kiss [meet.
e doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to
e! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?
t still THE UNATTAINED beguile our feet?
NATTAINED with yearnings fill the breast,
rob, for ay, the spirit of its rest?
this is Life; and everywhere we meet,
victor crowns, but wailings of defeat;
aint thou not, thou dost apply a test
t shall incite thee onward, upward still,
present can not sate nor e'er thy spirit fill.

V. THE WIFE.

ALL day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, evermore inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence, the mockery of life, [wife.
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting

VI. RELIGION.

ALONE, yet not alone, the heart doth brood
With a sad fondness o'er its hidden grief;
Broods with a miser's joy, wherein relief
Comes with a semblance of its own quaint mood.
How many hearts this point of life have passed!
And some a train of light behind have cast,
To show us what hath been, and what may be;
That thus have suffered all the wise and good,
Thus wept and prayed, thus struggled and were free.
So doth the pilot, trackless through the deep,
Unswerving by the stars his reckoning keep,
He moves a highway not untried before,
And thence he courage gains, and joy doth reap,
Unfaltering lays his course, and leaves behind the shore.

VII. THE DREAM.

I DREAMED last night, that I myself did lay
Within the grave, and after stood and wept,
My spirit sorrowed where its ashes slept!
'T was a strange dream, and yet methinks it may
Prefigure that which is akin to truth.
How sorrow we o'er perished dreams of youth,
High hopes and aspirations doomed to be
Crushed and o'ermastered by earth's destiny!
Fame, that the spirit loathing turns to ruth—
And that deluding faith so loath to part,
That earth will shrine for us one kindred heart!
Oh, 't is the ashes of such things that wring
Tears from the eyes—hopes like to these depart,
And we bow down in dread, o'ershadowed by Death's wing!

VIII. WAYFARERS.

EARTH careth for her own—the fox lies down
In her warm bosom, and it asks no more.
The bird, content, broods in its lowly nest,
Or its fine essence stirred, with wing outflown,
Circles in airy rounds to heaven's own door,
And folds again its plume upon her breast,
Ye, too, for whom her palaces arise,
Whose Tyrian vestments sweep the kindred ground,
Whose golden chalice Ivy-Bacchus dies,
She, kindly Mother, liveth in your eyes,
And no strange anguish may your lives astound.
But ye, O pale lone watchers for the true,
She knoweth not. In Her ye have not found
Place for your stricken head, wet with the midnight dew.

IX. HELOISE TO ABELARD.

Must I not love thee? when the heart would leap
With all its stirring pulses unto thee,
Must it be stayed?—is not the spirit free?
Can human bonds or bars its essence keep?
Or drugs and banes hold love in deathful sleep?
Love thee I must—yet I content will be,
Like the pale victim, who, on bended knee,
Presents the chalice which his blood must steep,
And prostrate on the altar falls to die:
So let me kneel—a guiltless votary sink—
Prayer on my lip, and love within my heart:
Thus from these wilding eyes recede the sky—
Thus let these sighs my ebbing life-blood drink,
May I but love thee still, but feel how dear thou art!

X. HELOISE TO ABELARD, (CONTINUED.)

Why shouldst thou hold thy tenderness aside
From all thy lavishment of other gifts?
As if thou wouldst resort to means and shifts,
Thy dearest, noblest attribute to hide
From her, thy soul's sequestered, nun-made bride?
Thou hast enshrined her, like the star that drifts
Alone in space—the worshipper who lifts
His adoration, stayeth not the tide [thou?
Of his full heart—ah! wherefore then shouldst
We do our natures unto those attune,
Most prodigal of greatness—and we feel
That they do us with nobleness endow,
As did the lavish moon Endymion: [ous zeal?
Then wherefore starve the heart with thrift of jeal-

XI. DESPONDENCY.

When thou didst leave me Hope, why didst thou
In place of thy sweet presence, leave Despair, [not,
With her grim visage and disordered hair?
The past, the future, then had been forgot—
The soul, concentred on its blasted lot,
Had rested mute and desolate of care—
Had ceased to question where its treasures were,
And roamed no more the melancholy spot:
But now, too much remembering of the past;
So huge the weight of gloom around me spread,
That I, like one within a charnel cast,
Hear but the dirges ringing for the dead—
Feel all the pangs of life, and thought, and breath,
Yet walk I all the time with hand in hand of Death.

XII. LOVE.

There may be death or peril—grief and shame—
Cold, hollow human bonds; and stony walls,
And stonier hearts; and solemn backwood calls,
Heard in the midnight silence, when our name
Comes to the startled ear in cadenced blame:
Friends may fall, as the dried leaf in autumn falls:
We, in blanched moonlight stand, in desolate halls,
Hearing dead branches grate the window frame,
Under the pressure of the winter wind—
Yet Love will dare all these, and more: ah! more—
Outlive the changed look, wrench back despair,
And in his dim, deserted chambers find
The wherewithal to comfort—to restore— [there.
God's manna find left by Archangel footprints

XIII. "LOOK NOT BEHIND THEE."

Methemed, as I did walk a crystal wall,
Translucent in the hue of rosy morn,
And saw Eurydice, from Orpheus torn,
Lift her white brow from out its heavy pall,
With sweet lips echoing his melodious call,
And following him, love-led and music-borne;
A sharp and broken cry—and she was gone:
Thou fairest grief—thou saddest type of all
Our sorrowing kind, oh, lost Eurydice!
Thy deathful cry thrilled in mine every vein,
When Orpheus turned him back, thus losing thee:
His broken lute and melancholy plain
All time prolongs—the still unceasing flow
Of unavailing grief and a regretful wo.

XIV. CHARITY, IN DESPAIR OF JUSTICE.

Outwearied with the littleness and spite—
The falsehood and the treachery of men,
I cried, "Give me but justice"—thinking then
I meekly craved a common boon, which might
Most easily be granted:—soon the light
Of deeper truth grew on my wandering ken,
(Escaped the baneful damps of stagnant fen,)
And then I saw that, in my pride bedight,
I claimed from weak-eyed man the gift of Heaven:
God's own great vested right!—and I grew calm,
With folded hands, like stone to Patience given,
And pityings of meek love-distilling balm—
And now I wait in hopeful trust to be
All known to God, and ask of man sweet charity.

XV. THE GREAT AIM.

Earth beareth many pangs of guilt and wrong,
Hunger, and chains, and nakedness, all cry
From out the ground to Him whose searching eye
Sees blood, like slinking serpents, steal along
The dusty way, rank grass, and flowers among
His the dread voice, "Where is thy brother?" Why
Sit we here, weaving our common griefs to song,
When that eternal call forth bids us fly
From self, and wake to human good?—the near,
The humble it may be, yet God-appointed:
If greatly girded, go—unknowing fear—
With solemn trust, thou missioned and anointed.
Oh, glorious task! made free from petty strife,
Thy Truth become an Act—thy Aspiration, Life.

XVI. MIDNIGHT.

Afar in this deep dell, by the seashore,
So, resteth all things from the summer heat,
That I the Naiads hear from limber feet
Let fall the crystal as in days of yore:
Old sea-gods lean upon the rock, and pour
The waves adown; the light-winged zephyrs greet
The tittering nymphs, that from their green retreat
With pearl-shells play and listen to their roar:
Endymion sure on yonder headland sleeps,
Where Dian's veil floats out a silver sheen—
And large-eyed Pan amid the lotus peeps,
Where gleams an ivory arm the leaves between,
Nor stirs a restless hoof, lest his big heart,
O'erfilled with love, should slumbering Echo start.

XVII. JEALOUSY.

for he who loves too oft may be
one who hath a precious treasure sealed,
to another hath obtained the key:
he, poor soul! who there his all concealed,
blindly on, nor knows that mite by mite
indleth from his grasp; or if a thought
omething hath been lost his mind affright,
uts it by as evil fancy wrought.
ill there sometimes come a ghostly dread,
which the soul recoils; but he *will* sleep—
eep—and when he wakes, all, all is fled.
we may "garner up" our hearts, and keep
e than human trust, and yet be left
ited of all—of hope, of faith, of love bereft!

ECCE HOMO.

THE WORSHIP AND THE WAY.

E the great woods their dusky shadows spread,
re the cold mountain-top in silence stood—
time the stars hung darkling overhead,
ame the red sun forth a beaming god,
, dimly groping, yet for truth athirst,
the heavenly hosts in worship first,
Ecce Homo!

ylvan god hid in the rude, worn stone,
fire with wreaths of smoke to heaven ascending
out the consecrated dell, are gone;
Parsee on the mount no more is bending,
a shapely temple, with the rites
iest, and victim, and the burning lights,
Ecce Homo!

rugg'ing soul! crushed and impeded, yet
rm alone thou couldst not rest content;
were but symbols: thou couldst not forget
h dwells within the veil, which must be rent;
nce again, mid earthquakes, doubt, and dread,
larkness o'er the earth, and o'er all worship
spread— Ecce Homo!

e hath the lowly been, to point the path
ll the strugglers for the good and true!
il and in scorn from earthborn wrath,
locks all covered with the midnight dew—
sweat of blood, the agony, the prayer—
ark Gethsemane, behold him there!
Ecce Homo!

worn with toil, and sorrowful of heart,
d earth's multitude despised and poor,
, save their trust in God, have little art—
ir strength the strength that teaches to endure:
mfort such, and in the outcast's ear
words to whisper of consoling cheer—
Ecce Homo!

re is the Priest, and where the altar now?
ere is the reeking blood, and victim slain?
uil is upward raised a heavenly brow—
this in love until I come again"—
mystic wine poured forth, and lowly bread,
's best and common gifts before him spread,
Ecce Homo!

s the martyr dies—with the great stamp
Truth upon his brow, him to uphold;
'er the suffering forehead, cold and damp,
The record of imposture three times told—
The outcast and the felon side by side—
"Without the walls," where all men may deride—
Ecce Homo!

Thou fainting bearer of the thorn and cross,
Despised, rejected of thy brother here—
Sighing for lack of bread—the wayside moss
Thine only pillow—cast aside thy fear!
Fill up thy human heart unto the brim—
Let the thorn pierce thee, as it pierced Him—
Ecce Homo!

ODE TO SAPPHO.

BRIGHT, glowing Sappho! child of love and song!
Adown the blueness of long-distant years
Beams forth thy glorious shape, and steal along
Thy melting tones, beguiling us to tears.
Thou priestess of great hearts,
Thrilled with the secret fire
By which a god imparts
The anguish of desire—
For meaner souls be mean content—
Thine was a higher element.

Over Leucadia's rock thou leanest yet,
With thy wild song, and all thy locks outspread;
The stars are in thine eyes, the moon hath set—
The night dew falls upon thy radiant head;
And thy resounding lyre—
Ah! not so wildly sway:
Thy soulful lips inspire
And steal our hearts away!
Swanlike and beautiful, thy dirge
Still moans along the Ægean surge.

No unrequited love filled thy lone heart,
But thine infinitude did on thee weigh,
And all the wildness of despair impart,
Stealing the down from Hope's own wing away.
Couldst thou not suffer on,
Bearing the direful pang,
While thy melodious tone
Through wondering cities rang?
Couldst thou not bear thy godlike grief?
In godlike utterance find relief?

Devotion, fervor, might upon thee wait:
But what were these to thine? all cold and chill,
And left thy burning heart but desolate;
Thy wondrous beauty with despair might fill
The worshipper who bent
Entranced at thy feet:
Too affluent the dower lent
Where song and beauty meet!
Consumed by a Promethean fire
Wert thou, O daughter of the lyre!

Alone, above Leucadia's wave art thou,
Most beautiful, most gifted, yet alone!
Ah! what to thee the crown from Pindar's brow!
What the loud plaudit and the garlands thrown
By the enraptured throng,
When thou in matchless grace
Didst move with lyre and song,
And monarchs gave thee place?
What hast thou left, proud one? what token?
Alas! a lyre and heart—both broken!

LOVE DEAD.

The lady sent him an image of Cupid, one wing veiling his face. He was pleased therewith, thinking it to be Love sleeping, and betokened the tenderness of the sentiment. He looked again, and saw it was Love dead, and laid upon his bier.

THIS morn with trembling I awoke,
Just as the dawn my slumber broke:
Flapping came a heavy wing sounding pinions o'er my head,
Beating down the blessèd air with a weight of chilling dread;
Felt I then the presence of a doom
That an Evil occupied the room:
And I dared not round the bower,
Chilly in the grayish dawning—
Dared not face the evil power,
With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter—
Vainly may the fond heart falter:
Came there then upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight,
Burning pang or freezing pang, which I know not, 't was so great!
Life hath its moments black unnumbered,
I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered,
Yet I little thought such pain
Ever to have known again:
Love dies, too, when Faith is dead—
Yesternight Faith perished!

I knew that Love could never change—
That Love should die seems yet more strange;
Lifting up the downy veil, screening Love within my heart,
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part—
I had kept him cherished there so deep,
Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,
That till now I never knew
How his fibres round me grew—
Could not know how deep the sorrow
Where Hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part;
I grieved to lift him from my heart:
Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him sorrowing;
Drooping hung his fainting head, all adown his dainty wing!
Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise,
For I saw the marble in Love's eyes;
Yet I hoped his soul would wait
As he oft had waited there,
Hovering, though at heaven's gate—
Could he leave me to despair?

Unfolded they the crystal door,
Where Love shall languish never more.
Weeping Love, thy days are o'er. Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,
Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear.
Love has perished: hist, hist, how they tell,
Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell!
Love is dead—ay, dead and gone!
Why should I be living on?—
Why be in this chamber sitting,
With but phantoms round me flitting?

STANZAS.

I PASS before them cold and lone;
I ask no smile, I claim no tear;
And like some chiselled form of stone,
Doomed none save mocking words to hear,
To meet no eyes with Love's own ray.
No touch that might the life-pulse wake,
No tone emotion to betray,
No self forgotten for its sake!

So pass they all, and it is well!
I would not such should read the mind
Where hidden tenderness may dwell,
Like gem in icy cave confined;
I would not every eye should read
What one alone should ever know—
One, only one, by Fate decreed
To bid these icy fetters flow!

They deem that changeful, struggling still,
For that nor time nor earth can give;
Misled by Fancy's aimless will,
I in the cold ideal live.
Oh, it is well!—thence holier far
Is all I cherish thus apart—
Pure as the brightness of a star,
Deep as the fountains of the heart!

ENDURANCE.

"She turned to him sorrowfully, saying, 'Thou art free!' Then first did he feel how deep is the bondage of love."

I HAVE loosed every bond from thy uneasy heart,
Have given thee back every pledge that was dear;
I have bidden thee go, yet thou wilt not depart—
I have prompted away, yet still thou art here.

I knew that thy freedom would be but in vain,
Thy bondage the same, though absent the token:
The chain may be reft, yet the scar will remain;
The weight will be felt, though the links are all broken.

I shed not a tear when I bade thee depart—
My lip curled with pride, but nothing with scorn;
If the pang or the aching were felt at the heart,
Thou couldst not divine that it nourished the thorn.

I dreamed not of comfort, I prayed not for bliss;
In loving I knew was the wreck of my life:
In silence I bowed and asked but for this—
Thou ever the same in my darkness and strife!

The prayer hath been mocked, it is well that we part;
Yet it grieves me a will so unfettered as thine
Should wrestle in vain with the bonds of the heart,
A captive unwilling in jesses of mine.

I would send thee away with fetterless wing,
With eye that nor dimness nor sorrow hath known;
The free airs of heaven around thee should sing,
And I bear the shaft and the anguish alone.

I have learned to endure, I have hugged my despair,
I scourge back the madness that else would invade;
On my brain falls the drop after drop, yet I bear,
Lest thou shouldst discover the wreck thou hast made!

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

White-winged angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life,
And they offer to his lips
All that cup of mingled strife—
Mingled drops of smiles and tears,
Human hopes, and human fears,
Joy and sorrow, love and wo,
Which the future heart must know.

Sad the smile the spirits wear,
Sad the fanning of their wings,
As in their exceeding love
Each a cup of promise brings:
In the coming strife and care,
They have promised to be there;
Bowed by weariness or grief,
They will minister relief.

Lady, could the infant look
In that deep and bitter cup,
All its hidden perils know,
Would it quaff life's waters up?
Lady, yes—for in the vase
Upward beams an angel face;
Deep and anguished though the sigh,
There is comfort lurking nigh—
Times of joy, and times of wo,
Each an angel-presence know.

THE RECALL, OR SOUL MELODY.

Nor dulcimer nor harp shall breathe
Their melody for me;
Within my secret soul be wrought
A holier minstrelsy!
Descend into thy depths, oh soul!
And every sense in me control.

Thou hast no voice for outward mirth,
Whose purer strains arise
From those that steal from crystal gates,
The hymnings of the skies;
And well may earth's cold jarrings cease,
When such have soothed thee unto peace.

Within thy secret chamber rest,
And back each sense recall,
That seeketh mid the tranquil stars
Where melody shall fall;
Call home the wanderer from the vale,
From mountain and the moonlight pale.

Within the leafy wood, the sound
Of dropping rain may ring,
Which, rolling from the trembling leaf,
Falls on the sparrow's wing;
And music round the waking flower
May breathe in every star-lit bower:

Yet, come away! nor stay to hear
The breathings of a voice
Whose subtle tones awake a thrill
To make thee to rejoice,
And vibrate on the listening ear
Too deep, too earnest—ah, too dear.

Yet, come away, and inward turn
Each thought and every *sense*,
For sorrow lingers from without—
Thou canst not charm it thence;
But all attuned the soul may be,
Unto a deathless melody.

THE WATER.

How beautiful the water is!
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parched with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
The flow'rets simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face:
It showers the tree till every leaf
Is free from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are stilled,
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down,
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look:
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
It loves to come at night,
To make us wonder in the morn
To find the earth so bright—
To see a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowerets breathing on the air
Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is—
It loves the blossom's cup,
To nestle mid the odors there,
And fill the petals up;
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the smile
The floweret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkle there;
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight,
And every heart is gladder made
When water greets the sight.

THE BROOK.

"Whither away, thou merry Brook,
Whither away so fast,
With dainty feet through the meadow green,
And a smile as you hurry past?"
The Brook leaped on in idle mirth,
And dimpled with saucy glee;
The daisy kissed in lovingness,
And made with the willow free.

I heard its laugh adown the glen,
And over the rocky steep,
Away where the old tree's roots were bare
In the waters dark and deep;
The sunshine flashed upon its face,
And played with flickering leaf—
Well pleased to dally in its path,
Though the tarrying were brief.

"Now stay thy feet, oh restless one,
Where droops the spreading tree,
And let thy liquid voice reveal
Thy story unto me."
The flashing pebbles lightly rung,
As the gushing music fell,
The chiming music of the brook,
From out the woody dell.

"My mountain home was bleak and high,
A rugged spot and drear,
With searching wind and raging storm,
And moonlight cold and clear.
I longed for a greeting cheery as mine,
For a fond and answering look
But none were in that solitude
To bless the little brook.

"The blended hum of pleasant sounds
Came up from the vale below,
And I wished that mine were a lowly lot,
To lapse, and sing as I go;
That gentle things, with loving eyes,
Along my path should glide,
And blossoms in their loveliness
Come nestling to my side.

"I leaped me down: my rainbow robe
Hung shivering to the sight,
And the thrill of freedom gave to me
New impulse of delight.
A joyous welcome the sunshine gave,
The bird and the swaying tree;
The spear-like grass and blossom start
With joy at sight of me.

"The swallow comes with its bit of clay,
When the busy Spring is here,
And twittering bears the moistened gift
A nest on the eaves to rear;
The twinkling feet of flock and herd
Have trodden a path to me,
And the fox and the squirrel come to drink
In the shade of the alder-tree.

"The sunburnt child, with its rounded foot,
Comes hither with me to play,
And I feel the thrill of his lightsome heart
As he dashes the merry spray.

I turn the mill with answering glee,
As the merry spokes go round,
And the gray rock takes the echo up,
Rejoicing in the sound.

"The old man bathes his scattered locks,
And drops me a silent tear—
For he sees a wrinkled, careworn face
Look up from the waters clear.
Then I sing in his ear the very song
He heard in years gone by;
The old man's heart is glad again,
And a joy lights up his eye."

Enough, enough, thou homily brook!
I'll treasure thy teachings well,
And I will yield a heartfelt tear
Thy crystal drops to swell;
Will bear like thee a kindly love
For the lowly things of earth,
Remembering still that high and pure
Is the home of the spirit's birth.

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

I had rather have one kiss,
Childe waters of thy mouth,
Than I would have Cheshire and Lancashire bothe
That lye by north and south.—*Old Ballad.*

I came to thee in workday dress
And hair but plainly kempt,
For life is not all holyday,
From toil and care exempt;

I met thee oft with glowing cheek—
Thus love its tale will tell;
Though oft its after paleness told
Of hidden grief as well.

Mine eyes that drooped beneath thy glance
To hide their sense of bliss,
Let fall too oft the tears that tell
Of secret tenderness.

I sought for no bewildering lure
Thy senses to beguile,
But checked the woman-playfulness,
The witching tone and smile.

With household look and household word,
And frank as maidens meet,
I dared with earnest, homely truth,
Thy manliness to greet.

For oh! so much of truth was mine,
So much of love beside,
I wished in simple maidenhood
To be thy chosen bride.

Alas! the russet robe no more
Of humble life may tell,
And thou dost say the velvet gear
Becomes my beauty well.

'Twas thy dear hand upon my brow
That bound each sparkling gem,
But dearer far its slightest touch
Than all the wealth of them.

Oh! tell me not of gorgeous robes,
Nor bind the jewel there;

And tell me not with those cold eyes
That I am wondrous fair.

I will not chide, I will not blame,
And yet the thought is here,
The thought so fraught with bitterness—
It yieldeth me no tear.

I gave thee tenderness too deep—
Too deep for aught but tears;
And thou wouldst teach the world's cold rule,
Which learned, the heart but sears.

I gave thee all the soul's deep trust—
Its truth by sorrow tried;
Nay, start not thou! what hast thou given?
Alas! 'tis but thy pride.

Give back, give back the tenderness
That blessed my simple love,
And call me, as in those dear days,
Thine own, thy gentle dove!

THE APRIL RAIN.

The April rain—the April rain—
I hear the pleasant sound;
Now soft and still, like little dew,
Now drenching all the ground.
Pray tell me why an April shower
Is pleasanter to see
Than falling drops of other rain?
I'm sure it is to me.

I wonder if 'tis really so—
Or only hope the while,
That tells of swelling buds and flowers,
And Summer's coming smile.
Whate'er it is, the April shower
Makes me a child again;
I feel a rush of youthful blood
Come with the April rain.

And sure, were I a little bulb
Within the darksome ground,
I should love to hear the April rain
So gently falling round;
Or any tiny flower were I,
By Nature swaddled up,
How pleasantly the April shower
Would bathe my hidden cup!

The small brown seed, that rattled down
On the cold autumnal earth,
Is bursting from its cerements forth,
Rejoicing in its birth.
The slender spears of pale green grass
Are smiling in the light,
The clover opes its folded leaves
As if it felt delight.

The robin sings on the leafless tree,
And upward turns his eye,
As loving much to see the drops
Come filtering from the sky;
No doubt he longs the bright green leaves
About his home to see,
And feel the swaying summer winds
Play in the full-robed tree.

The cottage door is open wide,
And cheerful sounds are heard,
The young girl sings at the merry wheel
A song like the wilding bird;
The creeping child by the old, worn sill
Peers out with winking eye,
And his ringlets rubs with chubby hand,
As the drops come pattering by.

With bounding heart beneath the sky,
The truant boy is out,
And hoop and ball are darting by
With many a merry shout.
Ay, sport away, ye joyous throng—
For yours is the April day;
I love to see your spirits dance
In your pure and healthful play.

ATHEISM.

FAITH.

Beware of doubt—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence. We may rejoice
With an exceeding joy, and make our life,
Ay, this external life, become a part
Of that which is within, o'erwrought and rife
With faith, that childlike blessedness of heart.
The order and the harmony inborn
With a perpetual hymning crown our way,
Till callousness, and selfishness, and scorn, [play.
Shall pass as clouds where scatheless lightnings
Cling to thy faith—'t is higher than the thought
That questions of thy faith, the cold external doubt.

REASON.

The Infinite speaks in our silent hearts,
And draws our being to himself, as deep
Calleth unto deep. He, who all thought imparts,
Demands the pledge, the bond of soul to keep;
But reason, wandering from its fount afar,
And stooping downward, breaks the subtle chain
That binds it to itself, like star to star,
And sun to sun, upward to God again:
Doubt, once confirmed, tolls the dead spirit's knell,
And man is but a clod of earth, to die
Like the poor beast that in his shambles fell—
More miserable doom than that, to lie
In trembling torture, like believing ghosts, [Hosts.
Who, though divorced from good, bow to the Lord of

ANNIHILATION.

Doubt, cypress crowned, upon a ruined arch
Amid the shapely temple overthrown,
Exultant, stays at length her onward march:
Her victim, all with earthliness o'ergrown,
Hath sunk himself to earth to perish there;
His thoughts are outward, all his love a blight,
Dying, deluding, are his hopes, though fair—
And death, the spirit's everlasting night.
Thus, midnight travellers, on some mountain steep,
Hear far above the avalanche boom down,
Starting the glacier echoes from their sleep,
And lost in glens to human foot unknown—
The death-plunge of the lost come to their ear,
And silence claims again her region cold and drear.

LET ME BE A FANTASY.

Like the faint breathing of a distant lute
Heard in the hush of evening still and low,
For which we lingering listen, though 'tis mute,
I would be unto thee, and nothing moe—
Oh, nothing moe
Or like the wind-harp trembling to its pain
With music-joy, which must perforce touch wo
Ere it shall sing itself to sleep again,
So I would pass to thee, and be no moe—
A breath, no moe!
Like lustre of a stone, that wakens thought
Pure as the cold, far-gleaming mountain snow—
Like water to its crystal beauty wrought—
Like all sweet Fancy dreams, but nothing moe—
A dream, no moe!
Like gleams of better worlds and better truth,
Which our lone hours of aspiration know,
I would renew to thee the dew of youth—
Touch thy good-angel wing—oh, nothing moe—
Oh, nothing moe!

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills—thy strength is there.
Oh, thou hast tarried long,
Too long, amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there! what though the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylights fail—

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong hills,
And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the newborn rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell,
Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills: the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known: the seabird's nest
On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old,
They of undaunted wills,
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold,
On the enduring hills—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the moon and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

'T is said sweet Psyche gazed one night
On Cupid's sleeping face—
Gazed in her fondness on the wight
In his unstudied grace:
But he, bewildered by the glare
Of light at such a time,
Fled from the side of Psyche there
As from a thing of crime.

Ay, weak the fable—false the ground—
Sweet Psyche veiled her face—
Well knowing Love, if ever found,
Will never leave his place.
Unfound as yet, and weary grown,
She had mistook another:
'T was but Love's semblance she had found
Not Eros, but his brother!

THE POET.

NON VOX SED VOTUM.

It is the belief of the vulgar that when the nightingale sings, she her breast upon a thorn.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
With the thorn beneath thy breast,
Robbing thee of all thy rest;
Hidden thorn for ever thine,
Therefore dost thou sit, and twine
Lays of sorrowing—
Lays that wake a mighty gladness,
Spite of all their mournful sadness.

Sing, sing—Poet sing!
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow—
"Darkling" singing till the morrow;
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving as thou must,
Let thy music ring;
Noble cheer it doth impart,
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Thou art made a human voice;
Wherefore shouldst thou not rejoice
That the tears of thy mute brother
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing—
For his dim, unuttered grief
Through thy song hath found relief!

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Join the music of the stars,
Wheeling on their sounding cars;
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space—
Lift, oh lift thy wing—
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though it pierce, shall give thee rest.

E. C. KINNEY.

ıe poet is the daughter of an old :ted merchant, Mr. David L. Dodge, ed from business many years ago. born, and chiefly educated, in the ew York, where most of her life passed, in the pursuit of favorite ıd the intercourse of a large circle . A few years ago she was mar-:. William B. Kinney, of the New- Advertiser, one of the most able, hed, and honorable of the men who o journalism its proper rank, in a of the first of professions. With a qual to her genius, and an adequate eir function, she never deemed her- company of poets. Possessing in ble degree the "fatal facility," she n verse from childhood, but never of the usual incentives, except the ıtterance, and the gratification of The Spirit of Song, one of her latest but a simple expression of her eelings on the subject. The idea of publication always brought a sense of constraint, and her early improvisations, produced under this embarrassment, for the Knickerbocker, Graham's Magazine, and other periodicals, at "Cedar Brook," her father's country residence, in the vicinity of Newark, appeared under the name of Stedman. One of her friends, whose opportunities to know are as great as his acknowledged sagacity of criticism to judge, observes, in a letter to me, that "decidedly the most free, salient, and characteristic effusions of her buoyant spirit, have been thrown off, *currente calamo*, in correspondence and intercourse with her friends."

It will gratify the reader, who can appreciate the delicacy and strength and melodious cadences, of the illustrations of her abilities that are here quoted, to learn that Mrs. Kinney is turning her attention more and more to composition, and that she is meditating an elaborate poem, which will serve as the just measure of her powers.

TO THE EAGLE.

bird! that soarest to the sky, [way—
ırough clouds and storms thine upward
steadfastly that dauntless eye,
ıe great, effulgent god of day!
narch of the feathery tribes of air!
ulting marks thy bold career,
gh the azure fields, to regions fair,
hed in light thy pinions disappear.

ı the gods upon Olympus dwelt,
n and the favorite bird of Jove—
ke power in thy broad wings hast felt
they spread o'er land and sea to rove:
s top the Thunderer's piercing sight
the hosts which Ilium did defy;
ıy eyry on the beetling height
ı the lightning-glances of thine eye!

Olympian throne Jove stooped to earth
ıglorious in the god of gods!
he beauty of celestial birth,
manity's less fair abodes:
ɔn more rapacious than divine,
the peace of innocence away!
descend those tireless wings of thine,
ı to make defencelessness their prey.

Lo! where thou comest from the realms afar!
Thy strong wings whir like some huge bellows' breath;
Swift falls thy fiery eyeball, like a star,
And dark thy shadow as the pall of death!
But thou hast marked a tall and reverend tree,
And now thy talons clinch yon leafless limb;
Before thee stretch the sandy shore and sea,
And sails, like ghosts, move in the distance dim.

Fair is the scene! Yet thy voracious eye
Drinks not its beauty; but with bloody glare
Watches the wild fowl idly floating by,
Or snow-white sea-gull winnowing the air:
Oh, pitiless is thine unerring beak!
Quick as the wings of Thought thy pinions fall—
Then bear their victim to the mountain-peak
Where clamorous eaglets flutter at thy call.

Seaward again thou turn'st to chase the storm,
Where winds and waters furiously roar!
Above the doomed ship thy boding form
Is coming Fate's dark shadow cast before!
The billows that engulf man's sturdy frame
As sport to thy careering pinions seem;
And though to silence sinks the sailor's name,
His end is told in thy relentless scream.

Where the great cataract sends up to heaven
Its sprayey incense in perpetual cloud,
Thy wings in twain the sacred bow have riven,
And onward sailed irreverently proud.
Unflinching bird! no frigid clime congeals
The fervid blood that riots in thy veins;
No torrid sun thine upborne nature feels—
The north, the south, alike are thy domains.

Emblem of all that can endure or dare,
Art thou, bold eagle, in thy hardihood!
Emblem of Freedom, when thou cleav'st the air—
Emblem of Tyranny, when bathed in blood!
Thou wert the genius of Rome's sanguine wars:
Heroes have fought and freely bled for thee;
And here, above our glorious "stripes and stars,"
We hail thy signal wings of Liberty!

The poet sees in thee a type sublime
Of his far-reaching, high-aspiring art!
His fancy seeks with thee each starry clime,
And thou art on the signet of his heart.
Be still the symbol of a spirit free,
Imperial bird! to unborn ages given—
And to my soul, that it may soar like thee,
Steadfastly looking in the eye of Heaven!

ODE: TO THE MOON.

Myriads have sung thy praise,
Fair Dian, virgin goddess of the skies!
And myriads will raise
Their songs, while time yet onward flies,
To thee, chaste prompter of the lover's sighs,
And of the minstrel's lays;
But still exhaustless as a theme
Shall be thy name
While lives immortal Fame—
As when, to people the first poet's dream,
Thy inspiration came.

None ever lived, or loved,
Who hath not thine oblivious influence felt—
As if a silver veil hid outward things,
While some bright spirit's wings
Mysteriously moved
The world of fancies that within him dwelt.
Regent of height, what is this charm in thee,
That sways the human soul, like potent witchery?

When first the infant learns to look on high—
While twilight's drapery his heart appals—
Thy full-orbed presence captivates his eye;
Or when, mid shadows grim upon the walls,
Are sent thy pallid rays,
'T is awe his bosom fills,
And trembling joy that thrills
His tiny frame, and fastens his young gaze:
Thy spell is on that heart,
And childhood may depart,
But it shall gather strength with youthful days;
For oft as thou, capricious moon,
Shalt wax and wane,
He—now perchance a lovesick swain—
Will watch thee at night's stilly noon,
Pouring his passion in an amorous strain:
Or, with the mistress of his soul,
Lighted by thy love-whispering beams,
In some secluded garden stroll,
Bewildered in ambrosial dreams;
Nor once suspect, while his full pulses move,
That thou, whom tides obey, mayst turn the tic

The watcher on the deep,
Though weary be his eye,
Forgets even downy sleep,
When thou art in the sky;
For with thine image on the silvery sea,
A thousand forms of memory
Whirl in a mazy dance;
And when he upward looks to thee,
In thy far-reaching glance
There is a sacred bond of sympathy
'Twixt sea and land;
Yes, on his native strand
That glance awakens kindred souls
To kindred thought;
And though the deep between them rolls,
Hearts are together brought;
While tears that fall from eyes at home,
And those that wet the sailor's cheek,
From the same holy fountains come,
The same emotion speak.

The watcher on the land,
Who holds the burning hand
Of one whom scorching fever wastes,
Beholds thee, orient Moon,
With reddened face expanded, in the east,
Till superstition chills his breast,
While tremulous he hastes
To draw the curtains as thou journeyest on
But when the far-spent night
Is streaked with dawning light,
Again, to look on thee,
He lifts the drapery,
And hope divine now triumphs over fear,
As in the zenith far,
A pale, small orb thou dost appear,
While eastward rises morn's resplendent star
And Fancy sees the parting soul ascend
Where thy mild glories with the azure ble

Even on the face of Death thou lookest calm
Fair Dian, as when watchful thou didst ke
Love's holy vigils o'er Endymion's sleep,
Drinking the breath of youth's perpetual bal
Thy beams are kissing now
The icy brow
Of many a youth in slumber deep,
Who can not yield to thee
The incense of Love's perfumed breath—
For no response gives death.
Ah, 'tis a fearful thing to see
Thy lustre shine
Upon "the human face divine,"
From which the spark Promethean has fle
As when, oh, melancholy Moon,
Thy light is shed
Upon the marble cold
Of that famed ruin old—
The grand but silent Parthenon.
Dian, enchantress of all hearts!

While mine in song now worships thee,
From thy far-reaching bow the silver darts
Fall thick and fast on me.
Oh, beautiful in light and shade
By thee is this fair landscape made!
Gems sparkle on the river's breast,
Now covered by an icy vest;
Upon the frozen hills
A regal glory shines,
And all the scene, as Fancy wills,
Shifts into new designs:
Yet night is still as Death's unbroken realms,
And solemnly thy beams, wan orb, are cast
Through the arched branches of these reverend elms,
As though they through the gothic windows past
Of some old abbey or cathedral vast.
In awe my spirit kneels,
And seems before a hallowed shrine;
Yet not the majesty of art it feels,
But Nature's law divine—
The presence of her mighty Architect,
Who piled these pyramidic hills sublime,
That still, fair Moon, thy radiance will reflect,
And still defy the crumbling touch of Time;
Who built this temple of gigantic trees,
Where Nature's worshippers repair
To pray the heart's unuttered prayer—
That veiled thought which the Omniscient sees.
Oh, I could muse, and still adore
Religious Night, and thee, her queen!
Till golden Phœbus should restore
His splendor to the scene:
But natural laws thy motions sway,
And these must guide the poet's will;
Thus, while the soul may tireless stray,
This actual life must weary still:
Then oh, inspirer of my song!
As close these eyes upon thy beams,
Watching amid thy starry throng,
Be thou the goddess of my dreams.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Eternal Fame! thy great rewards,
Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master bards
Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this New World of ours
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature as with God,
And saw her face to face—
No living truth by them unsung,
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time—
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give the world a thrill
Of their great harp sublime?
Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the wayside flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary traveller's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent soul of Song—
That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blessed the humble poet's name
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the waterfall
To one by deserts bound,
Making the air all musical
With cool, inviting sound—
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
Across the sands of Life.

Yet not for these alone he sings:
The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
Nor whither goes his warbled song:
As Joy itself delights in joy,
His soul finds life in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

(AN EXTRACT.)

The building was humble, yet sacred to One
Who heeds the deep worship that utters no tone;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.
'Twas there all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride in her pure satin hood;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.
A tear glistened bright in her dark, shaded eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidingly given,
And the low-murmured accents recorded in heaven.

SONNETS.

I. CULTIVATION.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere—
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers—
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes, of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting pow-
So, flowers of genius that will longest live, [ers.
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil.
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:
Fancies like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

II. ENCOURAGEMENT.

When first peeps out from earth the modest vine,
Asking but little space to live and grow,
How easily some step, without design,
May crush the being from a thing so low!
But let the hand that doth delight to show
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine
Around some lattice-work, and 't will bestow
Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine:
And thus, when Genius first puts forth its shoot,
So timid, that it scarce dare ask to live—
The tender germ, if trodden under foot,
Shrinks back again to its undying root;
While kindly training bids it upward strive,
And to the future flowers immortal give.

III. FADING AUTUMN.

Th' autumnal glories all have passed away!
The forest leaves no more in hectic red
Give glowing tokens of their brief decay,
But scattered lie, or rustle to the tread,
Like whisper'd warnings from the mouldering dead.
The naked trees stretch out their arms all day,
And each bald hilltop lifts its reverend head
As if for some new covering to pray.
Come Winter, then, and spread thy robe of white
Above the desolation of this scene,
And when the sun with gems shall make it bright,
Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
We 'll cease to sigh for Summer's living green.

IV. A WINTER NIGHT.

How calm, how solemn, how sublime the scene!
The moon in full-orbed glory sails above,
And stars in myriads around her move;
Each looking down with watchful eye serene
On earth, which in a snowy shroud arrayed,
And still, as in a dreamless sleep 't were laid,
Saddens the spirit with its deathlike mien:
Yet doth it charm the eye—its gaze still hold;
Just as the face of one we loved, when cold,
And pale, and lovely e'en in death, 't is seen,
Will fix the mourner's eye, though trembling fears
Fill all his soul, and frequent fall his tears.
Oh, I could watch, till morn should change the sight,
This cold this beautiful, this mournful winter night.

V. TO THE GREEK SLAVE.

Beautiful model of creative art!
My spirit feels the reverence for thee,
That felt the ancients for a deity:
And did the sculptor shape thee, part by part,
Fair, as if whole from Genius' mighty heart
Thou 'dst sprung, like Venus from the foaming sea!
Ah! not for show, in a disgraceful mart,
Is that calm look of conscious purity;
Nor should unhallowed eye presume to steal
A sensual glance, where holy minds would kneel,
As to some goddess in her virgin youth.
But who could shame in thy pure presence feel,
Save those who, false themselves, must shrink, for-
From the mild lustre of ungarnished truth! [sooth,

VI. TO ARABELLA.

There is a pathos in those azure eyes,
Touching, and beautiful, and strange, fair child!
When the fringed lids upturn, such radiance mild
Beams out as in some brimming lakelet lies,
Which undisturbed reflects the cloudless skies:
No tokens glitter there of passion wild,
That into ecstasy with time shall rise;
But in the deep of those clear orbs are signs—
Which Poesy's prophetic eye divines—
Of woman's love, enduring, undefiled!
If, like the lake at rest, through life we see
Thy face reflect the heaven that in it shines,
No idol to thy worshippers thou 'lt be,
For he will worship Heaven who worships thee!

THE WOODMAN.

He shoulders his axe for the woods, and away
Hies over the fields at the dawn of the day,
And merrily whistles some tune as he goes,
So heartily trudging along through the snows.

His dog scents his track, and pursues to a mark,
Now sending afar the shrill tones of his bark—
Then answering the echo that comes back again
Through the clear air of morn, over valley and plain.

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand:
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand,
While true to its aim is the ready axe found, [sound.
And quick do its blows through the woodland re-

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form, [storm;
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a
And the sturdy oak shakes that never trembled before
Though the years of its glory outnumber threescore.

They fall side by side—just as man in his prime
Lies down with the locks that are whitened by time:
The trees which are felled into ashes will burn,
As man, by Death's blow, unto dust must return.

But twilight approaches: the woodman and dog
Come plodding together through snowdrift and bog;
The axe, again shouldered, its day's work hath done;
The woodman is hungry—the dog wants his bone.

Oh, home is then sweet, and the evening repast!
But the brow of the woodman with thought is o'er-
He is conning a truth to be tested by all— [cast:
That man, like the trees of the forest, must fall.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

.LET's father was Dr. William A.
. pupil and friend of Dr. Benjamin
)m in person he strikingly resem-
resided several years in Woodbu-
:rsey; but afterward, giving up the
his profession, removed to Sodus
ake Ontario, in the state of New
:re he purchased lands and spent
in improving them. He died ma-
;o, eminently respected for his abil-
ıonorable character. His second
mother of Mrs. Ellet, was Sarah
ı daughter of John Maxwell, a rev-
officer, and niece of General Wil-
vell, who served in the army with
from Braddock's campaign until
lose of the war of independence,
ınjust system of promotions in-
ı with many others to surrender
ssion.

ımmis was married, when about
years of age, to Dr. William H.
professor of chymistry in Colum-
e, in New York, and since one of
:ors in the college at Columbia, in
olina, where she resided several

let began to write for the maga-
)33, and in the following year ap-
translation of Euphemia of Mes-
:ilvio Pellico. In the spring of
tragedy of Teresa Contarini was
y represented in New York and
the western cities. It is founded
i's Antonio Foscarini, which illus-
of the darkest periods in Venetian
hen the decrees of the senate and
ents of the inquisitors were made
:rvient to private purposes. The
:he classic school, and it is too de-
ction to retain a place upon the
the autumn of the same year she
in Philadelphia a volume entitled
anslated and Original.
is period until it ceased to be pub-
s. Ellet was a frequent contributor
rican Quarterly Review, for which
papers on Italian Tragedy, The Italian Lyric Poets, Lamartine's Poems, Hugo's Dramas, The Troubadours, Andreini's Adam, (the work which suggested to Milton the idea of his Paradise Lost,) &c.

In 1841 she published The Characters of Schiller, an analysis and criticism of the principal persons in Schiller's plays, with translated extracts, and an essay on Schiller's genius. Her next work was Joanna of Sicily, a series of passages in the life of the queen of Naples, a blending of fact and fiction, with a coloring of the manners of the middle ages. This was followed by Country Rambles, a volume designed for juvenile readers, and descriptive of scenery in various parts of the United States.

The last production of Mrs. Ellet, The Women of the American Revolution, in two volumes, was published in New York in the autumn of 1848. Her object was to illustrate the action and influence of her sex in the achievement of our national independence; to exhibit something of the character and feeling of our heroic age, in the domestic side of the picture; and with the assistance of a few gentlemen more familiar than herself with our public and domestic experience, she has made a valuable and interesting work.

From time to time Mrs. Ellet has also published papers in the North American Review, the Southern Quarterly Review, and several of the monthly magazines, upon many subjects of literature, art, and history, which evince considerable scholarship and literary dexterity.

The poems of Mrs. Ellet do not perhaps evince much of the inspiration of genius, nor have they the freshness which distinguishes much verse that is very inferior in execution; but while we rarely perceive in them anything that is striking, they, as well as her prose works, are uniformly respectable. The most creditable illustrations of her abilities seem to be her translations from the French and Italian languages, in which she has occasionally been remarkably successful.

Mrs. Ellet now resides in New York

SUSQUEHANNAH.

Softly the blended light of evening rests
Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. Oh, by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
And the wide, solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnished summits in the clear, blue heaven,
Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight. Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell,
In music never silent, of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide,
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of summer stir their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from the boughs their covering. All the air
Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward; and the play of dashing streams
From the green mountain-side is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast
With graceful sweep, or, startled, soars away,
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear, bright air.
Oh, in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where Beauty hath a birthright, where each mound
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past—
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories,
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure? Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream! without thy records—graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wintry storm,
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by:
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves,
When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
Those passed away—forgotten as they passed;
But holier recollections dwell with thee:
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil and hallowed it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world—
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,
And hymned their requiem. Far beyond this vale,
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend—and the glad voice
Of industry is heard. So in the lapse
Of future years these ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe—and man's abodes
Displace their sylvan honors. They will pass
In turn away; yet, heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

LAKE ONTARIO.

Deep thoughts o'ershade my spirit while I gaze
Upon the blue depths of thy mighty breast;
Thy glassy face is bright with sunset rays,
And thy far-stretching waters are at rest,
Save the small wave that on thy margin plays,
Lifting to summer airs its flashing crest:
While the fleet hues across thy surface driven,
Mingle afar in the embrace of heaven.

Thy smile is glorious when the morning's spring
Gives half its glowing beauty to the deep;
When the dusk swallow dips his drooping wing,
And the gay winds that o'er thy bosom sweep
Tribute from dewy woods and violets bring,
Thy restless billows in their gifts to steep.
Thou 't beautiful when evening moonbeams shine,
And the soft hour of night and stars is thine.

Thou hast thy tempests, too; the lightning's home
Is near thee, though unseen; thy peaceful shore,
When storms have lashed these waters into foam,
Echoes full oft the pealing thunder's roar.
Thou hast dark trophies: the unhonored tomb
Of those now sought and wept on earth no more:
Full many a goodly form, the loved and brave,
Lies whelmed and still beneath thy sullen wave.

The world was young with thee: this swelling flood
As proudly swelled, as purely met the sky,
When sound of life roused not the ancient wood,
Save the wild eagle's scream, or panther's cry:
Here on this verdant bank the savage stood,
And shook his dart and battle-axe on high,
While hues of slaughter tinged thy billows blue,
As deeper and more close the conflict grew.

Here, too, at early morn, the hunter's song
Was heard from wooded isle and grassy glade;
And here, at eve, these clustered bowers among,
The low, sweet carol of the Indian maid,
Chiding the slumbering breeze and shadows long,
That kept her lingering lover from the shade,
While, scarcely seen, thy willing waters o'er,
Sped the light bark that bore him to the shore.

Those scenes are past. The spirit of changing years
Has breathed on all around, save thee alone.
More faintly the receding woodland hears
Thy voice, once full and joyous as its own.
Nations have gone from earth, nor trace appears
To tell their tale—forgotten or unknown:
Yet here, unchanged, untamed, thy waters lie,
Azure, and clear, and boundless as the sky.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

:n western land can boast no lovelier spot.
hills which in their ancient grandeur stand,
to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
iis wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
look upon its beauty. Round their breast
rtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
hed by the slanting sunbeams; while below
silent river, with majestic sweep,
ues his shadowed way—his glassy face
oken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
at in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
ye of solitude!—It is not here.
silence.—Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
e towering hills hold converse with the sky
smiles upon their summits; and the wind
:h stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life,
bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
ng the stately forest-boughs look bright,
nod to greet his coming! And the brook,
with its silvery gleam comes leaping down
the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,
forth their perfume as an added gift.
river utters, too, a solemn voice,
tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
n not a sound was heard along his shores,
the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
me expiring captive—and no bark
:left his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
ocal often with the hunter's song;
visit, in their glad and onward course,
abodes of happy men, gardens and fields,
:ultured plains—still bearing, as they pass,
ity renewed and fresh delights.
e time has been—so Indian legends say—
n here the mighty Delaware poured not
ncient waters through, but turned aside
igh yonder dell and washed those shaded vales.
, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,
h smiled in the warm sunbeams, and displayed
wealth of summer on its graceful slope.
er the hunter-chieftains oft repaired
ght their council-fires; while its dim height,
ver veiled in mist, no mortal dared,
aid, to scale; save one white-haired old man,
there held commune with the Indian's God,
hence brought down to men his high commands.
passed away: the gifted seer had lived
ad life's natural term, and bent no more
weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.
tribes had filled the land, of fiercer mien,
strove against each other. Blood and death
those green shades where all before was peace,
he stern warrior scalped his dying captive
on the precincts of that holy spot [mourned
e the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who
unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest
to seek the consecrated height,
r from Heaven, and mercy to implore.
watched him from afar. He labored slowly
up the steep ascent, and vanished soon
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark
As the last hues of sunset passed away.
The night fell heavily; and soon were heard
Low tones of thunder from the mountain-top,
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills
In deep and solemn peal; while lurid flashes
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.
Then, wilder and more loud, a fearful crash
Burst on the startled ear: the earth, convulsed,
Groaned from its solid centre; forests shook
For leagues around; and, by the sudden gleam
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,
A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent
From top to base; and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms, yawned a frightful chasm,
Filled with unnatural darkness. From afar
The distant roar of waters then was heard:
They came, with gathering sweep, o'erwhelming all
That checked their headlong course; the rich maize
The low-roofed hut, its sleeping inmates—all [field,
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin!
Morn looked upon the desolated scene
Of the Great Spirit's anger, and beheld
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks;
And men looked on in silence and in fear,
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
Or the war-whoop was heard. Thus years went on:
Each trace of desolation vanished fast;
Those bare and blackened cliffs were overspread
With fresh, green foliage, and the swelling earth
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.
The river passed majestically on
Through his new channel; verdure graced his banks;
The wild bird murmured sweetly as before
In its beloved woods; and naught remained,
Save the wild tales which hoary chieftains told,
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

EXTRACTS FROM TERESA CONTARINI.

INSENSIBILITY.

My heart is senseless. It is cold—cold—cold!
Steeled in an apathy more deep than wo,
Which even keen Thought can never pierce again.
What nights of feverish unrest I've borne,
What days of weeping and of bitterness,
When I have schooled me to a mocking calmness,
While my heart ached within! But all is past!
My spirit is a waste o'er which hath raged
The desolating fire, to leave its trace
In blackened ruins. I can feel no more!
Would that I could! I'd rather bear the gnawing
Of anguish, than this dull, dead, frozen void,
In which all sense is buried.

LOVE, IN YOUTH AND AGE.

How doth Youth
Wear his soft yoke? More lightly than he wears
The pageant plume, which every fickle wind
Stirs at its will, to be thrown careless by,
When he shall weary of its pride! To youth
Love is the shallow rill that mocks the sunshine,
Wasting its strength in idle foam away.

To age, the river, silent, broad, and deep—
Hiding the wealth of years within its breast—
Baffling the vain eye that would read its depths—
Broader and deeper growing, as the channel
Of life wears on!

SODUS BAY.

I BLESS thee, native shore!
Thy woodlands gay, and waters sparkling clear!
'T is like a dream once more
The music of thy thousand waves to hear,
As, murmuring up the sand,
With kisses bright they lave the sloping land.

The gorgeous sun looks down,
Bathing thee gladly in his noontide ray;
And o'er thy headlands brown
With loving light the tints of evening play:
Thy whispering breezes fear
To break the calm so softly hallowed here.

Here, in her green domain,
The stamp of Nature's sovereignty is found;
With scarce disputed reign
She dwells in all the solitude around:
And here she loves to wear
The regal garb that suits a queen so fair.

Full oft my heart hath yearned
For thy sweet shades and vales of sunny rest;
Even as the swan returned,
Stoops to repose upon thy azure breast,
I greet each welcome spot
Forsaken long—but ne'er, ah, ne'er forgot.

'T was here that memory grew— [left;
'T was here that childhood's hopes and cares were
Its early freshness, too—
Ere droops the soul, of her best joys bereft:
Where are they?—o'er the track
Of cold years, I would call the wanderers back!

They must be with thee still:
Thou art unchanged—as bright the sunbeams play:
From not a tree or hill
Hath time one hue of beauty snatched away
Unchanged alike should be
The blessed things so late resigned to thee.

Give back, oh, smiling deep,
The heart's fair sunshine, and the dreams of youth
That in thy bosom sleep—
Life's April innocence, and trustful truth!
The tones that breathed of yore
In thy lone murmurs, once again restore.

Where have they vanished all?—
Only the heedless winds in answer sigh;
Still rushing at thy call,
With reckless sweep the streamlet flashes by!
And idle as the air,
Or fleeting stream, my soul's insatiate prayer.

Home of sweet thoughts—farewell!
Where'er through changeful life my lot may be,
A deep and hallowed spell
Is on thy waters and thy woods for me:
Though vainly fancy craves
Its childhood with the music of thy waves.

O'ER THE WILD WASTE.

O'ER the wild waste where flowers of hope lay dead,
And wan rays struggled faintly through the gloom,
Like starbeams on the midnight waters shed—
Thou hast brought back the sunshine and the bloom.

Like the free bird at heaven's blue portal singing,
Thy coming heralded the auspicious morn;
And golden songs, and airy shapes upspringing,
In answering joy from night's dark breast were born.

Thou art the flower, whence zephyrs' balm is stealing:
The fountain, sparkling in the smile of day:
The sunwrought iris, in the cloud revealing
More tints than on the radiant sunset play.

Blessings be with thee, oh, thou happy hearted!
For thoughts of beauty, fresh, and glad, and wild—
For visions of enchantment long departed,
Bright as when first they dawned on Fancy's child!

The Beautiful, that from life's sky had faded,
Fleet dream of joy—ere passed the morning ray,
Shines forth, by sorrow's wing no longer shaded,
And pours again a sunshine on my way.

No rainbow lustre to thy life's sweet dreaming,
No gifts like thine, alas! can she impart, [ing—
Whose trust, lone dove o'er darkened waters gleam-
Comes home to nestle in her pining heart!

Yet go thy way, blest evermore and blessing! [prayer:
Heaven scorns not, nor wilt thou, one deep heart's
And mine shall be, that earth's best joys possessing,
God's love may guard thee—his peculiar care!

SONG.

COME, fill a pledge to sorrow,
The song of mirth is o'er,
And if there's sunshine in our hearts,
'T will light our theme the more:
And pledge we dull life's changes,
As round the swift hours pass—
Too kind were fate, if none but gems
Should sparkle in Time's glass.

The dregs and foam together
Unite to crown the cup,
And well we know the weal and wo
That fill life's chalice up!
Life's sickly revellers perish—
The goblet scarcely drained:
Then lightly quaff, nor lose the sweets
Which may not be retained.

What reck we that unequal
Its varying currents swell—
The tide that bears our pleasures down,
Buries our griefs as well;
And if the swift-winged tempest
Have crossed our changeful day,
The wind that tossed our bark has swept
Full many a cloud away.

Then grieve not that naught mortal
Endures through passing years:
Did life one changeless tenor keep,
'T were cause, indeed, for tears.
And fill we, ere our parting,
A mantling pledge to sorrow:
The pang that wrings the heart to-day,
Time's touch will heal to-morrow!

THE OLD LOVE.

The old love—the old love—
It hath a master spell,
And in its home—the human heart—
It worketh strong and well:
Ay, well and sure it worketh,
And casteth out amain
Intrusive shapes of evil—
A sullen, spectral train:
The serpent, Pride, is crested,
And Hate hath lips of gall;
But the old love—the old love—
'T is stronger than them all!

Years, weary years have vanished,
Lady, since whisperers wrought
The work that sundered you and me,
With words that poison thought:
Ah! lasting is the sorrow
Of a deep and hidden wound,
When with the coming morrow
No healing balm is found;
And easy 't is with words to hide
The stricken spirit's yearning,
And wear a look of icy pride
When the heart within is burning!

Oh, 't is a bitter, bitter thing,
Beneath God's holy sky,
To fill that sentient thing, the heart,
With strife and enmity!
Yea, wo to those who plant the seed
That yieldeth naught but dole—
To those who thus do murder
God's image in the soul!
Yet silently and softly
The dews of mercy fall:
And the old love—the old love—
It triumphs over all.

It was but yestereven
A vision light and free,
From the old and happy dreamland,
Came gliding down to me:
A vision, lady, of the past,
The cottage far away,
Where you and I together
Oft sat at close of day—
Where you and I together
Oft watched the starlit skies,
And the soul of gentle kindness
Beamed on me from your eyes:

And there were gentle voices,
Like some remembered song,
And there were hovering shadows,
A pale and beauteous throng!
They seemed like blessed angels,
Those kindly memories—
That floated on their beaming wings,
To steep the soul in peace!
They smiled upon me softly,
Though ne'er a word was spoke—
And then the golden past came back,
And then—my proud heart broke!

And, lady, from the vision
I wistful rose to pray,
That unto ruling love might be
The victory alway:
Oh, many are its cruel foes—
A host well armed and strong,
And that fair garnished chamber
Hath been their dwelling long:
But the old love—the old love—
It hath a master spell,
And in its home—the human heart—
It worketh sure and well!

THE SEA-KINGS.

"They are rightly named sea-kings," says the author of the Inglinga-saga, "who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage fire."

Our realm is mighty Ocean,
The broad and sea-green wave
That ever hails our greeting gaze—
Our dwelling-place and grave!
For us the paths of glory lie
Far on the swelling deep;
And, brothers to the Tempest,
We shrink not at his sweep!

Our music is the storm-blast
In fierceness revelling nigh,
When on our graven bucklers gleam
His lightnings glancing by.
Yet most the flash of war-steel keen
Is welcome in our sight,
When flies the startled foeman
Before our falchions' light.

We ask no peasant's shelter,
We seek no noble's bowers;
Yet they must yield us tribute meet,
For all they boast is ours.
No castled prince his wide domain
Dares from our yoke to free;
And, like mysterious Odin,
We rule the land and sea!

Rear high the blood-red banner!
Its folds in triumph wave—
And long unsullied may it stream
The standard of the brave!
Our swords outspeed the meteor's glance:
The world their might shall know,
So long as heaven shines o'er us,
Or ocean rolls below!

VENICE.

From afar
The surgelike tone of multitudes, the hum
Of glad, familiar voices, and the wild,
Faint music of the happy gondolier,
Float up in blended murmurs. Queen of cities!
Goddess of ocean! with the beauty crowned
Of Aphrodite from her parent deep!
If thine Ausonian heaven denies the strength
That nerves a mountain race of sterner mould,
It gives thee charms whose very softness wins
All hearts to worship!

SONNETS.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Blessed, tho' grief and shame o'erflow thine eyes;
Blessed, though scoffed at by the gazing crowd:
He unto whom thou kneelst rebukes the proud,
And bids thee now the child of Heaven arise.
Hath he not said, that where the bramble grew
The myrtle should come up? the sweet fir tree
Replace the thorn, and grass abundantly
Wave where the desert land no moisture knew?
But see the bleak and lonely wilderness
With fragrant roses, like a garden bloom—
The perished tree revive, again to bless!
See, fed with streams, the thirsty land rejoice—
And hear the waste lift up its gladsome voice,
"To taste his fruits, let my Beloved come."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Shepherd, with meek brow wreathed with blossoms sweet,
Who guardst thy timid flock with tenderest care,
Who guid'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,
And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear;
Who leadst thy happy flock to pastures fair,
And by still waters at the noon of day—
Charming with lute divine the silent air,
What time they linger on the verdant way:
Good Shepherd! might one gentle, distant strain
Of that immortal melody sink deep
Into my heart, and pierce its careless sleep,
And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain:
Oh, then my soul thy voice should know, and flee
To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee!

OH, WEARY HEART.

Oh, weary heart, there is a rest for thee!
Oh truant heart, there is a blessed home—
An isle of gladness on life's wayward sea,
Where storms that vex the waters never come;
There trees perennial yield their balmy shade,
There flower-wreathed hills in sunlit beauty sleep,
There meek streams murmur thro' the verdant glade,
There heaven bends smiling o'er the placid deep.
Winnowed by wings immortal that fair isle;
Vocal its air with music from above:
There meets the exile eye a welcoming smile;
There ever speaks a summoning voice of love
Unto the heavy-laden and distressed,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

"ABIDE WITH US."

"Abide with us! The evening hour draws on;
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
The traveller's repose!
And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger, have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

Sad were our souls, and quenched hope's latest ray,
But thou to us hast words of comfort given
Of Him who came from heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou the sacred scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old.

Abide with us: let us not lose thee yet!
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope—his better Sun—is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless w

Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side
Who on the cross had died!
But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their bo
And in the stranger hailed their risen Lord.

"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt and bitterness and drea
When, as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze:
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his hea
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly guest!
He for the famished shall a feast provide—
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

Beloved—who for us with care hast sought—
Say, shall we hear thy voice, and let thee wai
All night before the gate—
Wet with the dews—nor greet thee as we oug
Oh, strike the fetters from the hand of pride,
And, that we perish not, with us, O Lord, abi

THE PERSECUTED.

Oh angel! thine be threefold bliss in heaven,
For thou on this dark earth hast much forgiven.

It was a bitter pain
That pierced her gentle heart;
For barbed by malice was the dart,
And sped with treachery's deadliest art,
The shaft ne'er sped in vain.
That trusting heart, so true,
(For guile it never knew!)
The tender heart, that ever clung
Where its wild wreath of love was flung—
The proud, high heart, that could have borne
All, save that false, unrighteous scorn—
It writhed beneath the stroke
Of that strange, cruel wrong:
Yet not—not then it broke—
For brave it was and strong!
'T was like the startled dove,
Scared from her woody nest—
Her sheltered home of love,
Deep in the mountain's breast:
When first she mounts, the caverns ring
To the wild flapping of her wing;
But once aloft, she cleaves the light,
And floats in calm, unruffled flight.
Thus struggling o'er the wo to rise,
The stricken, heart-distempered flies—
Thus soars at last, its pain and peril o'er,
Serene in tranquil pride, to fear the shaft no m

A DIRGE.*

He is gone! Though mournfully
Comes the deep, heaved sigh,
Though your tears do fall like rain,
Though no outward sign could show
All the bosom's wordless wo—
All is in vain:
He, for whom ye, stricken, mourn,
He, the lost one, shall return
Never again!

To the grave in silence down,
To the sullen, rayless gloom
In the chambers of the tomb,
He now is gone!
With his trustful, generous truth,
In his guileless, joyous youth—
In his gentle constancy,
In his young heart's purity;
Wearing life's wreath blooming, bright,
That had known no touch of blight;
With the genius God had given,
In the very smile of Heaven;
Smiling all around, above him,
Knowing none who did not love him—
He hath passed away!
Ye who strove his flight to stay,
Well ye know that he you mourn
Never caused your hearts a pain,
Till he left you, to return
Never again!

Pass with measured pace and slow,
Hide the faces pale with wo;
Solemn music, sad and low,
Fill the hallowed aisle!
Let the the darkly-folded pall
Like a shadow o'er him fall—
Him—your joy e'erwhile;
Let the slowly sounding bell
Peal its deep-voiced, warning knell:
To the earth, with words of trust,
Then commit him—dust to dust!
Weep now for the lonely morrow,
For the hearthlight cold—
In your dark and silent sorrow,
Hearts with grief grown old:
Ye have trod the vintage dread,
Till no purple drops remain;
Till no more its wine is shed
Ye have drained the cup of pain.
And ye know, as years go on,
And are numbered one by one,
This same grief shall have its rest
In the worn and wounded breast;
Ye shall look and long in vain,
Following still in thought the track
He has passed, who will come back
Never again!

Friends of youth, too, he left,
When he departed:
They are weeping now, bereft—
They, the true hearted.

Desolate is now the place
Where so late they saw his face,
And a darkness seems to brood
On the sudden solitude.
Soon the places that of yore
Knew, shall know the lost no more;
Soon forgotten he shall be,
He who all so happy made
With his smile so light and free,
Bringing sunshine to the shade.
Ay, between those hearts and him
Lies a gulf so dark and dim,
Eyes of flesh look not upon
That strange distant shore,
Whither the lost friend is gone
To return no more!

Alas! 'tis even so:
Yet from that unknown land,
That house not made with mortal hand,
Can not the parted soul command
Some balm for earthly wo?

Blessed the dead, the Spirit saith,
Who life's beguiling path have trod
Obedient to the law of faith,
With heart still fixed on God.
Eye hath not seen that world above;
Ear hath not heard that hymn of love:
Oh, if but once were rent away
The veil which hides that heavenly day,
On this cold earth we would not stay!
Heard we the harpings of that sphere,
We would not linger here!
Yea, we would spurn this darksome earth,
And stretch our eager wings, and fly
To claim our heritage by birth—
Heaven and Eternity!
Nor marvel—in that glorious land,
Who taste the joys at God's right hand,
Where love divine doth reign—
Who Heaven's own praises learn—
To this sad earth return
Never again!

* In style and measure, this is an imitation of a poem by an English author, entitled The Flight of Youth.

THE BURIAL.

We laid her in the hallowed place
Beside the solemn deep,
Where the old woods by Greenwood's shore
Keep watch o'er those who sleep:

We laid her there—the young and fair,
The guileless, cherished one—
As if a part of life itself
With her we loved were gone.

Like to the flowers she lived and bloomed,
As bright and pure as they;
And like a flower the blight had touched,
She early passed away.

Oh, none might know her but to love,
Nor name her but to praise,
Who only love for others knew
Through life's brief vernal days

JULIA H. SCOTT.

The late Mrs. Mayo describes the life of Mrs. Scott as having been "commenced in one of the quietest mountain valleys, and, with one or two brief episodes only, matured and finished not a dozen miles from where it was begun." In such a career there could have been little to interest the public, and her friend appropriately confined the memoir prefixed to her poems as much as possible to the growth and product of her mind. Mrs. Scott's maiden name was Julia H. Kinney, and she was born on the fourth of November, 1809, in the beautiful valley of Sheshequin, in northern Pennsylvania. Her parents were in humble circumstances, and as the eldest of a large family she seems to have lived the patient Griselda, beautifully fulfilling all the duties of her condition, while she availed herself of every opportunity to enlarge her knowledge and improve her tastes. She wrote verses with some point and harmony when but twelve years of age, and when sixteen or seventeen began to publish in a village newspaper essays and poems that evinced a fine fancy and earnest feeling. She afterward wrote for The Casket, a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia, for The New-Yorker, and for the Universalist religious journals. In May, 1835, she was married to Dr. David L. Scott, of Towanda, the principal village of the county, which from this period became her home. In 1838 she visited Boston, and she made some other excursions for the improvement of her health, but consumption had wasted the singularly fine person and blanched the beautiful face which I remember to have seen in their meridian, and in the last year of her life she had no hope of restoration. She died at Towanda on the fifth of March, 1842.

The poems of Mrs. Scott, with a memoir by Miss S. C. Edgarton, (afterward Mrs. Mayo,) were published in Boston, in 1843. The volume contains an excellent portrait of her by S. A. Mount, and several commemorative poems by her friends.

THE TWO GRAVES.

They sweetly slumber, side by side,
Upon the green and pleasant hill,
Where the young morning's sunny tide
First wakes the shadows, dark and still,
And where gray twilight's breeze goes by
Laden with woodland melody,
And Heaven's own tireless watchmen keep
A vigil o'er their slumbers deep.

They sleep together—but their graves
Are marked by no sepulchral stone;
Above their heads no willow waves,
No cypress shade is o'er them thrown:
The only record of their deeds
Is that where silent Memory leads,
Their only monument of fame
Is found in each beloved name.

Oh, theirs was not the course which seals
The favor of a fickle world,
They did not raise the warring steel,
Their hands no bloody flag unfurled,
They came not with a cup of wrath,
To drench with gall life's thorny path,
But, day and night, they strove to win,
By love, the palsied soul from sin.

Like two bright stars at eventide,
They shone with undiminished ray;
And though clouds gathered far and wide,
Still held they on their upward way,
And still unheeded swept them by
The threatenings of this lower sky—
For they had built upon the Rock,
Defying tide and tempest's shock.

To them the vanities of life
Were but as bubbles of the sea:
They shunned the boisterous swell of strife;
From Pride's low thrall their souls were free.
They only sought by Christ to show
The Father's love for all below;
They only strove through Christ to raise
The wandering mind from error's maze.

But now they sleep—and oh, may ne'er
One careless footstep press the sod
Where moulder those we held so dear,
The friends of man, the friends of God!
And let alone warm feeling twine
An offering at their lowly shrine;
While all who knew them humbly try
Like them to live, like them to die.

MY CHILD.

s one who has loved me debarred from the day."

Spring is on yon blue-topped mountain,
s green prints 'neath each spreading tree;
is heard beside the swelling fountain,
reet tones to its wild melody.
arm south she brings unnumbered roses,
with smiles the eye of grief and care:
breath on the worn brow reposes,
rich gifts are scattered everywhere;—
I heed them not, my child.

vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
'n dandelion by its side;
ine a dewy fragrance flingeth
ft breeze that wanders far and wide.
ith and polyanthus render,
ir deep hearts, an offering of love;
May-pinks and half-blown lilacs tender
teful homage to the skies above;—
I heed them not, my child.

r brook are springing water-cresses,
green rushes, and fair, nameless flowers;
· them dip the willow's verdant tresses,
the surface with their mimic showers.
·suckle stealthily is creeping
e low porch and mossy cottage-eaves;
ig hath fairy treasures in her keeping,
ly are the landscapes that she weaves;—
'T is naught to me, my child.

green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter;
ol hath sent its eldest inmates forth;
a smaller band comes dancing after,
ie air with shouts of infant mirth.
le gate the anxious dame is bending,
her rosy darlings to her breast;
and hope, are in her bosom blending;
ce with her is no unusual guest;—
Not so with me, my child.

y long I listen to the singing
ay birds and winds among the trees;
under-strain is ever ringing
· death and its dread mysteries.
me the letter is, that killeth—
it of her charms has passed away;
f bliss no more my bosom filleth—
i its idol in unconscious clay;—
Thou 'rt in the *grave*, my child.

lad voice my spirit inly pineth,
h for thy blue eyes' holy light:
· me the glorious sunbeam shineth;
ie blessed stars come forth at night.
darkness, with the tomb before me,
to lay my dust beside thine own;
ie mantle of thy presence o'er me!
leave me not so deeply lone;—
Come back to me, my child!

t breast of pitying love thou leanest,
ft on earth did pillow such as thou,
d away petitioner the meanest:
Him, sinless—he will hear thee now.
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace:
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;
Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease;—
Come back to me, my child!

Come but in dreams—let me once more behold thee,
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,
And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee—
Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me.
Leave but the impress of thy dovelike beauty,
Which Memory strives so vainly to recall,
And I will onward in the path of duty,
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall;—
Come but in dreams, my child!

INVOCATION TO POETRY.

"I said to the spirit of poesy, 'Come back; thou art my comforter.'"

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
I miss thee in my dreams;
I miss thee in the laughing bowers
And by the gushing streams.
The sunshine hath no gladness,
The harp no joyous tone—
Oh, darkly glide the moments by
Since thy soft light has flown.

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
As in the glorious past,
When the halo of a brighter world
Was round my being cast;
When midnight had no darkness,
When sorrow smiled through tears,
And life's blue sky seemed bowed in love,
To bless the coming years.

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
Like the glowing flowers of spring,
Ere Time hath snatched the last pure wreath
From Fancy's glittering wing;
Ere the heart's increasing shadows
Refuse to pass away,
And the silver cords wax thin which bind
To heaven the weary clay.

Come back, thou art my comforter:
What is the world to me?
Its cares that live, its hopes that die,
Its heartless revelry?
Mine, mine, oh blessed spirit!
The inspiring draught be mine,
Though words may ne'er reveal how deep
My worship at thy shrine.

Come back, thou holy spirit,
By the bliss thou mayst impart,
Or by the pain thine absence gives
A deeply stricken heart.
Come back, as comes the sunshine
Upon the sobbing sea,
And every roaming thought shall vow
Allegiance to thee.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

Mrs. Dinnies is a daughter of Mr. Justice Shackleford, of South Carolina, and was educated at a school in Charleston conducted by the daughters of Dr. Ramsay, the historian. In 1830 she was married to Mr. John C. Dinnies, then of St. Louis, where she resided until the recent removal of Mr. Dinnies to New Orleans. Mrs. Hale, in her Ladies' Wreath, states that she became engaged in a literary correspondence with Mr. Dinnies more than four years before their union, and that they never met until one week before their marriage. "The contract was made solely from sympathy and congeniality of mind and taste; and that in their estir of each other they were not disappoir may be inferred from the tone of her son The greater part of the poems of Mrs. nies appeared originally in various m zines under the signature of "Moina." 1846 she published in a richly illustrated ume entitled The Floral Year, one hun compositions, arranged in twelve group illustrate that number of bouquets, gath in the different months. Her pieces cele ting the domestic affections are marked unusual grace and tenderness, and som them are worthy of the most elegant po

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To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee, now: I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life—
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deemst thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine—then sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers:
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
In fond, undying wedded love.

THE WIFE.

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part:
I could not live "alone!"

EMBLEMS.

ast take a feather, and lay it upon
The stream that is rippling by:
ith the current, behold, in a moment 'tis gone,
Unimpressive and light as a sigh;
hen take thee a clear and precious stone,
And on the same stream place it:
h! mark how the water on which it is thrown,
In its bosom will quickly encase it!

r take a crystal, or stainless glass;
With a crayon upon it then trace
a sentence, or line, and watch how 't will pass—
A breath will its beauty efface;
hen take a diamond, as pure as 'tis bright,
And write some modest token:
id heat or cold, in shade, in light,
'T will last till the crystal is broken.

And thus with the tablet of woman's pure heart,
When the vain and the idle may try
To leave their impressions, they swiftly depart,
Like the feather, the scroll, and the sigh;
But once be inscribed on that tablet a name,
And an image of genius and worth,
Through the changes of life it will still be the same,
Till that heart is removed from the earth.

THE TRUE BALLAD OF THE WANDERER.

A MAIDEN in a southern bower
Of fragrant vines and citron-trees,
To charm the pensive twilight hour,
Flung wild her thoughts upon the breeze;
To Cupid's ear unconscious telling
The fitful dream her bosom swelling,
Till Echo softly on it dwelling,
Revealed the urchin, bold and free,
Repeating thus her minstrelsy:

"Away, away! by brook and fountain,
Where the wild deer wanders free,
O'er sloping dale and swelling mountain,
Still my fancy follows thee;
Where the lake its bosom spreading,
Where the breeze its sweets is shedding,
Where thy buoyant steps are treading,
There—where'er the spot may be—
There my thoughts are following thee!

"In the forest's dark recesses,
Where the fawn may fearless stray;
In the cave no sunbeam blesses
With its first or parting ray;
Where the birds are blithely singing,
Where the flowers are gayly springing,
Where the bee its course is winging,
There, if there thou now mayst be,
Anxious Thought is following thee!

"In the lowly peasant's cot,
Quiet refuge of content;
In the sheltered, grass-grown spot,
Resting, when with travel spent,
Where the vine its tendrils curling,
Where the trees their boughs are furling,
Where the streamlet clear is purling,
There, if there thou now mayst be,
There my spirit follows thee!

"In the city's busy mart,
Mingling with its restless crowd;
Mid the miracles of art,
Classic pile, and column proud;
O'er the ancient ruin sighing,
When the sun's last ray is dying,
Or to fashion's vortex flying,
Even there, if thou mayst be,
There my thoughts must follow thee!

"In the revel—in the dance—
With the firm, familiar friend—
Or where Thespian arts entrance,
Making mirth and sadness blend;
Where the living pageant glowing,
O'er thy heart its spell is throwing,
Mimic life in '*alto*' showing,
There, beloved, if thou mayst be,
There, still there, I follow thee!

"When the weary day is over,
And thine eyes in slumber close,
Still, oh! still, inconstant rover,
Do I charm thee to repose;
With the shades of night descending
With thy guardian spirits blending,
To thy sleep sweet visions lending,
There, e'en there, true love may be,
There and thus am I with thee!"

Months and seasons rolled away,
And the maiden's cheek was pale;
When, as bloomed the buds of May,
Cupid thus resumed the tale:
"Over land and sea returning,
Wealth, and power, and beauty spurning,
Love within his true heart burning,
Comes the wanderer wild and free,
Faithful maiden, back to thee!"

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

Ye little Stars, that twinkle high
In the dark vault of heaven,
Like spangles on the deep blue sky,
Perhaps to you 'tis given
To shed your lucid radiance now
Upon my absent loved one's brow?

Ye fleecy Clouds, that swiftly glide
O'er Earth's oft-darkened way,
Floating along in grace and pride,
Perhaps your shadows stray
E'en now across the starry light
That guides my wanderer forth to-night?

Ye balmy Breezes sweeping by,
And shedding freshness round,
Ye, too, may haply as ye fly,
With health and fragrance crowned,
Linger a moment, soft and light,
To sport amid his tresses bright?

Then Stars, and Clouds, and Breezes, bear
My heart's best wish to him;
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Nor time nor change can dim;
That be success or grief his share,
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My heart's best wish to him;
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Nor time nor change can dim;
That be success or grief his share,
My love still brightening shall appear.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

Mrs. Stephens is well known as one of the most spirited and popular of our magazinists. She was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1811, and in 1831 was married to Mr. Edward Stephens, of Portland, who in 1835 commenced the publication of the Portland Magazine, of which she was two years the editress. In 1837 she removed to New York, and she has since been a writer for The Ladies' Companion, Graham's Magazine, Ladies' National Magazine, The Colum Magazine, and other periodicals of the character. Her tales and sketches w probably fill a dozen common duodecimo umes. Her longest poem, entitled Th lish Boy, was first published in 1839. T has been no collection either of her poem of her prose writings.

THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

I am thinking of the homestead,
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it
With a green and leafy woof;
I am thinking of the lilac-trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And, when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through the rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,
And the peppermint below.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come;
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birthplace
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face
Has given it a power
To haunt me in my after-life,
And be with me again—
A sweet and pleasant memory
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple-tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led
Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups
A pleasant carpet made!

'T was a rough old tree in spring-time,
When, with a blustering sound,
The wind came hoarsely sweeping
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
Till the sunshine and the raindrops
Came laughing down together;
That patriarch old apple-tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife;
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
And circled into life:
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst o'er each rugged bough;
And amid the starting verdure
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
When all its leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen:
When the bright, translucent dewdrops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer-time,
When cheerful sunlight wove
Amid its thrifty leafiness
A warm and glowing love;
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily
To Summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily
To the greensward underneath.

'T was brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple west
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds
That never seemed at rest;
When a cool and lulling melody
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But oh, the scene was glorious
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there above my valley home
Came out the bow of heaven—
And in its fitful brilliancy
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jewelled arch of paradise
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath
My constant visits made,
Between the dear old homestead
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a tinkling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at eventide,
And dreamily would lie
And watch the crimson twilight
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'T was sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves—
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird
That haunted that old tree—
Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name—
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence
Dwelt on the changing skies,
Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

A. R. ST. JOHN.

Mrs. St. John, formerly Miss Munroe, was born in the vicinity of Boston, and in 1826 was married to Mr. J. R. St. John. She has for several years resided in Brooklyn, New York. She is said to be a voluminous writer, and she has been a contributor, under her name, to the Democratic Review and other literary miscellanies.

MEDUSA.
FROM AN ANTIQUE GEM.

Fated sister of the three!
Mortal, though a deity;
Superhuman beauty thine,
Demon goddess, power divine!
Thou a mortal life didst share,
Thou a human death didst bear;
Yet thy soul supremely free
Shrank not from its destiny:
And the life-drops from thy head,
On Libyan sands which Perseus shed,
Sprang, a scourging race, from thee,
Fell types of artful mystery.
Thou wast the victim of dire rage,
Minerva's vengeance to assuage,
And thy locks like molten gold,
Sheltering love in every fold,
Transformed into the serpent's lair,
That writhe and hiss in thy despair.

Fatal beauty, thou dost seem
The phantom of some fearful dream;
Extremes of horror and of love
Alternate o'er our senses move,
As, wrapt and spell-bound, we survey
The fearful coils which round thee play,
And mark thy mild, enduring smile,
Lit by no mortal fire the while.

Formed to attract all eyes to thee,
And yet their withering light to be,
With some mysterious, powerful charm
That can the sternest will disarm,
The color from the warm cheek steal,
The life-blood in the heart congeal,
Or petrify with wild dismay
The boldest gazer's human clay—
This is a terrible ministry
For one with such a destiny.

Oh couldst thou unto mortals give
Thy strength to suffer, grace to live,
Teach them with ever-heavenward eye
The direst chances to defy,
Wrapt in the grandeur of a soul
To meet the finite and control—
This thy dread mission would unseal—
This thy mysterious self reveal.

In vain we wonder what thou art—
Whether thou hast a human heart;
Whether thou feelest scorpion stings
From shadowy troops Repentance brings
In never still or slumbering bands
Upon the spirit's arid sands;
Whether Regret's more gentle forms,
Long brooding, come at length in storms;
Whether the taunts of flying Hope
Doom thee without the gates to grope—
We know not—we shall never know—
Night hides in gloom thy cause of wo.
But if no voice of thine complains
While braving all such human pains,
Just is thy claim with gods to be—
Their ægis and dread mystery.

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

Miss Hickman, afterward Mrs. Smith, was born in Detroit on the thirtieth of June, 1811, at which time her grandfather, Major-General Hull — whose patriotism and misfortunes are at length beginning to be justly appreciated by the people — was governor of Michigan. While a child she accompanied her mother to the home of her family, in Newton, Massachusetts, where she was carefully educated. She acquired knowledge with extraordinary facility, and when but thirteen years of age her compositions were compared to those of Kirke White and others whose early maturity is the subject of some of the most interesting chapters in literary history. In her eighteenth year she was married to Mr. Samuel Jenks Smith, then editor of a periodical in Providence, where he soon after published a collection of her poems, in a volume of two hundred and fifty duodecimo pages, many of the pieces in which w written as it was passing through the p In 1829 Mr. and Mrs. Smith removed to cinnati, where they resided nearly two ye and here she continued to write, with a of improvisatorial ease, but with increa elegance and a constantly deepening ton reflection, until her health was too much cayed, and then she returned to New Y where, on the twelfth of February, 1832, died, in the twenty-first year of her age. husband was for several years connected w the press in this city, and died while voyage to Europe in 1842.

The poems of Mrs. Smith are interes chiefly as the productions of a very yout author. She wrote with grace and spri liness, and sometimes with feeling; but t is little in her writings that would sur its connexion with her history.

THE HUMA.*

Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on—nor seek a place of rest
In the home of "care-worn things;"
'T would dim the light of thy shining crest
And thy brightly burnished wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free;
I would thy home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea!
I would never wander, bird, like thee,
So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free—
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
For ever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay;
Our air is with them for ever stirred,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er,
But rests in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings
Where the fount of "living waters" spring

* A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground.

WHITE ROSES.

They were gathered for a bridal:
I knew it by their hue—
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne, without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal,
And fastened in a wreath;
But purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal,
Where a thousand torches glistened,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened

ıd answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken:
:t he was present then—
The once loved, the forsaken!

ıey were gathered for a bridal,
And now, now they are dying,
ıd young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
.eir summer life was stainless,
And not like hers who wore them:
ey are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them!

STANZAS.

ULD not have thee deem my heart
mindful of those higher joys,
dless of that better part
ıich earthly passion ne'er alloys.
ıld not have thee think I live
thin heaven's pure and blessed light,
eeling nor affection give
Him who makes my pathway bright.

.ld not chain to mystic creeds
ıpirit fetterless and free;
ıeauteous path to heaven that leads
limmed by earthly bigotry:
ret, for all that earth can give,
d all it e'er can take away,
ld not have that spirit rove
e moment from its heavenward way.

ld not that my heart were cold
d void of gratitude to Him
makes those blessings to unfold
ıich by our waywardness grow dim.
ld not lose the cherished trust
things within the world to come—
houghts, that when their joys are dust,
: weary have a peaceful home.

have left the dearly loved,
: home, the hopes of other years,
arly in its pathway proved
:'s rainbow hues were formed of tears.
not meet them here again,
ıse loved, and lost, and cherished ones,
: links in young Affection's chain,
lemory's sky unsetting suns.

:rfect in the world above,
ough suffering, wo, and trial here,
glow the undiminished love
ich clouds and distance failed to sere:
have lingered all too long,
kind remembrance to engage,
roven but a mournful song,
erewith to dim thy page.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

THROUGH Warsaw there is weeping,
And a voice of sorrow now,
For the hero who is sleeping
With death upon his brow;
The trumpet-tone will waken
No more his martial tread,
Nor the battle-ground be shaken
When his banner is outspread!
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain.

There's a voice of grief in Warsaw—
The mourning of the brave
O'er the chieftain who is gathered
Unto his honored grave!
Who now will face the foeman?
Who break the tyrant's chain?
Their bravest one lies fallen,
And sleeping with the slain.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our dirge be said
Slowly o'er the sainted dead!

There's a voice of woman weeping,
In Warsaw heard to-night,
And eyes close not in sleeping,
That late with joy were bright;
No festal torch is lighted,
No notes of music swell;
Their country's hope was blighted
When that son of Freedom fell!
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our hymn arise
Sadly to the midnight skies!

And a voice of love undying,
From the tomb of other years,
Like the west wind's summer sighing,
It blends with manhood's tears:
It whispers not of glory,
Nor fame's unfading youth,
But lingers o'er a story
Of young affection's truth.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile,
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

THIS author was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1811, and in 1837 was married to Dr. J. H. Oliver. The next year she removed to Louisville, whence after a short time she returned to Lexington, and in 1842 she went to reside permanently in Cincinnati, in of the medical colleges of which city her band is a professor. Her poems are spi and fanciful, but are sometimes imperfe rhythm and have other signs of careless

"I MARK THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

In fair Italia's lovely land,
Deep in a garden bower,
A dial marks with shadowy hand
Each sun-illumined hour;
And on its fair, unsullied face
Is carved this flowing line,
(Some wandering bard has paused to trace:)
"I mark the hours that shine."

Oh ye who in a friend's fair face
Mark the defects alone,
Where many a sweet redeeming grace
Doth for each fault atone—
Go, from the speaking dial learn
A lesson all divine—
From faults that wound your fancy turn,
And "mark the hours that shine."

When bending o'er the glowing page
Traced by a godlike mind,
Whose burning thoughts from age to age
Shall light and bless mankind—
Why will ye seek mid gleaming gold
For dross in every line,
Dark spots upon the sun behold,
Nor "mark the hours that shine?"

Oh ye who bask in Fortune's light,
Whose cups are flowing o'er,
Yet through the weary day and night
Still pine and sigh for more—
Why will ye, when so richly blest,
Ungratefully repine,
Why sigh for joys still unpossessed,
Nor "mark the hours that shine"?

And ye who toil from morn till night
To earn your scanty bread,
Are there no blessings rich and bright
Around your pathway spread?
The conscience clear, the cheerful heart,
The trust in love divine,
All bid desponding care depart,
And "mark the hours that shine."

And ye who bend o'er Friendship's tomb
In deep and voiceless wo,
Who sadly feel no second bloom
Your blighted hearts can know—
Why will ye mourn o'er severed ties
While friends around you twine?
Go! yield your lost one to the skies,
And "mark the hours that shine."

Deep in the garden of each heart
There stands a dial fair,
And often is its snowy chart
Dark with the clouds of care.
Then go, and every shadow chase
That dims its light divine,
And write upon its gleaming face—
"I mark the hours that shine."

THE CLOUD-SHIP.

Lo! over Ether's glorious realm
A cloud ship sails with favoring breeze
A bright form stands beside the helm,
And guides it o'er the ethereal seas.

Far streams on air its banner white,
Its swanlike pinions kiss the gale,
And now a beam of heaven's light
With glory gems the snowy sail.....

Perchance, bright bark, your snowy breast
And silver-tissued pinions wide,
Bear onward to some isle of rest
Pure spirits in life's furnace tried.

Oh! could we stay each swelling sail
Of spotless radiance o'er thee hung,
And lift the bright, mysterious veil
O'er forms of seraph beauty flung—

How would our spirits long to mount
And float along the ethereal way,
To drink of life's unfailing fount,
And bathe in heaven's resplendent day!

But lo! the gold-tiara'd West
Unfolds her sapphire gates of light;
While Day's proud monarch bows his crest,
And bids the sighing world Good-night.

And now the cloud ship flies along,
Her wings with gorgeous colors dressed,
And Fancy hears triumphant song
Swell from her light-encircled breast—

As to the wide unfolded gate,
The brilliant portal of the skies,
She bears her bright, immortal freight,
The glorious soul that never dies!

THE SHADOWS.

They are gliding, they are gliding,
O'er the meadows green and gay;
Like a fairy troop they 're riding
Through the breezy woods away;
On the mountain-tops they linger
When the sun is sinking low,
And they point with giant finger
To the sleeping vale below.

They are flitting, they are flitting,
O'er the waving corn and rye,
And now they 're calmly sitting
'Neath the oak-tree's branches high.
And where the tired reaper
Hath sought the sheltering tree,
They dance above the sleeper
In light fantastic glee.

They are creeping, they are creeping,
Over valley, hill, and stream,
Like the thousand fancies sweeping
Through a youthful poet's dream.
Now they mount on noiseless pinions
With the eagle to the sky—
Soar along those broad dominions
Where the stars in beauty lie.

They are dancing, they are dancing,
Where our country's banner bright
In the morning beam is glancing
With its stars and stripes of light;
And where the glorious prairies
Spread out like garden bowers,
They fly along like fairies,
Or sleep beneath the flowers.

They are leaping, they are leaping,
Where a cloud beneath the moon
O'er the lake's soft breast is sleeping,
Lulled by a pleasant tune;
And where the fire is glancing
At twilight through the hall,
Tall spectre forms are dancing
Upon the lofty wall.

They are lying, they are lying,
Where the solemn yew-tree waves,
And the evening winds are sighing
In the lonely place of graves;
And their noiseless feet are creeping
With slow and stealthy tread,
Where the ancient church is keeping
Its watch above the dead.

Lo, they follow!—lo, they follow,
Or before flit to and fro
By mountain, stream, or hollow,
Wherever man may go!
And never for another
Will the shadow leave his side—
More faithful than a brother,
Or all the world beside.

Ye remind me, ye remind me,
O Shadows pale and cold!
That friends to earth did bind me,
Now sleeping in the mould;
The young, the loved, the cherished,
Whose mission early done,
In life's bright noontide perished
Like shadows in the sun.

The departed, the departed—
I greet them with my tears;
The true and gentle-hearted,
The friends of earlier years.
Their wings like shadows o'er me
Methinks are spread for aye,
Around, behind, before me,
To guard the devious way.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

They are winging, they are winging,
Through the thin blue air their way;
Unseen harps are softly ringing
Round about us, night and day.
Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.

Lo! the dim blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from my longing eyes,
And my heart is upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
I behold them—close beside me,
Dwellers of the spirit-land;
Mists and shades alone divide me
From that glorious seraph band.

Though life never can restore me
My sad bosom's nestling dove,
Yet my blue-eyed babe bends o'er me
With her own sweet smile of love;
And the brother, long departed,
Who in being's summer died—
Warm, and true, and gentle-hearted—
Folds his pinions by my side.

Last called from us, loved and dearest—
Thou the faultless, tried, and true,
Of all earthly friends sincerest,
Mother—I behold thee too!
Lo! celestial light is gleaming
Round thy forehead pure and mild,
And thine eyes with love are beaming
On thy sad, heart-broken child!

Gentle sisters there are bending,
Blossoms culled from life's parterre;
And my father's voice ascending,
Floats along the charméd air.
Hark! those thrilling tones Elysian
Faint and fainter die away,
And the bright seraphic vision
Fades upon my sight for aye.

But I know they hover round me
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround me
All the deep and solemn night.
Yes, they 're winging—yes, they 're winging
Through the thin blue air their way;
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

Those mighty minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those crowned ones among men.
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

Near the churchyard's mossy wall,
Where the dew and sunlight fall,
I would have my dwelling;
Sure there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot,
With rich perfumes swelling.

MARY E. LEE.

Miss Mary E. Lee, a daughter of Mr. William Lee, and niece of the late Judge Thomas Lee, of Charleston, South Carolina, has been for many years a frequent contributor to the literary miscellanies, in both prose and verse. Among her best compositions are several poems, in the ballad style, founded on southern traditions, in which she shown dramatic skill, and considerable ity in description. One of the best of is the Indian's Revenge, a Legend of To in Four Parts, printed in the Southern erary Messenger for 1846. Miss Lee is the author of some spirited translations

THE POETS.

The poets—the poets—
Those giants of the earth:
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth·
A noble race—they mingle not
Among the motley throng,
But move, with slow and measured steps,
To music-notes along.

The poets—the poets—
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed
From age to lengthened age;
And history records their deeds
Upon her proudest page.

The poets—the poets—
How endless is their fame!
Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depths,
An immortality.

The poets—the poets—
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes that contain
Their bright and spotless lore?
They charm us in the saddest hours,
Our richest joys they feed;
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed.

The poets—the poets—
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those crowned ones among men.
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

AN EASTERN LOVE-SONG.

Awake, my silver lute;
String all thy plaintive wires,
And as the fountain gushes free,
So let thy memory chant for me
The theme that never tires.

Awake, my liquid voice;
Like yonder timorous bird,
Why dost thou sing in trembling fear,
As if by some obtrusive ear
Thy secret should be heard?

Awake, my heart—yet no!
As Cedron's golden rill,
Whose changeless echo singeth o'er
Notes it had heard long years before,
So thou art never still.

My voice! my lute! my heart!
Spring joyously above
The feeble notes of lower earth,
And let thy richest tones have birth
Beneath the touch of love.

THE LAST PLACE OF SLEEP.

Lay me not in green wood lone,
Where the sad wind maketh moan,
Where the sun hath never shone,
Save as if in sadness;
Nor, I pray thee, let me be
Buried 'neath the chill, cold sea,
Where the waves, tumultuous, free,
Chafe themselves to madness.

But in yon enclosure small,
Near the churchyard's mossy wall,
Where the dew and sunlight fall,
I would have my dwelling;
Sure there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot,
With rich perfumes swelling.

Those angry minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those crowned ones among men.
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

Near the churchyard's mossy wall,
Where the dew and sunlight fall,
I would have my dwelling;
Sure there are some friends, I wot,
Who would make that narrow spot
Lovely as a garden plot,
With rich perfumes swelling.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Let no costly stone be brought,
Where a stranger's hand hath wrought
Vain inscription, speaking naught
To the true affections;
But, above the quiet bed,
Where I rest my weary head,
Plant those buds whose perfumes shed
Tenderest recollections.

Then, as every year the tide
Of strong death bears to my side
Those who were by love allied—
As the flowers of summer—
Sweet to think, that from the mould
Of my body, long since cold,
Plants of beauty shall enfold
Every dear new comer.

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

Miss Catherine H. Waterman was born in Philadelphia, in 1812; and under her maiden name she became known as an author by many graceful and tender effusions in the periodicals. In 1840 she was married to Mr. Esling, a shipmaster of her native city.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
It is not home without thee: the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou were wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee—
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:
Brother, come home!

HE WAS OUR FATHER'S DARLING.

He was our father's darling,
A bright and happy boy—
His life was like a summer's day
Of innocence and joy;
His voice, like singing waters,
Fell softly on the ear,
So sweet, that hurrying echo
Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub,
Her life's untarnished light—
Her blessèd joy by morning,
Her visioned hope by night:
His eyes were like the daybeams
That brighten all below;
His ringlets like the gathered gold
Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sister's plaything,
A very child of glee,
That frolicked on the parlor floor,
Scarce higher than our knee;
His joyous bursts of pleasure
Were wild as mountain wind;
His laugh, the free, unfettered laugh
Of childhood's chainless mind.

He was our brothers' treasure,
Their bosom's only pride—
A fair depending blossom
By their protecting side:
A thing to watch and cherish,
With varying hopes and fears—
To make the slender, trembling reed
Their staff for future years.

He is—a blessed angel,
His home is in the sky;
He shines among those living lights,
Beneath his Maker's eye:
A freshly gathered lily,
A bud of early doom,
Hath been transplanted from the earth,
To bloom beyond the tomb.

CAR

CAROLINE M. FISHER, now M
was born at the close of the
Newton, Massachusetts, where
until her marriage with the Re
yer—one of the most eminent
divines of the Universalist denoi
September, 1832, when she re
city of New York. At the end
teen years Mr. Sawyer was c
dent of the Universalist semina
in Oneida county, and of this
lage he became a resident, upon
tion of the office.

Mrs. Sawyer was very carefu
oughly educated at home, unde
an invalid uncle whose life had
in pursuits of science and litera
him she became a favorite, and
apprehension of her abilities an
their full development she is ind
fine taste and large knowledge,
in foreign languages and their n

THE BLIND GIRL.

Crown her with garlands! mid he
Twine the rich blossoms of the la
The lily, snowdrop, and the violet f
And queenly rose, that blossoms f
Haste, maidens, haste! the hour bro
The bridal veil of soft transparence
And as ye wreathe the gleaming lo
O'er their rich wealth its folds of l
She

Bring forth the lyre of sweet and s
Let its rich music be no longer stil
Wake its full chords, till, sweetly fl
Its thrilling echoes all our spirits fi
Joy for the lovely! that her lips no
To notes of sorrow tune their tren
Joy for the young, whose starless ec
Iö! sing pæans for the bride of D
She

She has been dark; through all the
Since first her spirit into being wo
Through those dim orbs that ever s
No ray of sunlight ever yet hath b
Silent and dark! herself the sweete
That ever blossomed in an earthly
Unuttered yearnings ever were her d
And voiceless prayers that light at
She

INFIDELITY AND RELIGION.

Two Spirits o'er an open grave were bending,
Their gaze far down its gloomy chamber sending.
One, with a brow of stern and cold despair,
And sable weeds and cypress in his hair,
Turned not his eyes, so fixed and dark with wo,
From the cold pit, which fearful yawned below.
The other stood with garments pure and white
As deck the dwellers of the land of light:
Her placid brow was as an angel's fair,
While calm and joyous was her gentle air;
And though within the grave she dropped a tear,
Her upturned eye was still serene and clear.

"Life!" said the Spirit with the brow of gloom,
His arm outstretching o'er the gaping tomb—
"'T is a deep and sullen river,
Rolling slowly to the sea,
There to be engulfed for ever
In a dark eternity!"

"Nay," said the shining one, with upturned eye,
And smile so clear it mirrored back the sky—
"'T is a sunny streamlet gliding
Gently on to seek its goal;
There in God's own bosom hiding—
Bright and pure, a white-robed soul."

But the dark Spirit's gloomy voice again
Doled out in slow and melancholy strain:
"'T is a mournful weed, that groweth
Lone and friendless in the world,
Which a ghastly reaper moweth,
And 't is to oblivion hurled!"

"Nay," the bright, gentle one replied once more,
And softer still the holy smile she wore—
"'T is a starry flower upraising
Through all ills a trusting eye,
Evermore its Maker praising—
Fading here to bloom on high!"

Slowly the dark one sunk his gloomy brow,
As once again he murmured sad and low:
"'T is a storm, for ever sweeping
O'er a bleak and barren heath;
Tossing, surging, never sleeping,
Till it lull in endless death!"

"Nay!" and the hoping Spirit's hands were prest
In meek and holy rapture to her breast—
"'T is a friendly rain, that showers
On a fair and pleasant land,
Where the darkest cloud that lowers
By the rainbow still is spanned!"

Stern was the gaze of sorrow and despair
That now was fixed upon the Spirit fair,
As, a last time, the hopeless wailer's burst
Of anguish came more drear than e'en at first:
"'T is a haunting vision, blended
Evermore with tears and pain:
'T is a dream, that best were ended;
Life is false, and life is vain!"

Ceased the dark Spirit—and a sable cloud
O'er his set features folded like a shroud;
Then slowly sank, as sinks the dying wave,
In the dark chambers of the yawning grave.
Silently closed the damp turf o'er his head,
And the stern Spirit, like the mortal dead,
Came not again from out his gloomy bed!

"Life!" said the shining one, as, stretching forth
Her long, fair arms, she blessed the teeming earth—
"Life is true, and life is real!
Life has worthy deeds for all;
'T is no vain and false ideal,
Ending with the shroud and pall.
Up and do, then, dreaming mortal!
With a strong heart toil away;
Earth has cares, but heaven a portal
Opening up to endless day!"

She paused, and o'er her pure and spotless breast
Drew the soft drapery of her snowy vest;
Her long, fair arms extended yet once more
To bless the earth she oft had blessed before;
Then turned away to pour her heavenly light
In genial floods where all were else but night.

Still dwells she here, that child of heavenly birth—
Soothing the sorrows of the sons of earth;
Drying the tears that dim the mourner's eye;
Gently subduing Grief's desponding sigh;
Winging with rapture e'en the parting breath,
And wreathing smiles around the lips of Death!

Blest be her path along life's rugged way!
Blest be her smiles which light the darkest day!
And blest the tears that, trusting still, she weeps,
Where the dark Spirit yet in silence sleeps!

THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

It was a beautiful conception of the Moravians to give to rural cemeteries the appropriate name of "Valleys" or "Fields of Peace."

Oh, come, let us go to the Valley of Peace!
There earth's weary cares to perplex us shall cease;
We will stray through its solemn and far-spreading shades,
Till twilight's last ray from each green hillock fades.
There slumber the friends whom we long must regret—
The forms whose mild beauty we can not forget;
We will seek the low mounds where so softly they sleep,
And will sit down and muse on the idols we weep:
But we will not repine that they 're hid from our eyes,
For we know they still live in a home in the skies;
But we 'll pray that, when life's weary journey shall cease,
We may slumber with them in the Valley of Peace!

Oh, sad were our path through this valley of tears
If, when weary and wasted with toil and with years
No home were prepared where the pilgrim might lay
Mortality's cumbering vestments away!
But sadder, and deeper, and darker the gloom,
That would close o'er our way as we speed to the tomb,
If Faith pointed not to that heavenly goal,
Where the Sun of eternity beams on the soul!
Oh, who, mid the sorrows and changes of time,
E'er dreamed of that holier, that happier clime,

But yearned for the hour of the spirit's release—
For a pillow of rest in the Valley of Peace!
Oh come, thou pale mourner, whose sorrowing gaze
Seems fixed on the shadows of long-vanished days,
Sad, sad is thy tale of bereavement and wo,
And thy spirit is weary of life's garish show!
Come here: I will show thee a haven of rest,
Where sorrow no longer invades the calm breast;
Where the spirit throws off its dull mantle of care,
And the robe is ne'er folded o'er secret despair!
Yet the dwelling is lonely, and silent, and cold,
And the soul may shrink back as its portals unfold;
But a bright Star has dawned through the shades of the east,
That will light up with beauty the Valley of Peace!

Thou frail child of error! come hither and say,
Has the world yet a charm that can lure thee to stay?
Ah, no! in thine aspect are anguish and wo,
And deep shame has written its name on thy brow.
Poor outcast! too long hast thou wandered forlorn,
In a path where thy feet are all gored with the thorn;
Where thy breast by the fang of the serpent is stung,
And scorn on thy head by a cold world is flung!
Come here, and find rest from thy guilt and thy tears,
And a sleep sweet as that of thine innocent years;
We will spread thee a couch where thy woes shall all cease:
Oh, come and lie down in the Valley of Peace!

The grave, ah, the grave! 't is a mighty stronghold,
The weak, the oppressed, all are safe in its fold:
There Penury's toil-wasted children may come,
And the helpless, the houseless, at last find a home.
What myriads unnumbered have sought its repose,
Since the day when the sun on creation first rose;
And there, till earth's latest, dread morning shall break,
Shall its wide generations their last dwelling make:
But beyond is a world—how resplendently bright!
And all that have lived shall be bathed in its light.
We shall rise—we shall soar where earth's sorrows shall cease,
Though our mortal clay rests in the Valley of Peace!

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was out, all alone, in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop.
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if 'Come, oh brother!' it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
O mother, an angel was beckoning to me!

"And, 'Brother,' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side;
And mother, oh, never was being so bright
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove.
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And murmured so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast,
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky;
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees;
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared—
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star,
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight.
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight.
Then, oh how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream—
When soft voices murmured once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart;
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.
Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast;
On that gentle pillow again let me rest;
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die.
Now kiss me, dear mother—oh, quickly—for see,
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search for his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.
"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight;
But I hear your low sobbings: dear mother, good by!
The angels are ready to bear me on high.
I will wait for you there; but, oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest;
Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

THE LADY OF LURLEI.*

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

thou the lady on yonder steep,
crags beetle over the billowy deep?
es of the sea-green waves are wove,
: eyes are blue as the skies above:
den tresses, like sunlight, roam
ieck more pure than the wreathing foam,
long white arms on the breeze she flings,
sweet, low, silvery accents sings
still, gray morning her strange wild lay—
:o the lady, good boatman, away!"

:rept over the boatman's sight,
arm grew weak, and his cheek grew white,
aw the lady poised high in air,
er sea-green robes and her flowing hair!
i.ght, 't would peril our lives to ride,
tanchest boat, o'er this surging tide,
:on wild lady at morn is seen
lei's cliff, with her robes of green!
! for evil befalls the knight
ures to wish for a nearer sight!"

'each thy fears to the timid girl,
:raven coward, thou trembling churl!
ight who the shock of an hundred fields
ne, to no fancied danger yields:
'er the waves, with thy bounding skiff,
strange bright lady of Lurlei's cliff;
:e, as thy guerdon, this golden chain—
none peril their lives in vain!"

: the chain, and he spake no more,
strong arm shook, as he grasped the oar,
re his bark to the rolling deep,
: the knight to the fatal steep!
es grew black, and the winds blew high,
inous birds flew shrieking by,
ıring surges piled up the strand
terrible wall as they neared the land.
back!" the boatman with white lips cried,
are thus madly this fearful tide!"
brave knight turned with a dauntless brow,
ldly spurning the graceful prow,
l fearlessly over the light skiff's side,
gerly breasted the foaming tide!
faces arose to his troubled eye,
whirling waters swept wildly by—
'oices hissed in his failing ear,
stout frame trembled, but not with fear,
breath he held and his arm he strained,
waves were passed and the shore was gained.
wiftly scaling the steep ascent,
he lady he breathless bent!

his head on her bosom fair,
ers toyed with her golden hair—
'Mine for ever," she wildly sung,
d him her long white arms she flung!
night, come down in the sunless deep,
peris warble and naiads sleep—
own and dwell with the ocean-maid,
the blight ne'er falls and the flowers ne'er
ade!"

She pressed her lips to his glowing cheek,
She lured him along the dangerous peak—
One moment they stood on the dizzy verge—
The next, sank down 'neath the sounding surge!

The winds were hushed, and the waves were laid,
And insects small in the sunbeams played—
The boat returned to the distant shore,
But the knight and the lady were seen no more!

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

Oh, why are you sad when all others are gay?
Is earth darker now than in life's early day?
Is the kind hand withdrawn that upheld us of yore,
Or the bright, laughing sunshine around us no more?
No: earth is still smiling, and nature is clad
In all her old beauty—then why art thou sad?

True, some friends, grown faithless, seem cold and estranged,
But others are left us whose love is unchanged—
Whose hearts, through all seasons of good and of ill,
Like the ivy around us cling faithfully still:
Let us cherish them deep in our hearts, and be glad,
For oh, with such blessings how can we be sad!

You say we are poor!—ah, I have not forgot
That to struggle with fortune is oftimes our lot;
But think you that we are less happy than they
Who drag on mid splendor their wearisome day?
For their wealth would you barter the bliss we have had?
Oh no! then what need have our hearts to be sad?

Why fear for the future?—for nine years or more
We have managed to keep the gaunt wolf from our door;
And why, in the days yet to come, should our state,
Though humble, be marked by a gloomier fate?
Let us give God our thanks for the past, and be glad—
How much more need have others, than we, to be sad!

I know there are seasons when, strive as we will,
Presentiment whispers for ever of ill;
There are dark-boding visions of trouble and pain,
That lurk in the heart till they madden the brain!
Wo, wo for that bosom! it can not be glad—
Oh God, shield us well from such cause to be sad!

Let us humbly hope on—and if dark be our way,
Remember that night is e'er followed by day;
Though tempests and whirlwinds may rage through the skies,
They will pass, and the sunbeams again meet our eyes:
Let our hearts and our brows, then, in sunshine be clad,
For God made us not to be gloomy and sad!

* i is the name of a rocky cliff on the shores of a.

MY SLEEPING CHILDREN.

Ye sleep, my children! On your soft, blue eyes—
Those eyes that once, like summer sunlight glancing,
From morn till eve with joy seemed ever dancing,
A mournful slumber lies!

Ye sleep, but I—I wake to watch your rest;
Yet not as erst, when, round your temples wreathing,
The light locks stirred at every gentle breathing
From your full, quiet breast.

No more my finger on my lips I lay,
Lest some rude sound, some sudden footstep—jarring
Your little couch, and the hushed stillness marring—
Should chase your sleep away.

Ah, no! the winds go moaning o'er your heads,
And the sweet dryads of the valley, winging
In airy circles, wild, shrill strains are singing
Above your grassy beds!

But ye awake not—they disturb not now:
And a vain gush of childlike grief comes o'er me,
As the dread memory, sudden sweeps before me,
That death is on your brow!

Oh, precious ones! that seemed too fair to die—
My soft-eyed Mary, child of seraph sweetness:
Bright vision, vanished with a shadow's fleetness—
Why hast thou left me?—why?

Wert weary, gentle dove, of this cold world?
And didst thou long to rest thy little pinions
Far in those bright and beautiful dominions,
Where they at last are furled?

Wert homesick, darling? Could thy little heart
Yearn for a love more tender than we bore thee—
Yearn for a watch more fond and faithful o'er thee,
That thou shouldst hence depart?

That thou shouldst hence, and leave me here behind
To fold thy little robes in silent anguish—
To dry my tears, then weep again—to languish
For what I can not find!

Had my low cradle-song no longer charms—
That cradle-song whose soft and plaintive numbers
Lulled thee each evening to thy peaceful slumbers—
To keep thee in my arms

And thou, my boy! my beautiful—my own!
Twin cherub of the one who stands beside me,
Grieving that we within the earth should hide thee,
And leave thee all alone—

Grieving that thou canst play with him no more;
That, though his tears upon thy grave are falling,
Thy voice replies not to his mournful calling—
Unheeded ne'er before!

Did the sweet cup of life already cloy,
That from thy lips, ere scarcely it was tasted—
Ere from its brim one sparkling gleam was wasted,
Thou laidst it down, my boy?

Nay, wherefore question? To my pleading vain,
No voice to still my spirit's restless yearning—
No sweet reply, to soothe my heart's deep burning,
Comes from your graves again!

Ye were—ye art not! Thus earth's bloom decays:
I watch the flowers 'neath Autumn's footstep dying,
Yet know the spring-breath, through the valleys
Each from its tomb will raise! [sighing,

But ye—oh ye! though soft the vernal rain,
The sweet spring showers stern winter's chain dissolving—
May round you fall earth's loveliest flowers evolving,
Ye will not bloom again!

Though by the streams, and all the meadows o'er,
Mid woods and dells, the south's gay clarion ringing,
May peal, till life is everywhere upspringing,
Ye—ye will wake no more!

Nay, ye *will* wake! not here, not here—but there,
In heaven! Oh, there ye bloom e'en now—where never
Falls the chill blight, and each sweet flower for ever
Lives beautiful and fair!

There shall I find you—stainless, pure, and bright,
As the pure seraph-eyes, whose myriad numbers
Are watching now, above your peaceful slumbers,
From the far zenith's height:

There shall I clasp you to my heart once more,
And feel your cheeks mine own with rapture pressing,
Till all my being thrills with your caressing,
And all its pain is o'er!

Dear ones, sleep on! A low, mysterious tone,
Solemn yet sweet, my spirit's ear is filling—
Each wilder grief within my bosom stilling,
And hushing sorrow's moan.

It tells me that, no shadow on your brow,
Far from the clouds that closely round me gather,
Clasped on the bosom of the Good All-Father,
Ye're blest and happy now.

Ay, blest and happy! never more shall tears
Dim those sweet eyes; temptation ne'er shall round you
Wind its dark coils, nor guilt nor falsehood wound
Through all your endless years. [you,

Farewell awhile! Ye were my heart's delight—
Ye were sweet stars, my spirit's clouds dissolving,
Round which my heart was evermore revolving,
Like some fond satellite.

Ah, well I loved you—but I yield you up,
Without one murmur, at my Father's calling:
With childlike trust, though fast my tears are falling,
I drink the bitter cup.

I drink—for He, whom angels did sustain
In the dread hour when mortal anguish met him,
When friends forgot, and deadly foes beset him,
Stands by to soothe my pain.

I drink—for thou, O God, preparedst the draught
Which to my lips thy Father-hand is pressing:
I know 'neath ills oft lurks the deepest blessing—
Father, the cup is quaffed!

'T is quaffed—and now, O Father, I restore
The little children thou in mercy sent me:
Sweet blessings were they, for a season lent me—
Take back thine own once more!

Yet, oh, forget not, Lord, thy child is weak:
The dregs are bitter which my lips are draining,

I my faint heart hath need of thy sustaining—
Father, thy child is weak!

et, take thine own! their souls are innocent—
eir little lives were beautiful and blameless:
ing them back to thee, pure, white, and stainless,
E'en as when they were lent.

eep them, and make them each a shining gem
I the bright things which fill the bowers of heaven,
I my soul, too, shall soar, earth's fetters riven,
Home—home, to thee and them!

LAKE MAHOPAC.

Lake of the soft and sunny hills,
What loveliness is thine!
Around thy fair, romantic shore,
What countless beauties shine!
Shrined in their deep and hollow urn,
Thy silver waters lie—
A mirror set in waving gems
Of many a regal dye.

Like angel faces in a dream,
Bright isles upon thy breast,
Veiled in soft robes of hazy light,
In such sweet silence rest—
The rustle of a bird's light wing,
The shiver of the trees,
The chime of waves—are all the sounds
That freight the summer breeze.

Oh, beautiful it is along
Thy silver wave to glide,
And watch the ripples as they kiss
Our tiny vessel's side;
While ever round the dipping oar
White curls the feathery spray,
Or, from its bright suspended point,
Drips tinklingly away.

And pleasant to the heart it is
In those fair isles to stray,
Or Fancy's idle visions weave
Through all the golden day,
Where dark old trees, around whose stems
Caressing woodbines cling,
O'er mossy, flower-enamelled banks,
Their trembling shadows fling.

Oh, he who in his daily paths
A weary spirit bears,
Here in these peaceful solitudes
May he lay down his cares:
No echo from the restless world
Shall his repose invade,
Where the spectres of the haunted heart
By Nature's self are laid.

I stood upon thy shore, fair lake!
Long parted was the day,
And shadows of the eventide
Upon the waters lay;
But from the sky the silver moon,
All radiant and serene,
Attended by eve's dewy star,
Smiled sweetly o'er the scene.

The earth was mute—no sound, save mine
Own beating heart, I heard,
When suddenly the listening air
With melody was stirred:
The low, faint chime of lapsing waves,
The voice of whispering boughs,
Waked by the night-winds gentle touch,
In mingled sweetness rose.

Oh, dear and hallowed was that hour:
O'er being's troubled tide
Still waters of eternal peace
Seemed solemnly to glide,
Whose anthems, deep, subdued, and low,
Through all my throbbing soul,
Like breathings from a brighter world,
In pleading murmurs stole.

Oh, dear and hallowed was the hour!
Along life's mazy track,
An angel from the paths of ill
Hath oftimes lured me back;
It watched above me at my birth,
It led me when a child,
And here, beside the moonlit waves,
Once more upon me smiled.

Lake of the hills! around me yet
I feel thy magic spell—
Still, still by Fancy led, I pace
Thy dreamy island dell;
The sere leaves, rustling to my tread,
Are heaped upon the ground,
And the graves of long, long centuries
Lie thickly clustering round.

'T was hither, old traditions tell,
The Indian of yore
Forth from the peopled haunts of life
His dead in silence bore,
And, trenching reverently the sod,
Within earth's loving breast,
With his bow and arrows by his side,
Here laid him down to rest.

Fit place of sepulture! tall trees
In columned arches rise,
Through whose thick-woven boughs steal down
Soft glimpses of the skies.
Amid their leaves, like spirit strains,
Æolian sounds awake,
And o'er the long-forgotten dead
A solemn requiem make.

Ah, peace! while on this rocky seat
Myself once more I cast,
And people all the island shades
With phantoms of the past,
Till from the grand old beetling rocks,
That far above me frown,
A thousand dusky faces gaze
In mournful silence down.

They gaze—while in their troubled hearts
Wild memories seem to lie,
And fearful meanings darkly flit
O'er many a burning eye;
Pale warriors lift their folded hands
In mute, appealing prayer,
Then clasp them o'er their silent breasts,
In deep and still despair!

But, see—those sternly-lifted brows!
Quick change comes o'er my dream:
Each phantom form is flashing now
With strange and sudden gleam;
Swift feathery arrows cleave the air,
From coppice, trees, and rocks,
And the wild glen hisses to the paths
Of hurtling tomahawks!

I start-- I clutch the air—and lo!
My fearful dream is o'er;
Kind human voices call me back
To the bright world once more—
Kind, faithful hands, that grasp mine own,
Conduct me from the dell:
One last, one lingering gaze on thee—
Thou place of graves, farewell!

Lake of the hills! my song has ceased;
But should my feet no more
Thread thy fair island glades, or pace
Thy richly varying shore,
A memory lives within my breast,
That, wheresoe'er I be,
As the heavens are mirrored by thy wave,
Will ever mirror thee!

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

Warrior, rest: thy toils are ended—
Life's last fearful strife is o'er;
Clarion calls, with death-notes blended,
Shall disturb thine ear no more.
Peaceful is thy dreamless slumber—
Peaceful—but how cold and stern!
Thou hast joined that silent number
In the land whence none return.

Warrior, rest: thy banner o'er thee
Hangs in many a drooping fold;
Many a manly cheek before thee
Stained with tear-drops we behold.
Thine was not a hand to falter,
When thy sword should leave its sheath;
Thine was not a cheek to alter,
Though thy duty led to death.

Warrior, rest: a dirge is knelling
Solemnly from shore to shore;
'Tis a nation's tribute, telling
That a patriot is no more.
Thou, where Freedom's sons have striven,
Firm and bold, didst foremost stand;
Freely was thy life-blood given
For thy home and fatherland.

Warrior, rest: our star is vanished
That to victory led the way,
And from one lone hearth is banished
All that cheered life's weary day;
There thy young bride weeps in sorrow
That no more she hears thy tread—
That the night which knows no morrow
Darkly veils thy laurelled head.

Warrior, rest: we smooth thy pillow
For thy last, long earthly sleep;
Oh, beneath yon verdant willow
Storms unheard will o'er thee sweep.
There, 'tis done!—thy couch awaits th
Softly down thy head we lay;
Here repose, till God translates thee
From the dust to endless day!

REUNION.

Nay, pause not yet! another strain—
A strain to bid the spirit start—
Glad songs for those who meet again,
And blend together heart with heart!
Give to the winds each anxious thought
Which o'er our bliss a shade might c
These hours, by weary absence bought,
Should be all sunshine to the last.

What though we part again to-morrow,
For years, perhaps, no more to meet!
We will not of the future borrow
One pang to mar an hour so sweet.
Swell high the strain, then! let our sou
With mirth and gayety be filled,
And brightly, as each moment rolls,
Be drops of ecstasy distilled!

Hush, hark! amid our rapture now,
What strange, low, sorrowing tone come
Why steals a shadow o'er each brow,
And through each mirthful smile a te
Alas! the spirit can not brook
The voice of careless glee to-day,
But, from each thoughtless word and lo
Turns, sick and shuddering, away.

Oh, hush the song! lest feeling's tide
Grow mightier than may be controlled
Then calmly seated, side by side,
Each other's hand we'll fondly hold.
Linger a little longer yet,
And breathe your sweet words o'er mir
Oh, I can die—but ne'er forget
This hour, so beautiful and dear!

PEBBLES.

Give me the pebble, little one, that I
To yon bright pool may hurtle it away
Look! how 't has changed the azure wave t
And blotted out the image of the sky!
So, when our spirits calm and placid lie
When all the passions of the bosom sle
And from its stirless and unruffled deep
Beams up a heaven as bright as that on h
Some pebble—envy, jealousy, misdoubt
Dashed in our bosom's slumbering waves t
Will cloud the mirrored surface of the s
And blot its heaven of joy and beauty
Sin! fling no pebble in my soul, to mar
Its solemn depths, and o'er it clouds to re

MARGARET L. BAILEY.

Mrs. Bailey is a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Shands, and was born in Sussex County, Virginia, on the twelfth of December, 1812. When she was about six years of age, her father removed to the West; and in 1833 she was married to Mr. G. Bailey, junior, subsequently editor of the Cincinnati Philanthropist, then of the Cincinnati Morning Herald, and now of the National Era, at Washington. In March, 1844, Mrs. Bailey became editress of The Youth's Monthly Visiter, at Cincinnati, and conducted it, with a circulation which arose to some three thousand copies, until her removal to the District of Columbia, near the close of 1846. This periodical was perhaps the first of its class ever published in the country, and its contents justify the critical opinion of Mr. William D. Gallagher, that Mrs. Bailey is one of the ablest women of the age.

The poems of Mrs. Bailey have appeared in the journals edited by herself and her husband, and there has been no collected edition of them. They have less individuality than her prose, but they are informed with fancy and a just understanding.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

A little child on a sunny day,
Sat on a flowery bank at play;
The gentle breath of the summer air
Waved the curls of her golden hair,
And ever her voice rang merrily out
In a careless laugh or a joyous shout.
Beautiful was she as early morn,
When the dew is fresh on the blossoming thorn;
And methought as I looked on her fair young face,
Beaming with beauty and truth and grace,
How cold and heartless the world must be,
That could sully such spotless purity!

Years rolled by: in her maiden pride
She stood, a gentle and trusting bride—
How beautiful still! though a softening shade
O'er the dazzling hue of that beauty played,
While the tender glance of her soft blue eye
Told of a love that could not die:
And I prayed as I gazed on her placid brow,
Pure as a wreath of new-fallen snow,
That sorrow, the sorrow that comes to all,
Lightly and gently on her might fall.

Again I saw her: Time had been there,
Tipping with silver her golden hair;
He had breathed on her cheek, and its rosy hue
Was gone, but her heart was pure and true,
As when first I met her a budding flower,
Or a gentle maid in her bridal hour.
As mother and wife she had borne her part,
With the faith and hope of a loving heart;
And now when nature, with years opprest,
Looks and longs for her quiet rest,
With holy trust in her Father's love,
Awaiting a summons from above,
She lingers with us, as if to show
To the faint and weary ones below,
How oft to the faithful soul 'tis given
To taste on earth of the joys of heaven.

THE PAUPER CHILD'S BURIAL.

Stretched on a rude plank the dead pauper lay:
No weeping friends gathered to bear him away;
His white, slender fingers were clasped on his breast
The pauper child meekly lay taking his rest.

The hair on his forehead was carelessly parted;
No one cared for him, the desolate hearted:
In life none had loved him—his pathway, all sear
Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed him,
In tones of affection and tenderness blessed him;
For ere his eye greeted the light of the day,
His mother had passed in her anguish away.

Poor little one! often thy meek eyes have sought
The smile of affection, of kindness unbought,
And wistfully gazing, in wondering surprise,
That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

And when in strange gladness thy young voice was heard,
As in winter's stern sadness the song of a bird,
Harsh voices rebuked thee, and, cowering in fear,
Thy glad song was hushed in a sob and a tear.

And when the last pang rent thy heartstrings in twain,
And burst from thy bosom the last sign of pain,
No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melting tone,
With fond arm around thee in tenderness thrown.

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in thine ear
With the songs of the angels the dying may hear;
And thrillingly tender, amid Death's alarms,
Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to her arms.

Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarse shroud reposes
In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on roses
And while on thy coffin the rude clods are pressed,
The good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb to his breast.

MEMORIES.

Oh, pleasant are the memories
Of childhood's forest home,
And oft, amid the toils of life,
Like blessèd dreams they come:

Of sunset hours when I lay entranced,
Mid shadows cool and green,
Watching the winged insects glance,
In summer's golden sheen:

Their drowsy hum was a lullaby
To Nature's quiet sleeping,
While o'er the meadow's dewy breast
The evening winds were creeping:

The ploughman's whistle heard afar,
To his humble home returning;
And faintly in the gathering shade
The firefly's lamp was burning.

Up in the old oak's pleasant shade,
Where mossy branches swing,
With gentle twitterings, soft and low,
Nestling with fluttering wing—

Were summer birds—their tender notes
Like love's own fond caressing,
When a mother folds her little flock,
With a whispered prayer and blessing.

The cricket chirps from the hollow tree,
To the music of the rill,
And plaintively echoes through the wood
The song of the whip-poor-will.

Tinged with the last faint light of day,
A white cloud in the west
Floats in the azure sea above,
Like a ship on ocean's breast.

The evening star as a beacon shines
On the far horizon's verge,
And the wind moans through the distant pines,
Like the troubled ocean's surge.

From lowly vales the rising mist
Curls up the hillside green,
And its summit, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Like a fairy isle is seen.

Away in the depths of ether shine
The stars serenely bright—
Gems in the glorious diadem,
Circling the brow of night.

Our Father! if thy meaner works
Thus beautiful appear,
If such revealings of thy love
Enkindle rapture here—

If to our mortal sense thou dost
Thy treasures thus unfold,
When death shall rend this earthly veil,
How shall our eyes behold

Thy glory—when the spirit soars
Beyond the starry zone
And in thy presence folds her wing,
And bows before thy throne!

ENDURANCE.

When, upon wings of rainbow hues,
Hope flits across thy pathway here,
And gently as the morning breeze
Her waving pinion dries thy tear,
Oh, yield not all thy soul to joy,
Let not her blandishments allure:
Life's greenest spot hath withered flowe
Whate'er thy lot, thou must endure.

If, on the mountain's topmost cliff,
The flag of victory seems unfurled,
And Faith, exulting, sees afar
Earth's idol, Error, downward hurled
Deem not the triumph thou shalt share-
God keeps his chosen vessels pure:
The final reckoning is on high,
On earth thy meed is to endure.

With chastened heart, in humble faith,
Thy labor earnestly pursue,
As one who fears to such frail deeds
No recompense is due:
Wax not faint-hearted—while thou toil'st
Thy bread and water shall be sure;
Leaving all else to God, be thou
Patient in all things to endure.

DUTY AND REWARD.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound by links, that can not sever,
To humanity.

Labor—wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labor! and the seed thou sowest
Water with thy tears;
God is faithful—he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope! though yet no verdure
Glad thy longing eyes,
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Garnered in the skies.

Labor—wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storms above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope: the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

LAURA M. HAWLEY, afterward Mrs. THURSTON, was born in Norfolk, Connecticut, in December, 1812. She completed her education at the Hartford Female Seminary, and subsequently was a teacher in Hartford and New Milford, Connecticut, in Philadelphia, and in New Albany, Indiana. In the latter place she was married, in September, 1839, to Mr. Franklin Thurston, a merchant; and surrendering the school of which she had been the principal, to other hands, she resided there until her death, which occurred on the twenty-first of July, 1842. Under the signature of "Viola" Mrs. Thurston had made herself known by many productions marked by feeling and a melodious versification, which were for the most part originally published in the Louisville Journal.

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHERLAND.

THE green hills of my fatherland
In dreams still greet my view:
I see once more the wave-girt strand,
The ocean depth of blue;
The sky, the glorious sky, outspread
Above their calm repose;
The river, o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows;
The stillness of the sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray;
The sunlight resting on the flowers,
The birds that sing among the bowers
Through all the summer day.

Land of my birth—mine early love—
Once more thine airs I breathe:
I see thy proud hills tower above,
Thy green vales sleep beneath;
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
All rise before mine eyes;
The dawn of morning on thy hills,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies;
Thy forests, from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth,
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silentness
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
As lovely as of yore;
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door;
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
As when I used to train them there,
In the dear olden time;
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose golden memories gently bring
So many dreams to me.

I know that there hath been a change,
A change o'er hall and hearth—
Faces and footsteps new and strange
About my place of birth:
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanished is the beacon light
That cheered my morning sky;
And hill, and vale, and woodland glen,
And rock, and murmuring stream,
That wore such glorious beauty then,
Would seem, should I return again,
The record of a dream.

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since, in the far-off west,
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
My heart hath found its rest.
I mourn not for the hills and streams
That chained my steps so long,
Yet still I see thee in my dreams,
And hail them in my song;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well-remembered lays
Of my green mountain home.

CROSSING THE ALLEGANIES.

THE broad, the bright, the glorious West,
Is spread before me now!
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow!
The bound is past, the goal is won,
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view:
Land of the valiant and the free—
My own Green Mountain land—to thee
And thine a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be;
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!
Here, from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread;
And feel that, in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet, while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me, in all thy youthful pride,
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears;
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But, for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

Oh! brightly, brightly glow thy skies
In Summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers!
But oh! there is a land afar,
Whose skies to me are brighter far,
Along the Atlantic shore!
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine
In kindlier glances answered mine:
Can these their light restore!

Upon the lofty bound I stand
That parts the East and West;
Before me lies a fairy land—
Behind, a home of rest!
Here, Hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things
My footsteps to allure;
But there, in Memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's cynosure!

MARTHA DAY.

Miss Day was a daughter of the late eminent president of Yale College, and was born in New Haven on the thirteenth of February, 1813. She was educated at the best schools in Connecticut, and was particularly distinguished for her acquirements in mathematics and languages. She died suddenly, when but twenty years of age, on the second of December, 1833, and in the following year a collection of her Literary Remains, v Memorials of her Life and Character, published at New Haven by her friend relative, Prof. Kingsley. Her poems v buds of promise, which justified the antic tions that were entertained of her emin in literature. The following hymn wa signed to be inserted in an unwritten dra suggested by an incident in the life of Da

HYMN.

Father Almighty!
From thy high seat thou watchest and controllest
The insects that upon thy footstool creep,
While, with a never-wearied hand, thou rollest
Millions of worlds along the boundless deep.
O Father! now the clouds hang blackening o'er us,
And the dark, boiling deeps beneath us yawn:
Scatter the tempests, quell the waves before us;
To the wild, fearful night send thou a blessed dawn.

Father All Holy!
When thou shalt sit upon thy throne of glory,
The steadfast earth, the strong, untiring sea,
Their verdant isles, their mountains high and hoary,
With awe and fear shall from thy presence flee.
Then shalt thou sit a Judge, the guilty dooming
To adamantine chains and endless fire:
Oh, Father! how may we abide thy coming?
Where find a shelter from the pure Jehovah's ire?

Father All Merciful!
Still may the guilty come in peace before thee,
Bathing thy feet with tears of love and wo;
And while for pardon only we implore thee,
Blessings divine, unnumbered, o'er us flow.
Father, her heart from all her idols tearing,
Thine erring child again would turn to thee
To thee she bends, trembling, yet not despai
From fear, remorse, and sin, O Father! set her

LINES ON PSALM CII.

The boundless universe,
All that it hath of splendor and of life,
The living, moving worlds, in their bright ro
Of blooming lands and heaving, glittering w
Even the still and holy depths of heaven,
Where the glad planets bathe in floods of li
For ever pouring from a thousand suns,
All, all are but the garments of our God,
Yea, the dark foldings of his outmost skirts!
Mortal! who with a trembling, longing hear
Watchest in silence the few rays that steal,
In their kind dimness, to thy feeble sight—
Watch on, in silence, till within thy soul,
Bearing away each taint of sin and death,
Springs the hid fountain of immortal life!
Then shall the mighty veil asunder rend,
And o'er the spirit—living, strong, and pure
Shall the full glories of the Godhead flow!

MARY ANN HANMER DODD.

s Dodd is a daughter of Mr. Elisha of Hartford, Connecticut, and was born 3. Her first appearance as an author a 1834, when she contributed a few to The Hermenethean, a miscellany :ted by the students of Washington Trinity) College. She has since writ- :quently for the Ladies' Repository, a .ly magazine, and The Rose of Sharon, nual, edited for several years by her the late Mrs. Mayo. A collection of her poems was published at Hartford in 1843. Miss Dodd writes with taste and feeling, and her writings would have been known more generally and perhaps more favorably if she had not confined herself so much to denominational channels of publication. Like Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Mayo, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Case, the Careys, and some others who are quoted in this volume, she is of the Universalist church, though her religious compositions are all addressed to universal sympathies.

LAMENT.

:R departs! the golden hours are dying!
: green glade its minstrelsy is still;
)le haze, like a thin veil, is lying
ıe calm waters and the distant hill.
the breeze that waits upon the morning;
is the splendor of the noontide ray;
the flowers the forest path adorning;
:r the twilight fades in gloom away.

er departs, and thou, too, hast departed!
, who wert joy and sunshine to thy friends;
have they now, the lonely and sad-hearted,
he low mound which o'er thy slumber bends!
ower that pales the season as its closes,
folds the brightness in the blossom's breast,
Death go forth among the fading roses,
bear thy spirit to its promised rest.

er, sweet Summer! saddened in thy waning,
ıdow falleth on thy garlands gay;
)er gloom is on thy path remaining,
one beloved hath with thee passed away!
wilt come back; but when thy skies are burn-
thy fair presence gladdens all the plain, [ing,
an we ever joy in thy returning?
can we welcome thee with smiles again?

wilt not wake the dead, in silence sleeping,
vanished from us with thy long, bright days;
wilt not call the form the grave is keeping,
more to meet and bless our lingering gaze.
t best—thou friend, returning never!
, the true-hearted, generous, and kind!
ee 'tis best: when kindred spirits sever,
only suffer who remain behind.

art secure from ill. Life's toil is ended;
hed, for thee, its feverishness and strife;
:ords in one harmony are blended;
eming gloom is all with brightness rife.
ı that glorious land the good inherit,
: thou the anguish of a mourner see,
inds the only spell that soothes her spirit
aving thus a sad lament for thee!

THE MOURNER.

Thou weepest for a sister! In the bloom
And spring-time of her years to Death a prey,
Shrouded from love by the remorseless tomb,
Taken from all life's joys and griefs away.
'Tis hard to part with one so sudden called,
So young, so happy, and so dearly loved;
To see the arrow at our idol hurled,
And vainly pray the shaft may be removed.

Young, loving, and beloved! O cruel Death!
Couldst thou not spare the treasure for a while?
There are warm hearts that wait to yield their breath,
And aged eyes that can no longer smile.
Why pass the weary pilgrims on their way
Bowed down with toil, and sighing for relief;
To make the blossom in its pride thy prey,
Whose joyous heart had never tasted grief?

Sad sister, turn not hopelessly away;
Nor longer at the will of Heaven repine;
Fold not thy hands in agony and say,
"There is no sorrow in the world like mine."
Oh! could my numbers soothe the sinking soul,
Or one hope waken with the wreath I twine,
Soft sounds of sympathy should round thee roll
Warm from a heart that knows such pain as thine.

I, too, have been a mourner. Sorrow deep
Its lava-tide around my pathway rolled;
And sable weeds a hue could never keep,
Sad as the heart they hid beneath their fold.
All joy grew dim before my tearful eye,
Which but the shadow of the grave could see;
There was no brightness in the earth or sky,
There was no sunshine in the world for me.

Oh! bitter was the draught from Sorrow's cup,
And stern the anguish which my spirit wrung,
When I was called to give mine idol up,
And bend a mourner o'er the loved and young.
And for the lost to weep is still my choice:
I ask for one whose pilgrimage is o'er,
And vainly listen for a vanished voice,
Whose pleasant tones shall greet my ear no more

There is a spell around my spirit cast,
A shadow where the sunbeam smiled before;
'T is grief, but all its bitterness is past;
'T is sorrow, but its murmurings are o'er.
Within my soul, which to the storm was bowed,
Now the white wing of Peace is folded deep;
And I have found, I trust, behind the cloud,
The blessing promised to the eyes that weep.

So thou wilt find relief. For deepest wo
A fount of healing in our pathway springs;
Like Lethe's stream, that silver fountain's flow
A soothing draught unto the sufferer brings.
A Father chastened thee! oh, look to Him,
And his dear love in all thy trials see;
Look with the eye of faith through shadows dim,
And he will send the Comforter to thee.

TO A CRICKET.

Cease, cricket! cease thy melancholy song!
Its chiming cadence falls upon mine ear
With such a saddening influence all day long,
I can not bear those mournful notes to hear;
Notes that will often start the unbidden tear,
And wake the heart to memories of old days,
When life knew not a sorrow or a fear:
For ever basking in the sunny rays
Which seem so passing bright to youth's all-trustful gaze.

Once more my steps are stayed at eventide,
Beneath the fairest moon that ever shone;
Where the old oak threw out its branches wide
Over the low roof of mine early home;
Ere yet my bosom knew a wish to roam
From the broad shelter of that ancient tree,
Or dreamed of other lands beside our own,
Beyond the boundary of that flowery lea;
For the green valley there was world enough for me.

A group are gathered round the household hearth,
Where chilly Autumn bids the bright flame play;
And social converse sweet, and childhood's mirth,
Swiftly beguile the lengthened eve away:
A laughing girl shakes back her tresses gay,
With a half-doubtful look and wondering tone—
Hark! there is music! do you hear the lay?
Mother, what is it singing in the stone?
Some luckless fairy wight imprison'd there alone?"...

Wake not remembrance thus! for stern the fate
That marks my pathway with a weary doom;
And to a heart so worn and desolate,
Thy boding voice may add a deeper gloom.
Though few the clouds which o'er the blue sky roam,
And green the livery of our forest bowers,
To warn us of a sure decay ye come,
In sable guise, trailing the faded flowers,
Singing the death-song sad of Summer's waning hours!

Those emerald robes will change to russet brown,
Which Summer over vale and hillside cast;
To other skies, that know no wintry frown,
Bright birds shall wing their weary way at last;
And Autumn's hectic hues which fade so fast,
Will make the dark old woods a while look
But Death must come when the rare show is
Then cease thy chant, dark prophet of de
I can not bear to hear thy melancholy lay!

THE DREAMER.

"A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm, or brighten: like that Syrian lake,
Upon whose surface Morn and Summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!"

Heart of mine, why art thou dreaming
Dreaming through the weary day,
While life's precious hours are wasting
Fast and unimproved away?

With a world of beauty round me,
Lone and sad I dwell apart;
Changing scenes can bring no pleasur
To this wrecked and worn-out heart

Now I tempt the quiet Ocean
While the sky is bright above,
And the sunlight rests around me,
Like the beaming smile of Love.

Or by streamlet softly flowing
Through the vale I wander now;
And the balmy breath of Summer
Fans my cheek and cools my brow.

But as well, to me, might darken
Over all the gloom of night;
For no quick and sweet sensations
Fill my soul with new delight.

In the grass-grown, silent churchyard,
With a listless step I rove;
And I shed no tear of sorrow
By the graves of those I love.

Could I weep, the spell might vanish;
Tears would bring my heart relief—
Heart so sealed to all emotion,
Dead alike to joy and grief.

When the storm that shook my spirit
Left its mission finished there,
Then a calm more fearful followed
Than the wildness of despair.

Whence the spell that chills my being,
Bidding every passion cease,
Closing every fount of feeling?—
Say, my spirit, is it peace?

Wake, oh spell-bound Soul! awaken—
Bid this sad delusion flee:
Such a lengthened dream is fearful:
Such a peace is not for thee.

Life is thine, and "life is earnest,"
Toil and grief thou canst not shun;
But be hopeful and believing,
Till the prize of faith is won.

Then the peace thou shalt inherit
By the Savior promised free;
Peace the world destroyeth never—
Father, give that peace to me!

THE DOVE'S VISIT.

thy pinions their motion cease?
ist thou listen to my sighing?
come with the olive-branch of peace?
love to my window flying!

ist is white as a snowy wreath,
ine eye is softly beaming;
u bear a message thy wing beneath,
aid of her lover dreaming?

flight been far? thy plumage gleams,
ed and unworn with using:
. mute, fair dove, but thy soft eye seems
swer my idle musing.

, thou hast been where I fain would be,
e my thoughts are ever straying,
he balmiest breeze of spring blows free,
the early blossoms playing!

st rested on the casement white,
the lilac-boughs are shading,
greeted the morning's rosy light,
ked on the sunset fading.

thou bird with the snowy breast!
pot beloved for ever,
easant walks which my steps have pressed,
e now they may linger never.

ee would I gladly hasten there,
gs to my wish were granted, [care,
lowers that bloomed 'neath my mother's
he trees my father planted.

er the simplest blossom there,
ets to the morning throwing,
e choicest flower that perfumes the air,
ingly garden growing.

strive to restrain the tear,
rief like a spring-tide swelling,
y thoughts return to the home so dear
s now a stranger's dwelling.

ile I turn me away to weep,
t of memories waken,
circle spreading upon the deep,
opped from the foliage shaken

ate, where affection clings so strong,
rt from its Eden banish?
t suffer a scene to charm so long,
hen like a vision vanish?

proach in that glance of thine,
ords of repining spoken;
y brow with the olive thou wouldst twine,
t the peaceful token.

can a heart be still so weak,
th ever for strength beseeching,
n each event would some lesson seek,
corn not the humblest teaching!

, and trustful like thee, sweet dove,
e watchful care of Heaven—
shaken faith in a Father's love—
e future wholly given.

d my heart's vain yearnings cease;
hush this useless sighing;
Thy visit hath brought to my spirit peace,
Thou dove to my window flying!

TWILIGHT.

The sunset hues are fading fast
From the fair western sky away,
And floating clouds which gathered round
Have vanished with their colors gay.

All, save one streak that lingers there,
Retaining still a rosy hue,
Bright at the verge, but pale above,
Soft blending with celestial blue.

So lovely were those brilliant clouds
Which floated in the evening air,
It well might seem that angel-forms
Such fabrics for their robes would wear.

But, like the dreams that Fancy weaves,
Their beauty quickly passed away;
And where their gorgeous tints were seen,
Soft twilight reigns with shadows gray.

One star, one bright and quiet star,
Kindles its steady light above,
Over the hushed and resting earth
Still watching like the eye of Love.

The birds that woke such joyous strains,
With folded pinions seek repose;
All, save the minstrel sad who sings
His plaintive love-lay to the rose.

The weary bees have reached the hive,
Rejoicing over labor done;
And blossoms close their fragrant cups,
Which opened to the morning sun.

The winds are hushed that music made
The leafy-laden boughs between,
And scarce the lightest zephyr's breath
Now dallies with the foliage green.

This is the hour so loved by all
Whose thoughts are lingering with the past,
When scenes and forms to memory dear
Gather around us dim and fast.

Childhood's bright days, youth's short romance,
And manhood's dreams of power and fame,
Again come back to cheat the heart
So changed by time, yet still the same.

The mingling tones of voices gone
Are breathing round us sweet and low,
And eyes are beaming once again,
That smiled upon us long ago.

We gaze upon those loving eyes,
Which never coldly turn away;
We clasp the hand and press the lip
Of forms that but in memory stay.

We feel the influence of a spell,
And wake to smiles or melt to tears,
As pass before the dreaming eye
The light and shade of other years.

Oh, pleasant is the dewy morn!
And golden noon is fair to see;
But sweeter far the closing day,
Dearer the twilight hour to me.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch is a native of Bennington, in Vermont. Her mother is descended from the Fays and Robinsons, conspicuous in the early history of that state, and is a daughter of Colonel Gray, of the Connecticut line in the Revolutionary army. Her father was one of the United Irishmen, and in that celebrated body there were few more heroic and constant. He was but sixteen when he joined in the rebellion of '98, and soon after his arrest, on account of his youth and chivalrous character, he was offered liberty and a commission in the British army if he would take the oath of allegiance to the government. He refused, and after being four years a state prisoner, was, at the age of twenty, banished for life. With Emmet, McNeven, and others, he came to America, where he married; and while his daughter was a child, he died in Cuba, whither he had gone in search of health.

Miss Lynch was educated at a popular female seminary in Albany, where her class compositions attracted much attention by a strength and earnestness unusual in performances of this description. She was a loving reader of Childe Harold, and caught the tone of this immortal poem, which is echoed in several of her earlier pieces, that still have sufficient individuality to justify the expectations then formed of her maturer abilities. She soon outgrew imitation, and her occasional contributions to literary journals became more and more the voices of her own life and nature.

After leaving school, Miss Lynch passed some time in Providence; and her knowledge and taste in literature are illustrated in a volume which she published in that city, in 1841, under the title of The Rhode-Island Book — a selection of prose and verse from the writers of that state, including several fine poems of her own. For five or six years she has resided in New York, where her house is known for the weekly assemblies there of persons connected with literature and the arts. I have sometimes attended these agreeable parties, and have met at them probably the larger number of the living poets whose works are reviewed in this volume, with many distinguished men of letters, painters, sculptors, singers, and amateurs, among whom our author is held in as much esteem for her amiable social qualities, as respect for her intellectual accomplishments.

The poems of Miss Lynch are marked by depth of feeling and grace of expression. They are the natural and generally unpremeditated effusions of a nature extremely sensitive, but made strong by experience and knowledge, and elevated into a divine repose by the ever active sense of beauty. Though for the most part very complete, they are short, and in many cases may be regarded as improvisations upon the occasions by which they were suggested. We have nothing in them that may be regarded as a fair illustration of her powers.

The prose writings of Miss Lynch are graceful, elegant, and full of fine reflection. They evince a genial and hopeful but not joyous spirit — a waiting for the future rather than a satisfaction with the present. She has a large acquaintance with literature, and her criticisms, scattered through many desultory compositions, are discriminating, and illustrated, from a wide observation and a ready fancy, with uniform judgment and taste. The long chapter entitled Leaves from the Diary of a Recluse, in The Gift for Mdcccxlv, is characteristic of her manner, while for a brief period it admits us to the contemplation of her life.

A collection of the Poems of Miss Lynch, with engravings after original designs by her friends Durand, Huntington, Cheney, Darley, Brown, Cushman, Rossiter, Rothermel, and Winner, has just appeared. It is a beautiful book of art, and so demonstrative of her poetical abilities that it will secure her a position she has not before occupied as an author.

THE IDEAL.

La vie est un sommeil l'amour en est le reve."

weet dream! It fell upon my soul
song and thought first woke their echoes
my spirit to its wild control, [there,
th the shadow of a fond despair,
ig the fountain of my young life's stream.
s me still, and yet I know 'tis but a dream.

art thou, shadowy presence, that canst hide
my charmed sight the glorious things of
e o'er life's desert dost thou glide? [earth?
h those glimmerings of a former birth,
ng cloud of glory," hast thou come [home?
me bright world afar, our unremembered

thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold Real,
thy home is in some brighter sphere;
I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,
dark wanderings that await me here:
mes thy gentle image then, to me,
g my night of life in one long dream of thee?

y's peopled solitude, the glare
tal halls, moonlight, and music's tone,
the the sad refrain—thou are not there!
ven with Nature I am still alone:
by I see her summer bloom depart;
ear winter's reign—'t is winter in my heart.

I sigh upon my brow to see
cep'ning shadow of Time's restless wing,
the youth I might not give to thee,
nished brightness of my first sweet spring;
might give thee not the joyous form
by tears and cares, unblighted by the storm.

nen the hearts I should be proud to win,
e, in those tones that woman holds so dear,
of impassioned homage unto mine,
and harsh they fall upon my ear;
I listen to the fervent vow,
ary heart replies, "Alas! it is not thou."

hen the thoughts within my spirit glow,
would outpour themselves in words of fire,
kind influence bade the music flow,
hat which woke the notes of Memnon's lyre,
sunlight of my life, wak'st not the lay,
ng within my heart, unuttered, dies away.

oh shadow! fatal dream, depart!
I conjure thee leave me this poor life,
will meet with firm, heroic heart,
reat'ning storms and its tumultuous strife,
ith the poet-seer will see thee stand
come my approach to thine own spirit-land.

THE IDEAL FOUND.

et thee, whom I dared not hope to meet,
in th' enchanted land of my day dreams:
this common world, this waking state,
living presence on my vision beams—
dream embodied in reality!
thine eyes I read indifference to me!

those star-like eyes I read my fate,
oroscope is written in their gaze;
My "house of life" henceforth is desolate:
But the dark aspect my firm heart surveys,
Nor faints nor falters even for thy sake: [break!
'T is calm and nerved and strong: no, no, it shall not

For I am of that mood that will defy—
That does not cower before the gathering storm;
That face to face will meet its destiny,
And undismayed confront its darkest form.
Wild energies awaken in this strife,
This conflict of the soul with the grim phantom Life.

But ah! if thou hadst loved me—had I been
All to thy dreams that to mine own thou art—
Had those dark eyes beamed eloquent on mine,
Pressed for one moment to that noble heart
In the full consciousness of faith unspoken,
Life could have given no more—then had my proud heart broken!

The Alpine glacier from its height may mock
The clouds and lightnings of the winter sky,
And from the tempest and the thunder's shock
Gather new strength to lift its summit high;
But kissed by sunbeams of the summer day,
It bows its icy crest and weeps itself away.

Thou know'st the fable of the Grecian maid
Wooed by the veiled immortal from the skies,
How in his full perfections, once she prayed,
That he would stand before her longing eyes,
And how that brightness, too intense to bless, [cess.
Consumed her o'erwrought heart with its divine ex-

To me there is a meaning in the tale.
I have not prayed to meet thee: I can brook
That thou shouldst wear to me that icy veil;
I can give back thy cold and careless look:
Yet shrined within my heart, still thou shalt seem
What there thou ever wert, a beautiful, bright dream!

THE IMAGE BROKEN.

'T was but a dream, a fond and foolish dream—
The calenture of a delirious brain,
Whose fever-thirst creates the rushing stream.
Now to the actual I awake again;
The vision, to my gaze one moment granted,
Fades in its light away and leaves me disenchanted.

The image that my glowing fancy wrought,
Now to the dust with ruthless hand I cast;
Thus I renounce the worship that I sought,
Of my own idol the iconoclast.
The echo of "Eureka! I have found!"
Falls back upon my heart a vain and empty sound.

Oh, disembodied being of my mind,
So wildly loved, so fervently adored!
In whom all high and glorious gifts I shrined,
And my heart's incense on the altar poured—
Now do I know that, clad in mortal guise,
Ne'er on this earth wilt thou upon my vision rise.

That only in the vague, cold realm of Thought
Shall I meet thee whom here I seek in vain;
And like Egyptian Isis, when she sought
The scattered fragments of Osiris slain,

Now do I know that henceforth I shall find
But fragments of thy soul within earth's clay enshrined.

Thou whom I have not seen and shall not see
Till the sad drama of this life be o'er!
Yet do I not renounce my faith in thee:
Thou still art mine—I thine for evermore;
And this belief shall be the funeral pyre
Of all less noble love, of all less high desire.

Here, like the Hindoo widow, I will bring
Hope, youth, and all that woman prizes most—
The glow of summer and the bloom of spring,
And on thine altar lay the holocaust:
And, in my faith exulting, I will see
The sacrifice consume I consecrate to thee.

To Love's sweet tones my heart shall never thrill;
Nor, as the tardy years their circles roll,
Shall they the ardor of its pulses chill.
Thus will I live in widowhood of soul,
Until, at last, my lingering exile o'er,
Upon some lovelier star, too blest, we meet once more.

Oh, tell me not that now indeed I dream;
That these aspirings mocked at last will be!
Gleams of a higher life to me they seem—
A sacred pledge of immortality.
Tell not the yearning heart it shall not find: [kind!
O Love, thou art too strong! O God, thou art too

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

There are countless fields the green earth o'er
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks, in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose,
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of the crimsoned plain
Was piled with its heaps of uncounted slain:
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the battle of life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and his burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand;
Friends and comrades around him stand,
The trumpets sound and the war-steeds neigh
To join in the shock of the coming fray—
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow;
And he bears his part in the conflict dire
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire.
What though he fall! at the battle's close,
In the flush of the victory won he goes,
With martial music and waving plume,
From a field of fame to a laurelled tomb.
But the hero who wars in the battle of life,
Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
Hero or craven, to meet the foe:
He may not fly on that fated field—
He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior, who comest to this battle now
With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
As if the field were already won—
Pause and gird all thine armor on;
Myriads have come to this battle ground
With a valiant arm and a name renowned,
And have fallen vanquished to rise no more,
Ere the sun was set or the day half o'er.
Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will,
An ardent soul that no blast can chill?
Thy shield of Faith hast thou tried and proved—
Canst thou say to the mountain, "Be thou moved!"
In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright!
Is thy banner emblazoned, "For God and the right!"
In the might of prayer dost thou strive and plead!
Never had warrior greater need!
Unseen foes in thy pathway hide;
Thou art encompassed on every side.
There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
Hope with her Dead-sea fruits is there;
Sin is spreading her gilded snare;
Flattery counts with her hollow smiles,
Passion with silvery tone beguiles;
Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave:
Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
Disease with her ruthless hand would smite,
And Care spread o'er thee a withering blight;
Hate and Envy with visage black,
And the serpent Slander, are on thy track.
Guilt and Falsehood, Remorse and Pride,
Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
Haggard Want in her demon joy
Waits to degrade thee and then destroy;
Palsied Age in the distance lies,
And watches his victim with rayless eyes;
And Death the insatiate is hovering near,
To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear.
No skill may avail and no ambush hide:
In the open field must the champion bide,
And face to face and hand to hand
Alone in his valor confront that band.

In war with these phantoms that gird him round,
No limbs dissevered may strew the ground;
No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
As the iron enters the riven soul:
But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek;
The brow is furrowed, but not with years;
The eye is dimmed with its secret tears,
And streaked with white is the raven hair—
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The battle is over: the hero goes,
Scarred and worn, to his last repose;
He has won the day, he has conquered Doom,
He has sunk unknown to his nameless tomb;
For the victor's glory no voices plead;
Fame has no echo and earth no meed;
But the guardian angels are hovering near:
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here,
And they bear him now on their wings away
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.
Ended now is the earthly strife,
And his brow is crowned with the crown of life!

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Speak low—tread softly through these halls;
Here Genius lives enshrined;
Here reign, in silent majesty,
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come,
From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years,
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh, child of Earth! when round thy path
The storms of life arise,
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern, unloving eyes—

Here shall the poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays;
And prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here;
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a peer!

HAGAR.

Untrodden, drear, and lone,
Stretched many a league away,
Beneath a burning, noonday sun,
The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat
Upon that herbless plain,
The dazzling sands, with fiercer heat,
Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed
No wandering breath of air,
No palm-trees cast their cooling shade,
No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,
Spurned from her master's side,
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,
Her wo and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,
The boy upon her hung,
Who from his father's tent that morn
Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,
Glazed was his flashing eye;
And in that fearful, desert waste,
She laid him down to die.

But when, in wild despair,
She left him to his lot,
A voice that filled that breathless air
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed
A cooling, crystal stream,
And angels left their high abode
And ministered to them.

Oft, when drear wastes surround
My faltering footsteps here,
I've thought I, too, heard that blest sound
Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path
On through the evil land,
Have the twin angels, Hope and Faith,
Walked with me, hand to hand.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHANNING.

"The prophets, do they live for ever?"—Zech. i. 5.

Those spirits God ordained,
To stand the watchmen on the outer wall,
Upon whose souls the beams of truth first fall;
They who reveal the ideal, the unattained,
And to their age, in stirring tones and high,
Speak out for God, truth, man, and liberty—
Such prophets, do they die?

When dust to dust returns,
And the freed spirit seeks again its God—
To those with whom the blessèd ones have trod,
Are they then lost? No! still their spirit burns
And quickens in the race; the life they give,
Humanity receives, and they survive
While hope and virtue live.

The landmarks of their age,
High-priests, kings of the realm of mind, are they,
A realm unbounded as posterity;
The hopeful future is their heritage;
Their words of truth, of love, and faith sublime,
To a dark world of doubt, despair, and crime,
Reëcho through all time.

Such kindling words are thine,
Thou, o'er whose tomb the requiem soundeth still,
Thou from whose lips the silvery tones yet thrill
In many a bosom, waking life divine;
And since thy Master to the world gave token
That for Love's faith the creed of Fear was broken,
None higher have been spoken.

Thy reverent eye could see,
Though sinful, weak, and wedded to the clod,
The angel-soul still as the child of God,
Heir of his love, born to high destiny:
Not for thy country, creed, or sect, speakest thou,
But him who bears God's image on his brow,
Thy brother, high or low.

Great teachers formed thy youth,
As thou didst stand upon thy native shore,
In the calm sunshine, in the ocean's roar;
Nature and God spoke with thee, and the truth,
That o'er thy spirit then in radiance streamed,
And in thy life so calmly, brightly beamed,
Shall still shine on undimmed.

Ages agone, like thee
The famèd Greek with kindling aspect stood,
And blent his eloquence with wind and flood,
By the blue waters of the Ægean sea;
But he heard not their everlasting hymn:
His lofty soul with Error's cloud was dim,
And thy great teachers spake not unto him

A THOUGHT BY THE SEASHORE.

Bury me by the sea.
When on my heart the hand of Death is prest,
If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
And haunts awhile her clay,
Then mid the forest shades I would not lie,
For the green leaves like me would droop and die.
Nor mid the homes of men,
The haunts of busy life, would I be laid:
There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
Would sleep unquiet then;
The surging tide of life might overwhelm
The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.
No sculptured marble pile
To bear my name be reared upon my breast—
Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest;
But let the blue sky smile,
The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
And let me sleep beside this sounding sea:
This ever-beating heart
Of the great Universe! here would the soul
Plume her soiled pinions for the final goal,
Ere she should thence depart—
Here would she fit her for the high abode—
Here by the sea, she would be nearer God.
I feel his presence now:
Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
And watch beside thee on the sparkling sand,
Thy crested billows bow;
And as thy solemn chant swells through the air,
My spirit, awed, joins in thy ceaseless prayer.
Life's fitful fever o'er,
Here then would I repose, majestic sea;
E'en now faint glimpses of eternity
Come o'er me on thy shore:
My thoughts from thee to highest themes are given,
As thy deep distant blue is lost in Heaven.

THE DUMB CREATION.

Deal kindly with those speechless ones,
That throng our gladsome earth;
Say not the bounteous gift of life
Alone is nothing worth.
What though with mournful memories
They sigh not for the past?
What though their ever joyous Now
No future overcast?
No aspirations fill their breast
With longings undefined;
They live, they love, and they are blest,
For what they seek they find.
They see no mystery in the stars,
No wonder in the plain,
And Life's enigma wakes in them
No questions dark and vain.
To them earth is a final home,
A bright and blest abode;
Their lives unconsciously flow on
In harmony with God.
To this fair world our human hearts
Their hopes and longings bring,
And o'er its beauty and its bloom
Their own dark shadows fling.
Between the future and the past
In wild unrest we stand,
And ever as our feet advance,
Retreats the promised land.
And though Love, Fame, and Wealth and Po
Bind in their gilded band,
We pine to grasp the unattained—
The *something* still beyond.
And, beating on their prison bars,
Our spirits ask more room,
And with unanswered questionings,
They pierce beyond the tomb.
Then say thou not, oh, doubtful heart!
There is no life to come:
That in some tearless, cloudless land,
Thou shalt not find thy home.

THE WOUNDED VULTURE.

A kingly vulture sat alone,
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments
Upon the desert frowned.
A hunter's eager eye had marked
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude
His ringing shot was heard.
It rent that vulture's plumed breast,
Aimed with unerring hand,
And his life-blood gushed warm and red
Upon the yellow sand.
No struggle marked the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings,
And sought the upper sky.
In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and circling upward still
On his majestic way.
Up to the blue empyrean
He wings his steady flight,
Till his receding form is lost
In the full flood of light.
Oh, wounded heart! oh, suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams and ruined hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.
Outspread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyong the flying shafts of Fate,
Beyond the wounds of Time.
Mount upward! brave the clouds and storn
Above life's desert plain
There is a calmer, purer air,
A heaven thou, too, may'st gain.
And as that dim, ascending form
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thine earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

EROS.

As when, untaught and blind,
To the mute stone the pagan bows his knee,
Spirit of Love, phantom of my own mind,
So have I worshipped thee!

When first a laughing child,
I gazed on Nature with a wondering eye,
I learned of her, in calm and tempest wild,
This thirst for sympathy.

I saw the flowers appear,
And spread their petals out to meet the sun,
The dewdrops on their glistening leaves draw near
And mingle into one.

And if a harp was stirred
By the soft pulses of some wandering sound,
Attuned to the same key, then I have heard
Its chords untouched respond.

Fast through the vaulted sky,
Giving no sound or light, when storms were loud,
I saw the electric cloud in silence fly,
Seeking its sister cloud.

I saw the winds, and sea,
And all the hosts of heaven in bright array,
Governed by this sweet law of sympathy,
Roll on their destined way.

And then my spirit pined,
And, like the sea-shell for its parent sea,
Moaned for those kindred souls it could not find,
And panted to be free.

And then came wild Despair,
And laid her palsying hand upon my soul,
And her dread ministers were with her there—
The dagger and the bowl.

O God of life and light,
Thou who didst stay my hand in that dread hour,
Thou who didst save me in that fearful night
Of maddening Passion's power—

Before thy throne I bow:
I tear my worshipped idols from their shrine;
I give to thee, though bruised and aching now,
This heart—oh! make it thine.

I've sought to fill in vain
Its lonely, silent depths with human love:
Help me to cast away each earthly chain,
And rise to thee above.

TO ——, IN OBSCURITY.

In full-orbed splendor now the queen of Night
Among the stars walks in her pride of place,
And now again we miss that flood of light
That overflowed the azure fields of space.

But though her brightness meets no more the gaze,
As in her wonted orbit she declines,
Yet not extinguished are her silver rays—
She shines in shadow, but not less she shines.

Soon will she rise again upon the sight,
Passing the darkened shape that bids her wane;
Then shall we see her, in unclouded light,
Take her own place among the stars again.

ON A PICTURE OF HARVEY BIRCH.

FROM COOPER'S "SPY."

I know not if thy noble worth
My country's annals claim,
For in her brief, bright history
I have not read thy name.

I know not if thou e'er didst live,
Save in the vivid thought
Of him who chronicled thy life,
With silent suffering fraught.

Yet in thy history I see
Full many a great soul's lot,
Who joins that martyr-army's ranks,
That the world knoweth not;

Who can not weep "melodious tears"
For fame or sympathy,
But who in silence bear their doom
To suffer and to die;

For whom no poet's harp is struck,
No laurel wreath is twined;
Who pass unheard, unknown away,
And leave no trace behind;

Who, but for their unwavering trust
In Justice, Truth, and God,
Would faint upon their weary way,
And perish by the road.

Truth, Justice, God! oh, mighty faith,
To bear us up unharmed;
The gates of hell may not prevail
Against a soul so armed.

TO ——, WITH FLOWERS.

Go, ye sweet messengers,
To that dim-lighted room,
Where lettered wisdom from the walls
Sheds a delightful gloom;

Where sits in thought profound
One in the noon of life,
Whose flashing eye and fevered brow
Tell of the inward strife;

Who in those wells of lore
Seeks for the pearls of truth,
And to Ambition's fever dream
Gives his repose and youth.

To him, sweet ministers,
Ye shall a lesson teach;
Go in your fleeting loveliness,
More eloquent than speech.

Tell him in laurel wreaths
No perfume e'er is found,
And that upon a crown of thorns
Those leaves are ever bound.

Thoughts fresh as your own hues
Bear ye to that abode—
Speak of the sunshine and the sky,
Of Nature and of God.

SONNETS.

I. LOVE.

Go forth in life, oh, friend! not seeking love,
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love, to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace-gate:
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled—
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

II. THE LAKE AND STAR.

The mountain lake, o'ershadowed by the hills,
May still gaze heavenward on the evening star
Whose distant light its dark recesses fills,
Though boundless distance must divide them far;
Still may the lake the star's bright image bear,
Still may the star from its blue ether dome
Shower down its silver beams across the gloom,
And light the wave that wanders darkly there.
Star of my life! thus do I turn to thee
Amid the shadows that above me roll;
Thus from thy distant sphere thou shinest on me,
Thus does thine image float upon my soul,
Through the wide space that must our lives dissever
Far as the lake and star, ah me, for ever!

III. A REMEMBRANCE.

Night closes round me, and wild threatening forms
Clasp me with icy arms and chain me down,
And bind upon my brow a cypress crown
Dewy with tears, and Heaven frowns dark wit
But the one glorious memory of thee [storms:
Rises upon my path to guide and bless,
The bright Shekinah of the wilderness—
The polar star upon a trackless sea,
The beaming Pharos of the unreached shore—
It spans the clouds that gather o'er my way,
The rainbow of my life's tempestuous day.
Oh, blessed thought! stay with me evermore,
And shed thy lustrous beams where midnight glooms,
As fragant lamps burned in the ancient tombs.

IV. THE SUN AND STREAM.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning for the distant sun,
So ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest,
Did my life's current coldly, darkly run.
And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused far o'er the plains,
It floats etherealized in those warm rays,
So in the sunlight of thy fervid love
My heart, so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars all pain, all ill, all doubt above,
And breathes the ether of the upper heaven:
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine!

V. TO ——.

Ah no! my love knows no vain jealousy:
The rose that blooms and lives but in the s
Asks not what other flowers he shines upon
If he but shine on her. Enough for me
Thus in thy light to dwell, and thus to shar
The sunshine of thy smile with all things f
I know thou 'rt vowed to Beauty, not to Lov
I would not stay thy footsteps from one shri
Nor would I bind thee by a sigh to mine.
For me—I have no lingering wish to rove;
For though I worship all things fair, like th
Of outward grace, of soul-nobility,
Happier than thou, I find them all in one,
And I would worship at thy shrine alone!

VI. THE HONEY-BEE.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'e
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips—
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sip
The single drop of sweetness closely prest
Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet,
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns the nectar there.

VII. ASPIRATION.

The planted seed, consigned to common earth
Disdains to moulder with the baser clay,
But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves, and flowers, and tendrils f
And, bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering gale
Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
Would strive to pierce the dull, dark clod of se
With aspirations, wing·d and intense,
Would so stretch upward, in its tireless quest
To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest
So in the fragrance of the immortal flower, [
High thoughts and noble deeds, its life it would

VIII. TO THE SAVIOR.

Oh thou who once on earth, beneath the wei
Of our mortality didst live and move,
The incarnation of profoundest love;
Who on the Cross that love didst consumma
Whose deep and ample fulness could embra
The poorest, meanest of our fallen race:
How shall we e'er that boundless debt repay
By long loud prayers in gorgeous temples s
By rich oblations on thine altars laid?
Ah, no! not thus thou didst appoint the way
When thou wast bowed our human wo ben
Then as a legacy thou didst bequeath
Earth's sorrowing children to our ministry—
And as we do to them, we do to thee.

IX. FAITH.

Securely cabined in the ship below, [sea,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the
A pathless wilderness of waves to me:
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thornset barren and through deep morass,
But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

BONES IN THE DESERT.

Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb
Across the Arabian waste,
Upon the ever-shifting sands
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,
The traveller sees it rise—
A line of ghastly bones that bleach
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it, tempest and simoom
The desert-sands have strewed,
But still that line of spectral white
For ever is renewed.

For while along that burning track
The caravans move on,
Still do the wayworn pilgrims fall
Ere yet the shrine be won.

There the tired camel lays him down
And shuts his gentle eyes;
And there the fiery rider droops,
Toward Mecca looks, and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks:
On sweeps the endless train;
But there, to mark the desert path,
Their whitening bones remain.

As thus I read the mournful tale
Upon the traveller's page,
I thought how like the march of life
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattained,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

But beauty, manhood, love, and power,
Go in their morning down,
And longing eyes and outstretched arms
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life
Above their dust may sweep,
Nor shout nor trampling feet shall break
The rest of those who sleep.

Oh, fountains that I have not reached,
That gush far off e'en now,
When shall I quench my spirit's thirst
Where your sweet waters flow!

Oh, Mecca of my lifelong dreams,
Cloud palaces that rise
In that far distance pierced by hope,
When will ye greet mine eyes!

The shadows lengthen toward the east
From the declining sun,
And the pilgrim, as ye still recede,
Sighs for the journey done!

CHRIST BETRAYED.

Eighteen hundred years agone
Was that deed of darkness done—
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives—
Ever in thy heart he strives.
When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and Disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart:
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.
When he trod the Holy Land,
With his small disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom—
When the man, the human love,
And the God within him strove—
As in Gethsemané he wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept:
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed!
If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep—
Thou art one of those who sleep:
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race—
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny:
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold!

THE WASTED FOUNTAINS.

"And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they came to the pits and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty."—*Jeremiah* xiv. 3.

When the youthful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first,
And thou goest like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted, like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee in their emptiness
Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the golden fruits that tempted
Turn to ashes on the taste,
And thine early visions fade and pass
Like the mirage of the waste;

When faith darkens and hopes vanish
In the shade of coming years,
And the urn thou bearest is empty,
Or o'erflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have failed thee,
Though the founts of youth are dried,
Wilt thou among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the silver cord is loosened,
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! toward the east
Green oases thou shalt find—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as heaven;
It has labor, it has truth;

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done,
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There is rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan;
There are aching, there are breaking
Other hearts beside thine own.

From strong limbs that should be chainless,
There are fetters to unbind;
There are words to raise the fallen;
There is light to give the blind;

There are crushed and broken spirits
That electric thoughts may thrill;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

There are God and peace above thee:
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of heaven by prayer—
'Tis the key of the apostle
That opens heaven from below;
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go!

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

Greece! hear that joyful sound!
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there, he brings you wor
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove; One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the su
On your bewildered night
That Unknown God of whom ye darkly d
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shr
He points to Him who reared your starry sk
And bade your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bo
That God of gods commands your homage

But, brighter tidings still!
He tells of One whose precious blood was
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt;
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its c
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose

Sages of Greece! come near;
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of Time and Nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some First Cause
Through doubt and darkness—lo! he points t
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pa
Too vast to think upon:
That was from everlasting—that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally!

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade—your master's dreams grow
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that soun
Skeptic! dispel those doubts, the truth is fo

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories run
And through thy temples and thy pillared h
Immortal poets sung—
No sounds like these have rent your startled
They open realms of light and bid you enter

EMILY JUDSON.

s Emily Chubbuck, who under the ul pseudonyme of 'Fanny Forester' be- known as one of the most ingenious and nt female writers of the country, is a : of central New York; and after being ighly educated in the sciences suitable sex, and making herself familiar with est literature by a loving and critical of those authors who are the standards ught and diction, she became a teacher male seminary at Utica, where she was ng when she made her first essays as a r — some poetical contributions to the erbocker Magazine, and several small es illustrative of practical religion, is- by the American Baptist Publication So-

Early in June, 1844, while visiting ity of New York, she wrote a hasty elle for the New Mirror, then recent- ablished by Gen. Morris and Mr. N. P. s, scarcely thinking or caring that it l for a moment receive their attention. Ir. Willis's perception of beauty is in- ive: he saw at a glance that his corre- ent was possessed of extreme clever- – perhaps of genius — and his liberal rfectly sincere applause led Miss Chub- to that career of literature which soon her *nom de plume* as familiar as the s of the most popular authors. The paper under the signature of "Fanny ter" was published on the twenty-ninth ne in the New Mirror, and it was fol- l rapidly by all those sketches, essays, ems, which, two years afterward, when as on the eve of sailing for India, were ited under the title of Alderbrook.

1846, the missionary Judson — after a career of usefulness and true glory in East — returned to America, where he received by the churches in a manner ly of the greatness of his services to re- and civilization. "Fanny Forester," count of impaired health, sought the ge- limate of Philadelphia for the succeed- inter, and here he came to visit her and ade her to write the mortal history of who had joined the angels, leaving him alone in the ship in which they had started to- gether to revisit their native country. When the apostle of the Burmans described in sen- tences glowing with his fine enthusiasm, the condition of the missionary field, white with the harvests which so few were reaping, she kindled at the recital, and forgetting the bril- liant prospects of success in letters, the dear- est ties of home affections, determined to twine for the laurel which she cast aside, a wreath from these fields in the Orient, the grains in which should be stars to circle her brows for ever, and by their radiance to make more glorious the looked-for triumph of the Harvester of the world.

Early in the spring she returned to the home of her childhood, to bid a last farewell to all its inmates. Then she wrote — "My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lips is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age-dimmed eyes are dimmer with tears; young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first open- ing of the infant eye, and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meet- ing with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the space is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us — tread we with care! My mother we may neither of us close the other's dark- ened eyes, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes: but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother — difficult the path may be, but *very* bright

—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal, and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip, and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearthstone!"

She was married to Dr. Judson, and in July sailed with him on his return to India, where she is now occupied with the duties of her mission. Soon after her arrival, the barbarians robbed her of all the gifts and souvenirs, all the dresses, and all the cherished books, that she carried from America; and other trials of her faith came — but non ever make her look back with regret the task set before her: and her life be lived, it is trusted, will sometime, years from now, fill the brightest pa our missionary history.

The longest of Mrs. Judson's poems taroga, or the Maid of the Rock, in fou tos, containing altogether about one hu and fifty verses of the Spenserian me This was written in 1844, and it is ir to several of her later compositions, t there is spirit and grace in some of i scriptions of scenery and of Indian life. largest prose work, except Alderbrook very beautiful memoir of Mrs. Sarah Ju published in New York in 1848. Amo latest of her poems is the little piece en My Bird, of which the biographical s cance is sufficiently apparent.

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A-flinging his shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web were bedded;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours:
Not yet were Time's feet leaded!

But something there came slow stea'ing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly—
For thought hath a wearisome spell!

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves, were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark—and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly-woven thread;
And some there were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,
Sighs, and down-crushed hopes, and fears;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it a
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he pli
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And, with glozing words, he to win him st
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was r
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowe
And about his grizzled head;
And gathering close the folds of his shroud
Lay him down among the dead.

And I after saw, in a *robe of light*,
The weaver in the sky:
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, mid the folds, all the iris-hued
That beneath his touch had sprung;
More beautiful far than these stray ones of
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a s
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in t
Shone the labor of Sorrow and Gloom

And then I prayed, "When my last work i
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of Sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven!"

MINISTERING ANGELS.

Mother, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up his little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.
And when, Night's dark shadows fleeing,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there!

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose manly form thine eye
Loved full oft in pride to linger,
On whose heart thou couldst rely,
Though all other hearts deceived thee,
All proved hollow, earth grew drear,
Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
Hid thee from the cold world's sneer—
Has he left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way?
Nay; he still can guide and guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay:
Still, when danger hovers o'er thee,
He than danger is more near;
When in grief thou'st none to pity,
He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished
Of the gem that, in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
All its sunshine could impart?
Look above! 't is burning brighter
Than the very stars in heaven;
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
All its new-found glory 's given.
With the sons of earth commingling,
Thou the loved one mayst forget;
Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
May have power to win thee yet;
But e'en then that guardian spirit
Oft will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
Yet, although that gentle bosom,
Which has pillowed oft thy head,
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Can not rest among the dead.
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee
Through the day, and still at night
Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright.
Oh! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
How we weep to see them die!
All unthinking they 're the angels
That will guide us to the sky!

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN AFTER A SHORT ABSENCE.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes:
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met;
'T is but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou lovest so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 't was their holy spell
Which made that path so clearly bright,
Which strewed the roses there;
Which gave the light, and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother—
A happier never beat;
And even now new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.
Oh, mother! life may be "a dream,"
But if such dreams are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the truths of heaven?

I bear a happy heart, mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee.
And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye;
And like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then, I am very sad, mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there 's no heart whose inmost fold
Opes to me like thine own!
Though sunny smiles wreathe blooming lips,
While love-tones meet my ear—
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then, with a closer clasp, mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own
Once more before we part.
And, mother, to this lovelit spot,
When I am far away,
Come oft—too oft thou canst not come!—
And for thy darling pray.

TO SPRING.

A WELCOME, pretty maiden—
  Dainty-footed Spring!
Thou, with the treasures laden
  No other hand can bring.
While onward thou art tripping,
Children all around are skipping,
And the low brown eaves are dripping
  With the gladsomest of tears.

From mossed old trees are bursting
  The tiny specks of green;
Long have their pores been thirsting
  For the gushing sap, I ween;
With scarce a shade molesting,
The laughing light is resting
On the slender group that's cresting
  Yon fresh, green hillock's brow.

At the timid flower it glances,
  Beneath the maple's shade;
And foiled, it lightly dances
  With the bars the boughs have made;
On the waters of the river,
Still in a winter's shiver,
Its golden streamers quiver,
  O'er-brimmed with lusty life.

The folded buds are blushing
  On the gnarled apple-tree;
While, the small grass-blades a-crushing,
  Children gather them to see;
And the bee, thus early coming,
All around the clusters humming,
Upon the bland air thrumming,
  Plunges to the nectared sweets.

Life, life, the fields is flushing!
  Joy springs up from the ground;
And joyous strains are gushing
  From the woodland all around;
From birds on wild wings wheeling,
Up from the cottage stealing,
From the full-voiced woodman pealing,
  Ring out the tones of joy.

Thrice welcome, pretty maiden!
  With thy kiss upon my cheek,
Howe'er with care o'erladen,
  Of care I could not speak;
Now, I'll make a truce with sorrow,
And not one cloud will borrow
From the dark, unsunned morrow;
  I will be a child with thee.

DEATH.

WHEN day is dying in the west,
  Each flickering ray of crimson light,
The sky, in gold and purple dressed,
  The cloud, with glory all bedight,
  And every shade that ushers night,
And each cool breeze that comes to weave
Its dampness with my curls—all leave
  A lesson sad!
Last night I plucked a half-shut flower,
  Which blushed and nodded on its stem;
A thing to grace a Peri's bower;
  It seemed to me some priceless gem,
  Dropped from an angel's diadem;
But soon the blossom drooping lay,
And, as it withered, seemed to say,
  "We're passing a
I loved a fair-haired, gentle boy,
  (A bud of brightness—ah, too rare!)
I loved him, and I saw with joy
  Heaven's purity all centred there:
  But he went up, that heaven to share;
And, as his spirit from him stole,
His last look graved upon my soul,
  "Learn thus to di
I've seen the star that glowed in heaven,
  When other stars seemed half asleep,
As though from its proud station driven,
  Go rushing down the azure steep,
  Through space unmeasured, dark, and de
And, as it vanished far in night,
I read by its departing light,
  "Thus perish all!
I've, in its dotage, seen the year,
  Worn out and weary, struggling on,
Till falling prostrate on its bier,
  Time marked another cycle gone;
  And, as I heard the dying moan,
Upon my trembling heart there fell
The awful words, as by a spell,
  "Death, death to
They come on every breath of air,
  Which sighs its feeble life away;
They're whispered by each blossom fair,
  Which folds a lid at close of day;
  There's naught of earth, or sad or gay,
There's naught below the starlit skies,
But leaves one lesson as it flies—
  "Thou too must
And numberless those silvery chords,
  Dissevered by the spoiler's hand,
But each in breaking still affords
  A tone to say we all are banned;
  And on each brow by death-damps spann
The pall, the slowly moving hearse,
Is traced the burden of my verse—
  "Death, death to n

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

If there be light upon my being's cloud,
  I'll cast o'er other hearts its cheering ray
'T will add new brightness to my toilsom
But when my spirit's sadness doth enshrou
  Hope's coruscations, Pleasure's meteor gl
And darkness settles down upon my heart,
And Care exerts her blighting, cankering a
  Then, then, what I am not I'll strive to
Wo has no right her burden to divide,
To cast her shadows o'er a sunny soul:
So, though my bark rock on the troubled ti
  Or lie, half wrecked, upon the hidden st
The flowers of Hope shall garland it the w
Though plucked from out her urn in death to

CLINGING TO EARTH.

Oh, do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Though heaven is holier, and all full of light,
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I can not die! the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter flowers above,
Yet with these ones 't would be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams,
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness, and on earth oh let me stay.

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'T is that I love the world—its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows—
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm;

I love them all: but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light,
But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

Yes, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
Oh make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'T is sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love
(Fair, frail, spring blossoms) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows Sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every footprint; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit fingers stray o'er heav'n-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die! My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But, if to labor longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

THE BUDS OF THE SARANAC.*

An angel breathed upon a budding flower,
And on that breath the bud went up to heaven,
Yet left a fragrance in the little bower
To which its first warm blushes had been given,
And, by that fragrance nursed, another grew,
And so they both had being in the last,
And on this one distilled heaven's choicest dew,
And rays of glorious light were on it cast,
Until the floweret claimed a higher birth,
And would not open on a scene so drear,
For it was more of paradise than earth,
And strains from thence came ever floating near;
And so it passed, and long ere noontide's hour,
The buds of earth had oped, a heaven-born flower.

MY BIRD.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly,
Its tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There 's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine:
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer.
Room for my bird in paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Maulmain, (India,) January, 1846.

* Lucretia and Margaret Davidson.

ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Mrs. Eames, whose maiden name was Jesup, is a native of the state of New York, and her early years were passed on the banks of the Hudson. In 1837 she was married to Mr. W. S. Eames, and removed to New Hartford, near Utica, where she has since resided. Mrs. Eames was for several years a contributor to Mr. Greeley's New Yorker, and she now writes frequently for The Tribune; but many of her more carefully ished poems have appeared in Grah Magazine and the Southern Literary senger. She writes with feeling; but sh gards poetry as an art, and to the cultiva of it she brings her best powers. W thoughtful and earnest, therefore, her pi are for the most part distinguished f tasteful elegance.

CROWNING OF PETRARCH.

Arrayed in a monarch's royal robes,
With gold and purple gleaming,
And the broidered banners of the proud
Colonna o'er him streaming—
With the gorgeous pomp and pageantry
Of the Anjouite's court attended,
He came, that princely son of song:
And the haughtiest nobles rendered
Adoring homage to the laureate bard, [starred.
Whose sky was luminous—with fame and glory
And following his triumphal car,
Rome's youthful sons came singing
His passion kindled melodies,
With the silver clarion ringing
A prouder music—harp, and lute,
And lyre, all sweet sounds blending—
And the orient sun-god on his way
In dazzling lustre bending:
And radiant flowers their gem-like splendor shed
O'er the proud march that to the Eternal City led!

In all its ancient grandeur was
That sceptred city drest,
And pealing notes and plaudits rang
For him its sovereign guest:
The voice of the Seven Hills went up
From kingly hall and bower,
And throngs with laurel boughs poured forth
To grace that triumph hour;
While censers wafted rich perfume around,
And the glowing air with mirth and melody was crowned!

On, onward to the Capitol,
Italia's children crowded—
Over three hundred triumphs there
The sun had sat unclouded:
For crowned kings and conquerors haught'
Had trod that path to glory,
And poets won bright wreaths and names
To live in song and story!
But ne'er before, king, bard, or victor came,
Winning such honors for his name and poet-fame.

The glittering gates are passed, and he
Hath gained the imperial summit,
And deep rich strains of harmony
Are proudly floating from it:
Incense—sunshine—and the swelling
Shout of a nation's heart beneath him,
Go up to his glorious place of pride,
While the kingly Orsos wreathe him!
Well may the bard's enraptured heart beat hi
Filled with the exulting thought of his gift's b victory.

Crowned one of Rome! from that lofty hei
Thou wear'st a conqueror's seeming—
Thy dark, deep eye with the radiance
Of inspiration beaming;
Thou'st won the living wreath for which
Thy young ambition panted;
Thy aspiring dream is realized:
Hast thou one wish ungranted?
Kings bow to the might of thy genius-gifted m
Hast thou one unattained hope, in the deep h enshrined?

Oh, wreathed lord of the lyre of song!
Even then thy heart was haunted
With one wild and passionate wish to lay
That crown, a gift enchanted,
Low at her feet, whose smile was more
Than glory, fame, or power—
For whose dear sake was won, and worn,
The glittering laurel flower!
Oh, little worth thy bright renown to thee,
Unshared by her, the star of thy idolatry!

Thanks to thy lyre! she liveth yet,
Oh poet, in thy numbers—
The peerless star of Avignon,
Who shone o'er all thy slumbers:
Entire and sole idolatry
At Laura's shrine was given,
Yet was her life-lot severed far
From thine as earth and heaven!
And thou, the crowned of Rome—gifted and gre
Stood in thy glory still alone and desolate!

THE DEATH OF PAN.

the Ionian sea a voice came sighing—
ce of mournful sweetness and strange power,
on the scented breeze when day was dying,
ugh fair Arcadie's sylvan groves and bowers,
her thousand sunny colored rills—
airy peopled vales and haunted fountains—
her glens, and grots, and antique hills,
o'er her vine-hung, purple tinted mountains,
eard that piercing, haunting voice, which said,
od of Song, the once great Pan, is dead!

ld Sileni in their sparry caves— [cesses—
fauns and wood nymphs in their green re-
ovely naiads by the whispering waves—
oriads, through all their mountain passes,
when that voice thrilled on the silent air:
stately shepherd, and the soft eyed maiden,
dwelt in Arcadie—the famed and fair
t—for that moaning voice, with sorrow laden,
hat the sylvan king, with his gay court,
d join no more their song and greenwood sport.

he in Thessaly, that land enchanted?
'empe's ever rich, romantic vale!
ear Peneus, whose classic tide is haunted?
id Olympus listen to the wail
his satyrs? Died he where
infancy to Sinoe's care was given,
first his flute-tones melted on the air,
filled with music Grecia's glorious heaven?
e many a wild and long remembered strain
oured for shepherdess and rustic swain?

s! he died in Arcadie, and never
his favorite haunts did mirth return:
oice of song was hushed by wood and river,
g did his children for his presence yearn—
ever more by old Alpheus' shore
heard the song-voice of the god of gladness:
meful reed its numbers poured no more
ere Dian and her oriads roved in sadness;
oul of love and melody had fled
rom Arcadie—the great Pan was dead!

CLEOPATRA.

ANTRESS queen! whose empire of the heart
h sovereign sway o'er sea and land extended,
se peerless, haunting charms, and siren art,
n from the imperial Cæsar conquests splendid:
sent her thousands forth, and foreign powers
red in thy woman's hand an empire's treasures.
Fate beside thee in those gorgeous hours
en monarchs knelt, slaves to thy merest pleas-
n but a gesture of thy royal hand [ures?
to the proud triumvirs a command.

right Egyptian queen! thy day is past
h the young Cæsar—lo! the spell is broken
thy all radiant beauty o'er him cast;
eye is cold—wo for thy grief unspoken!
hy proud features wear a mask, which tells
v true thou art to thy commanding nature:
more, in all thy wild, bewildering spells, [ture;
u standest robed and crowned, imperial crea-
Thy royal barge is on the sunny sea—
Oh, sceptred queen! goest thou victoriously?

But hark! a trumpet's thrilling call to arms
O'er the soft sounds of lute and lyre ringeth!
Doubt not thy matchless sovereignty of charms,
But haste—the victor of Philippi bringeth
His shielded warriors and lords renowned; [thee,
With spear and princely crest they come to meet
Arrayed for triumph, and with laurels crowned:
How will their stern and haughty leader treat thee!
He comes to conquer—lo! on bended knee
The spell-bound Roman pleads, and yields to thee!

Once more the world is thine: exultingly
Thy beautiful and stately head is lifted.
He lives but in thy smile—proud Antony,
The crowned of empire—he, the grandly gifted.
The spoils of nations at thy feet are laid—
The wealth of kingdoms for thy favor scattered:
Oh, siren of the Nile! thy love has made
The royal Roman's ruin! crowns were shattered
And kingdoms lost: fame, honor, glory, power,
Were playthings given to grace thy triumph-hour.

Another change! the last for thee, doomed queen,
Now calmly on thine ivory couch reclining—
The impassioned glow hath left thy marble mien,
And from thy night-black eyes hath past the shining.
But still a queen! that brow, so icy cold,
Its diadem of starry jewels beareth:
Robed in the royal purple, and the gold,
No conqueror's chain that form imperial beareth.
To grace Death's triumph was but left for thee,
Daughter of Afric, by the asp set free!

MY MOTHER.

My mother! oft as thy dear name I mention,
Or trace thine image in my musing dream,
How strain my heart nerves to their fullest tension;
How swells and bounds, like an imprisoned stream,
My restless spirit to go forth to thee,
Whose dear, dear face, I in each nightly vision see.

Dear mother, of the thousand strings which waken
The sleeping harp within the human heart,
The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,
Is that in which the mother's voice bears part:
Her still, small voice, which e'en the careless ear
Turneth with deep reverence and pure delight to hear.....

But once, kind mother, might this aching forehead
Feel the soft pressure of thy gentle hand—
Could this poor heart, that so hath pined and sorrowed,
Yet once more feel its pulse of hope expand
At thy dear presence—oh, mother, might this be,
I could die blessing God, for one last look at thee!

For one last word—alas! that I should ever
E'en carelessly have caused thy heart a pain!
How oft, amid my late life's "fitful fever,"
Thy many acts of kindness rise again—
Unheeded then, but well remembered now.
Oh for thy blessing said once more above my brow!

Fond wish, but vain! and I am weak to smother
The human yearnings that my bosom fill;
Thou canst but hope and pray, dear distant mother,
That the All-pitying may aid me still—
Aid thy frail child to lift, in lowly trust,
The burden of her heart above this trembling dust.

And pray that as the shadowy hour draws nearer,
God may irradiate and purify
My spirit's inmost vision, to see clearer
Through Death's dim veil the pathway to the sky!
Mother beloved! oh let this comfort thee,
That in yon blissful heaven shall no more partings be.

SONNETS.

I. MILTON.

Learned and illustrious of all poets thou,
Whose Titan intellect sublimely bore
The weight of years unbent—thou, on whose brow
Flourished the blossom of all human lore:
How dost thou take us back, as 't were by vision,
To the grave learning of the Sanhedrim;
And we behold in visitings Elysian,
Where waved the white wings of the cherubim;
But, through thy "Paradise Lost," and "Regained,"
We might, enchanted, wander evermore.
Of all the genius-gifted thou hast reigned
King of our hearts; and till upon the shore
Of the Eternal dies the voice of Time, [sublime.
Thy name shall mightiest stand—pure, brilliant, and

II. DRYDEN.

Not dearer to the scholar's eye than mine,
(Albeit unlearned in ancient classic lore,)
The daintie poesie of days of yore—
The choice old English rhyme—and over thine,
Oh, "glorious John," delightedly I pore:
Keen, vigorous, chaste, and full of harmony,
Deep in the soil of our humanity
It taketh root, until the goodly tree
Of poesy puts forth green branch and bough, [gloom
With bud and blossom sweet. Through the rich
Of one embowered haunt I see thee now, [bloom.
Where 'neath thy hand the "Flower and Leaflet"
That hand to dust hath mouldered long ago,
Yet its creations with immortal life still glow.

III. ADDISON.

Thou, too, art worthy of all praise, whose pen,
"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"
did shed
A noontide glory over Milton's head—
He, "prince of poets"—thou, the prince of men:
Blessings on thee, and on the honored dead!
How dost thou charm for us the touching story
Of the lost children in the gloomy wood—
Haunting dim memory with the early glory
That in youth's golden years our hearts imbued.
From the fine world of olden poetry,
Lifelike and fresh, thou bringest forth again
The gallant heroes of an earlier reign,
And blend them in our minds with thoughts of thee,
Whose name is ever shrined in old-world memory.

IV. TASSO.

Above thy golden verse I bent me late,
And read of bright Sophronia's lover young
Of fair Erminia's flight—Clorinda's fate:
While over Godfrey's deeds enwrapt I hung
And Tancred's, told in soft Italia's tongue!
Thou who didst tune thy harp for Salem's shrin
Thou the renowned and gifted among men—
Tasso, superior with the sword and pen:
Oh, poet-heir! vain was the dower divine
To still the unrest of thy human heart!
Lonely and cold did Glory's star-beam shine
For him who saw a lovelier light depart!
Oh, master of the lyre! did not thy touch [m
Tell how the heart may break, that Love has trou

V. TO THE AUTHORESS OF THE SINLESS CHI

Oft as I bend o'er thy sweet "sinless child,"
I pause to think of thee, oh, ladye fair!
And fancy conjures up a vision rare
Of grace ethereal and beauty mild:
I picture thee with soft and gleamy hair,
Down shapely shoulders floating goldenly—
With Eva's eye, and brow, and spiritual air.
And purest lip—'t is thus I picture thee.
I know not if this shadowy ideal
Do justice to the animated real.
I ne'er have looked upon thy form of face,
Albeit they tell me thou art passing fair;
I know but of the Intellectual there,
And shape from thence all loveliness and gra

VI. TO THE AUTHORESS OF THE SINLESS CHI
(CONTINUED.)

Lady! less easy were it now to tell
How the soft radiance of thy dove-like eyes
Won me to love thee, by its mingled spell
Of tenderness and graceful majesty—
And how thy voice, the "ever soft and low,"
Like music strains returns to haunt me now.
Thine, too, is the far higher charm, which ha
Its pure source in the spirit depth bel. w:
For thou hast dallied in no idle path,
But, in the free aspiring of thy soul,
Hast gloriously disproved the common faith,
That man alone may reach the mental goal.
Oh, lady dear! still on thine honored head [s
Blessings of heaven and earth a thousand fol

VII. THE PAST.

In her strange, shadowy coronet she weareth
The faded jewels of an earlier time;
An ancient sceptre in her hand she beareth—
The purple of her robe is past its prime.
Through her thin silvery locks still dimly shi
The flower wreath woven by pale Mem'ry's fin
Her heart is withered—yet it strangely shrin
In its lone urn a light that fitful lingers.
With her low, muffled voice of mystery, [pa
She reads old legends from Time's moulde
She telleth the present the recorded history
And change perpetual of bygone ages:
Her pilgrim feet still seek the haunted sod [
Once ours, but now by naught but memory's foot

VIII. DIEM PERDIDI.

When the Emperor Titus remembered, at night, that he had done nothing beneficial during the day, he used to exclaim, 'I have lost a day!'

O GREATLY wise! thou of the crown and rod,
Robed in the purple majesty of kings—
Power was thine own where'er thy footsteps trod,
Yet didst thou mourn if Time on idle wings
Went by for thee! Deep sunk in thought wert thou—
And sadness rested on thy noble brow,
If, when the dying day closed o'er thy head,
Thou hadst no knowledge gained, no good conferred:
"Diem Perdidi" was the thought that stirred
Thy conscious soul, when night her curtain spread.
Oh emperor, greatly wise! could we so deal
With misspent hours, and win thy faith sublime,
We should not be (mid the soul's mute appeal)
Such triflers with the solemn trust of Time!

IX., X. BOOKS.

"Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."—Solomon.

"OF making many books there is no end,"
Said the wise monarch of the olden time;
Yet, through all ages and in every clime
Doth the pale seeker o'er his studies bend,
The intellectual Numen to obey,
Eager and anxious still: still doth he toil
(Making the night familiar as the day)
To find the clew to loose the ravelled coil—
To pierce the depth of things that hidden lie
The oil of life consumeth: this he knoweth,
Yet, with a feverish brow and streaming eye,
He seeks to find—and patiently bestoweth
His midnight laborings in Wisdom's mine, [shine.
To win for earth the gems that midst its darkness

"Much study is a weariness." The sage
Who gave his mind, to seek and search until
He knew all wisdom, found that on the page
Knowledge and Grief were vow'd companions still.
And so the students of a later day
Sit down among the records of old Time
To hold high commune with the thoughts sublime
Of minds long gone; so they too pass away,
And leave us what! their course, to toil, reflect,
To feel the thorn pierce through our gathered flowers,
Still midst the leaves the earth-worm to detect.
And this is knowledge: wisdom is not ours.
Oh! well the Preacher bids his son admonished be,
That all the days of man's short life are vanity!

THE PICTURE OF A DEPARTED POETESS.

THIS still, clear, radiant face! doth it resemble
In each fair, faultless lineament thine own?
Methinks on that enchanting lip doth tremble
The soul that breathes thy lyre's melodious tone.
The soul of music, oh! ethereal spirit,
Fills the dream-haunted sadness of thine eyes;
Sweet poetess! thou surely didst inherit
Thy gifts celestial from the upper skies.

Clear on the expansion of that snow-white forehead
Sits intellectual beauty, meekly throned;
Yet oh, the expression tells that thou hast sorrowed,
And in thy yearning, human heart, atoned
For thy soul's lofty gifts!—on earth, oh never
Was the deep thirsting of thy bosom stilled!
The "aching void" followed thee here for ever—
The better land thy dream of love fulfilled.

CHARITY.

ALL stainless in the holy white
Of her broad mantle, lo! the maiden cometh
Lip, cheek, and brow, serenely bright,
With that calm look of deep delight.
Beautiful! on the mountain-top she roameth.

"The soft gray of the brooding dove"
With melting radiance in her eye she weareth,
Her heart is full of trust and love—
For an angel mission from above,
In tranquil beauty, o'er the earth she beareth.

The music of humanity
Flows from her tuneful lips in sweetest numbers:
Of all life's pleasant ministries—
Of universal harmonies—
She sings: no care her mind encumbers.

Glad tidings doth she ever sound—
Good will to man throughout the world is sending;
Blessings and gifts she scatters round:
Peace to her name, with whom is found
The olive branch, in holy beauty bending.

FLOWERS IN A SICK ROOM.

YE are welcome to my darkened room,
O meek and lonely wildwood flowers!
Ye are welcome, as light amid the gloom
That hangs upon my weary hours.
Here by my lowly couch of languishment and sorrow
Your station take, that I may from your presence borrow
Lessons of hope, and lowly trust,
That He whose touch revived your bloom.
Hath the same power o'er this poor dust,
To raise it from the shadowy tomb!

Thanks for your presence! for ye bring
Back to the aching heart and eye
Bright visions of the festal Spring,
Its blossoms, birds, and azure sky.
Now, far from each green haunt and sunny nook estranged,
Fading and faint, I lie; yet in my heart unchanged
Glows the same love for you, fair flowers,
As when my unchained footsteps trod
Lightly amidst your forest bowers,
And plucked ye from the dewy sod!

And THOU, who gavest these grateful flowers,
I bless thee for thy thought of me!
And that through long and painful hours
My vigils have been shared by thee.
I bless thee for the kindness and care which ne'er have faltered,
For the noble, loving heart that through ill remains unaltered!
A little while, companion dear,
And e'en thy watchful care shall cease:
Oh, grieve not when the hour draws near,
But thank Heaven that it bringeth peace!

EMELINE S. SMITH.

Miss Emeline Sherman, now Mrs. Smith, was born in New Baltimore, Greene county, New York, and in 1836 was married to Mr. James M. Smith, of the New York bar. Mrs. Smith has been a contributor to several of the leading literary journals, and in 1847 she published a volume entitled The Fairy's Search, and other Poems, in which she has evinced considerable fancy, and a poetical vein of sentiment. Her distinguishing characteristics are a religious delight in nature, and a contentment with home affections and pleasures, which in one form or another are the materiel of the finest poetry of women.

HYMN TO THE DEITY,

IN THE CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE.

Thou Giver of all earthly good—
Thou wonder-working Power,
Whose spirit smiles in every star,
And breathes in every flower:
How gratefully we speak thy name—
How gladly own thy sway!
How thrillingly thy presence feel,
When mid thy works we stray!

We may forget thee for a time,
In scenes with tumult rife,
Where worldly cares or pleasures claim
Too large a share of life;
But not in Nature's sweet domain,
Where everything we see,
From loftiest mount to lowliest flower,
Is eloquent of thee.

Where waves lift up their tuneful voice,
And solemn anthems chime;
Where winds through echoing forests peal
Their melodies sublime;
Where e'en insensate objects breathe
Devotion's grateful lays—
Man can not choose but join the choir
That hymns his Maker's praise.

Beneath the city's gilded domes,
In temples decked with care,
Where Art and Splendor vie to make
Thine earthly mansions fair,
Our forms may lowly bend, our lips
May breathe a formal lay,
The whilst our wayward hearts refuse
These holy rites to pay.

But in that grander temple, reared
By thine Almighty hand,
Where glorious beauty bids the mind's
Diviner powers expand,
Our thoughts, like grateful vassals, give
An homage glad and free;
Our souls in adoration bow,
And mutely reverence Thee.

WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF BLISS, BELOVED.

We've had our share of bliss, beloved,
We've had our share of bliss;
And mid the varying scenes of life,
Let us remember this.
If sorrows come, from vanished joy
We'll borrow such a light
As the departed sun bestows
Upon the queen of night:
And thus, by Memory's moonbeams cheered,
Hope's sun we shall not miss,
But tread life's path as gay as when
We had our share of bliss.

'T is true our sky hath had its clouds,
Our spring its stormy hours—
When we have mourned, as all must mourn,
O'er blighted buds and flowers;
And true, our bark hath sometimes neared
Despair's most desert shore,
When gloomy looked the waves around,
And dark the land before:
But Love was ever at the helm—
He could not go amiss,
So long as two fond spirits sang,
"We've had our share of bliss."

These holy watchwords of the Past
Shall be the Future's stay—
For by their magic aid we'll keep
A host of ills at bay.
Our happy hearts, like tireless bees,
Have revelled mid the flowers,
And hived a store of summer sweets
To cheer life's wintry hours:
While Memory lives, and Love remains,
We'll ask no more than this—
But ever sing, in grateful strains,
"We've had our share of bliss."

S. MARGARET FULLER.

Miss Margaret Fuller is best known as a prose writer. Her Woman in the Nineteenth Century, Papers on Literature and Art, Summer on the Lakes, etc., entitle her undoubtedly to be ranked among the first authors of her sex. I have recently re-read these works, incited to do so by the apparent candor and decided sagacity displayed in the Letters she has written to The Tribune during her residence in Europe; and I confess some change of opinion in her favor since writing the article upon her in The Prose Writers of America. Few can boast so wide a range of literary culture; perhaps none write so well with as much facility; and there is marked individuality in all her productions. As a poet, we have few illustrations of her abilities; but what we have are equal to her reputation. She is said to have written much more poetry than she has published.

GOVERNOR EVERETT RECEIVING THE INDIAN CHIEFS, NOVEMBER, 1837.

Who says that poesy is on the wane,
And that the Muses tune their lyres in vain?
Mid all the treasures of romantic story,
When thought was fresh and fancy in her glory,
Has ever Art found out a richer theme,
More dark a shadow, or more soft a gleam,
Than fall upon the scene, sketched carelessly,
In the newspaper column of to-day?
American romance is somewhat stale.
Talk of the hatchet, and the faces pale,
Wampum and calumets, and forests dreary,
Once so attractive, now begins to weary.
Uncas and Magawisca please us still—
Unreal, yet idealized with skill;
But every poetaster, scribbling witling,
From the majestic oak his stylus whittling,
Has helped to tire us, and to make us fear
The monotone in which so much we hear
Of "stoics of the wood," and "men without a tear."
Yet Nature, ever buoyant, ever young,
If let alone, will sing as erst she sung:
The course of circumstance gives back again
The picturesque, erewhile pursued in vain—
Shows us the fount of romance is not wasted,
The lights and shades of contrast not exhausted.
Shorn of his strength, the Samson now must sue
For fragments from the feast his fathers gave;
The Indian dare not claim what is his due,
But as a boon his heritage must crave:
His stately form shall soon be seen no more
Through all his father's land, th' Atlantic shore;
Beneath the sun, to us so kind, they melt—
More heavily each day our rule is felt:
The tale is old—we do as mortals must;
Might makes right here, but God and Time are just.
So near the drama hastens to its close,
On this last scene awhile your eyes repose:
The polished Greek and Scythian meet again,
The ancient life is lived by modern men—
The savage through our busy cities walks—
He in his untouched grandeur silent stalks!
Unmoved by all our gayeties and shows,
Wonder nor shame can touch him as he goes;
He gazes on the marvels we have wrought,
But knows the models from whence all was brought;
In God's first temples he has stood so oft,
And listened to the natural organ loft—
Has watched the eagle's flight, the muttering thunder heard,
Art can not move him to a wondering word:
Perhaps he sees that all this luxury
Brings less food to the mind than to the eye;
Perhaps a simple sentiment has brought
More to him than your arts had ever taught.
What are the petty triumphs Art has given,
To eyes familiar with the naked heaven?
All has been seen—dock, railroad, and canal,
Fort, market, bridge, college, and arsenal,
Asylum, hospital, and cotton-mill.
The theatre, the lighthouse, and the jail.
The Braves each novelty, reflecting, saw,
And now and then growled out the earnest *yaw*;
And now the time is come, 't is understood,
When, having seen and thought so much, a *talk* may do some good.
A well dressed mob have thronged the sight to greet,
And motley figures throng the spacious street;
Majestical and calm through all they stride,
Wearing the blanket with a monarch's pride;
The gazers stare and shrug, but can't deny
Their noble forms and blameless symmetry
If the Great Spirit their morals has slighted,
And wigwam smoke their mental culture blighted,
Yet the physique, at least, perfection reaches,
In wilds where neither Combe nor Spurzheim teaches—
Where whispering trees invite man to the chase,
And bounding deer allure him to the race.
Would thou hadst seen it! That dark, stately band,
Whose ancestors enjoyed all this fair land,
Whence they, by force or fraud, were made to flee,
Are brought, the white man's victory to see.

Can kind emotions in their proud hearts glow,
As through these realms, now decked by art, they go?
The church, the school, the railroad, and the mart—
Can these a pleasure to their minds impart?
All once was theirs—earth, ocean, forest, sky—
How can they joy in what now meets the eye?
Not yet Religion has unlocked the soul,
Nor each has learned to glory in the whole!
Must they not think, so strange and sad their lot,
That they by the Great Spirit are forgot?
From the far border to which they are driven,
They might look up in trust to the clear heaven;
But here—what tales doth every object tell
Where Massasoit sleeps—where Philip fell!

We take our turn, and the philosopher
Sees through the clouds a hand which can not err,
An unimproving race, with all their graces
And all their vices, must resign their places;
And human culture rolls its onward flood
Over the broad plains steeped in Indian blood.
Such thoughts steady our faith—yet there will rise
Some natural tears into the calmest eyes—
Which gaze where forest princes haughty go,
Made for a gaping crowd a raree show.

But *this* a scene seems where, in courtesy,
The pale face with the forest prince could vie,
For One presided who, for tact and grace,
In any age had held an honored place—
In Beauty's own dear day, had shone a polished
Phidian vase!

Oft have I listened to his accents bland,
And owned the magic of his silvery voice,
In all the graces which life's arts demand,
Delighted by the justness of his choice.
Not his the stream of lavish, fervid thought—
The rhetoric by passion's magic wrought;
Not his the massive style, the lion port,
Which with the granite class of mind assort;
But, in a range of excellence his own,
With all the charms to soft persuasion known,
Amid our busy people we admire him—"elegant
and lone."

He scarce needs words, so exquisite the skill
Which modulates the tones to do his will,
That the mere sound enough would charm the ear,
And lap in its Elysium all who hear.
The intellectual paleness of his cheek,
The heavy eyelids, and slow, tranquil smile,
The well cut lips from which the graces speak,
Fit him alike to win or to beguile;
Then those words so well chosen, fit, though few,
Their linked sweetness as our thoughts pursue,
We deem them spoken pearls, or radiant diamond
dew.

And never yet did I admire the power
Which makes so lustrous every threadbare theme—
Which won for Lafayette one other hour,
And e'en on July fourth could cast a gleam—
As now, when I behold him play the host
With all the dignity which red men boast—
With all the courtesy the whites have lost:
Assume the very hue of savage mind,
Yet in rude accents show the thought refined—
Assume the naiveté of infant age,
And in such prattle seem still more a sage,
The golden mean with tact unerring seized,
A courtly critic shone, a simple savage pleased
The stoic of the woods his skill confessed,
As all the Father answered in his breast,
To the sure mark the silver arrow sped,
The man without a tear a tear has shed:
And thou hadst wept, had thou been there, to
How true one sentiment must ever be,
In court or camp, the city or the wild, [ch
To rouse the father's heart, you need but name
'Twas a fair scene—and acted well by all:
So here's a health to Indian braves so tall—
Our governor and Boston people all!

THE SACRED MARRIAGE.

And has another's life as large a scope?
It may give due fulfilment to thy hope,
And every portal to the unknown may ope.
If, near this other life, thy inmost feeling
Trembles with fateful prescience of revealing
The future Deity, time is still concealing:
If thou feel thy whole force drawn more and m
To launch that other bark on seas without a sh
And no still secret must be kept in store—
If meannesses that dim each temporal deed,
The dull decay that mars the fleshly weed, [see
And flower of love that seems to fall and leave
Hide never the full presence from thy sight
Of mutual aims and tasks, ideals bright, [bli
Which feed their roots to-day on all this seem
Twin stars that mutual circle in the heaven,
Two parts for spiritual concord given
Twin sabbaths that inlock the sacred seven—
Still looking to the centre for the cause,
Mutual light giving to draw out the powers,
And learning all the other groups by cognizance
one another's laws:
The parent love the wedded love includes,
The one permits the two their mutual moods,
The two each other know mid myriad multitud
With childlike intellect discerning love,
And mutual action energizing love,
In myriad forms affiliating love.
A world whose seasons bloom from pole to pol
A force which knows both starting-point and g
A home in heaven—the union in the soul.

SONNETS.

I. ORPHEUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the poet can be wise,
Must make the sad Persephoné his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose through too much lo
Must lose his life by living life too true,
For what he sought below is passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pai
Must search all Nature with his one soul's fire
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining vi

II. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

arms of melody, in simple airs,
man voices sung, are always felt;
thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
et ills, which our frail nature bears.
ıten, weep, forget. But when the throng
eat master's thoughts, above the reach
ls or colors, wire and wood can teach
rs which to the spirit-world belong—
several parts, to tell one mood combined,
meaning on us we can ne'er express,
to matter subtlest powers of mind,
or joys attentive souls confess:
rmony which suns and stars obey, [day.
our earthbound state with visions of supernal

III. BEETHOVEN.

ıtellectual master of the art,
ı, best of all, teaches the mind of man
niverse in all its varied plan—
rangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
e faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;
reathes the softest sigh that Love e'er knows;
udden fancies, seeming without chart,
nto wildest breezy interludes;
ıt is all forgot—hopes sweetly breathe,
r whole being glows—when lo! beneath
ıwery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
. we strive to free us from the chain—
'high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

IV. MOZART.

e intellect and passions strong
ven speak, with such resistless power,
g us share the full creative hour,
ıis wand fixed wild Fancy's mystic throng,
ure's finest lyre! to thee belong
epest, softest tones of tenderness,
purity the listening angels bless,
lvery clearness of seraphic song.
hose chords, oh heavenward striving soul!
, which never found its home on earth,
ely vibrates, even in thy mirth,
ıtle laws thy lightest notes control;
r that sadness! spheral concords felt
ıost those hearts which most they melt.

ALLSTON'S PICTURE, "THE BRIDE."

g enough we gaze upon that face,
re enough the life with which we live,
ıll tranced by that softest grace,
ı all pearls those lucid depths can give;
ıntasy has borrowed wings of Even,
ɔlen Twilight's latest, sacred hues,
ıas visited the woman's heaven,
palest lights a silver sheen diffuse,
ıright the vision which he saw,
ıst ascend as high upon the stair
eads the human thought to heavenly law,
e the flower bloom in its natal air;
ght we read aright the lip and brow,
Thought and Love beam too subduing for
ur senses now.

TO EDITH, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

If the same star our fates together bind,
Why are we thus divided, mind from mind?
If the same law one grief to both impart,
How couldst thou grieve a trusting mother's heart?
Our aspiration seeks a common aim,
Why were we tempered of such differing frame?
—But 'tis too late to turn this wrong to right;
Too cold, too damp, too deep, has fallen the night!
And yet, the angel of my life replies—
"Upon that night a Morning Star shall rise,
Fairer than that which ruled the temporal birth,
Undimmed by vapors of the dreamy earth."
It says, that, where a heart thy claim denies,
Genius shall read its secret ere it flies;
The earthly form may vanish from thy side,
Pure love will make thee still the Spirit's bride.
And thou, ungentle, yet much-loving child,
Whose heart still shows the 'untamed haggard wild,'
A heart which justly makes the highest claim,
Too easily is checked by transient blame;
Ere such an orb can ascertain its sphere,
The ordeal must be various and severe;
My prayers attend thee, though the feet may fly,
I hear thy music in the silent sky.

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLINOIS.

Familiar to the childish mind were tales
Of rock-girt isles amid a desert sea,
Where unexpected stretch the flowery vales
To soothe the shipwrecked sailor's misery.
Fainting, he lay upon a sandy shore,
And fancied that all hope of life was o'er;
But let him patient climb the frowning wall,
Within, the orange glows beneath the palm tree tall,
And all that Eden boasted waits his call.
Almost these tales seem realized to-day,
When the long dullness of the sultry way,
Where independent settlers' careless cheer
Made us indeed feel we were strangers here,
Is cheered by sudden sight of this fair spot,
On which improvement yet has made no blot,
But Nature all astonished stands, to find
Her plan protected by the human mind.
Blest be the kindly genius of the scene:
The river, bending in unbroken grace,
The stately thickets, with their pathways green,
Fair lonely trees, each in its fittest place.
Those thickets haunted by the deer and fawn;
Those cloudlike flights of birds across the lawn;
The gentlest breezes here delight to blow, [the show.
And sun and shower and star are emulous to deck
Wondering, as Crusoe, we survey the land—
Happier than Crusoe we, a friendly band:
Blest be the hand that reared this friendly home,
The heart and mind of him to whom we owe
Hours of pure peace such as few mortals know,
May he find such, should he be led to roam—
Be tended by such ministering sprites—
Enjoy such gayly childish days, such hopeful nights
And yet, amid the goods to mortals given,
To give those goods again is most like Heaven.

ON LEAVING THE WEST.

Farewell, ye soft and sumptuous solitudes!
Ye fairy distances, ye lordly woods,
Haunted by paths like those that Poussin knew,
When after his all gazers eyes he drew:
I go—and if I never more may steep
An eager heart in your enchantments deep,
Yet ever to itself that heart may say,
Be not exacting—thou hast lived one day—
Hast looked on that which matches with thy mood,
Impassioned sweetness of full being's flood,
Where nothing checked the bold yet gentle wave,
Where naught repelled the lavish love that gave.
A tender blessing lingers o'er the scene,
Like some young mother's thought, fond, yet serene,
And through its life new born our lives have been.
Once more farewell—a sad, a sweet farewell;
And if I never must behold you more,
In other worlds I will not cease to tell
The rosary I here have numbered o'er;
And bright-haired Hope will lend a gladdened ear,
And Love will free him from the grasp of Fear,
And Gorgon critics, while the tale they hear,
Shall dew their stony glances with a tear,
If I but catch one echo from your spell:
And so farewell—a grateful, sad farewell!

GANYMEDE TO HIS EAGLE.*

SUGGESTED BY A WORK OF THORWALDSEN'S.

Upon the rocky mountain stood the boy,
A goblet of pure water in his hand,
His face and form spoke him one made for joy,
A willing servant to sweet love's command;
But a strange pain was written on his brow,
And thrilled throughout his silver accents now:

"My bird," he cries, "my destined brother friend,
Oh whither fleets to-day thy wayward flight?
Hast thou forgotten that I here attend,
From the full noon until this sad twilight?
A hundred times, at least, from the clear spring,
Since the full noon o'er hill and valley glowed,
I've filled the vase which our Olympian king
Upon my care for thy sole use bestowed;
That, at the moment when thou shouldst descend,
A pure refreshment might thy thirst attend.

Hast thou forgotten earth—forgotten me,
Thy fellow bondsman in a royal cause,
Who, from the sadness of infinity,
Only with thee can know that peaceful pause
In which we catch the flowing strain of love
Which binds our dim fates to the throne of Jove?

Before I saw thee I was like the May,
Longing for summer that must mar its bloom,
Or like the morning star that calls the day,
Whose glories to its promise are the tomb;
And as the eager fountain rises higher,
To throw itself more strongly back to earth,
Still, as more sweet and full rose my desire,
More fondly it reverted to its birth;

For, what the rosebud seeks tells not the ros
The meaning foretold by the boy the man ca
disclose.
I was all spring, for in my being dwelt
Eternal youth, where flowers are the fruit;
Full feeling was the thought of what was fe
Its music was the meaning of the lute:
But heaven and earth such life will still den
For earth, divorced from heaven, still asks the
tion, Why?
Upon the highest mountains my young feet
Ached, that no pinions from their lightness g
My starlike eyes the stars would fondly greet
Yet win no greeting from the circling blue;
Fair, self-subsistent each in its own sphere,
They had no care that there was none for r
Alike to them that I was far or near,
Alike to them, time and eternity.
But, from the violet of lower air,
Sometimes an answer to my wishing came,
Those lightning births my nature seemed to s
They told the secrets of its fiery frame—
The sudden messengers of hate and love,
The thunderbolts that arm the hand of Jove,
And strike sometimes the sacred spire, and s
the sacred grove.
Come in a moment, in a moment gone,
They answered me, then left me still more lo
They told me that the thought which ruled the w
As yet no sail upon its course had furled,
That the creation was but just begun,
New leaves still leaving from the primal one,
But spoke not of the goal to which my rapid wi
would run.
Still, still my eyes, though tearfully, I straine
To the far future which my heart contained,
And no dull doubt my proper hope profaned.
At last, oh bliss, thy living form I spied,
Then a mere speck upon a distant sky;
Yet my keen glance discerned its noble pride
And the full answer of that sun-filled eye:
I knew it was the wing that must upbear
My earthlier form into the realms of air.
Thou knowest how we gained that beauteous he
Where dwells the monarch of the sons of lig
Thou knowest he declared us two to be
The chosen servants of his ministry—
Thou as his messenger, a sacred sign
Of conquest, or with omen more benign,
To give its due weight to the righteous cause
To express the verdict of Olympian laws.
And I wait upon the lonely spring,
Which slakes the thirst of bards to whom 'tis g
The destined dues of hopes divine to sing,
And weave the needed chain to bind to hea
Only from such could be obtained a draught
For him who in his early home from Jove's
cup has quaffed.
To wait, to wait, but not to wait too long,
Till heavy grows the burthen of a song;
Oh bird! too long hast thou been gone to-da
My feet are weary of their frequent way—
The spell that opes the spring my tongue no
can say.

* Composed on the height called the Eagle's Nest, Oregon Rock River, July 4, 1843.

soon thou com'st not, night will fall around,
y head with a sad slumber will be bound,
nd the pure draught be spilt upon the ground.
:member that I am not yet divine,
)ng years of service to the fatal Nine
re yet to make a Delphian vigor mine.
ı, make them not too hard, thou bird of Jove,
nswer the stripling's hope, confirm his love,
:eive the service in which he delights,
ıd bear him often to the serene heights,
'here hands that were so prompt in serving thee,
ıall be allowed the highest ministry,
nd Rapture live with bright Fidelity.

LIFE A TEMPLE.

The temple round
Spread green the pleasant ground;
The fair colonnade
Be of pure marble pillars made;
Strong to sustain the roof,
Time and tempest proof,
Yet amid which the lightest breese
Can play as it please:
The audience hall
Be free to all
Who revere
The Power worshipped here,
Sole guide of youth,
Unswerving Truth:
In the inmost shrine
Stands the image divine,
Only seen
By those whose deeds have worthy been—
Priestlike clean.
Those, who initiated are,
Declare,
As the hours
Usher in varying hopes and powers;
It changes its face,
It changes its age—
Now a young beaming grace,
Now Nestorian sage:
But, to the pure in heart,
This shape of primal art
In age is fair,
In youth seems wise,
Beyond compare,
Above surprise:
What it teaches native seems,
Its new lore our ancient dreams;
Incense rises from the ground,
Music flows around;
'irm rest the feet below, clear gaze the eyes above,
'hen Truth to point the way through life assumes
the wand of Love;
But, if she cast aside the robe of green,
Winter's silver sheen,
White, pure as light,
Makes gentle shroud as worthy weed as bridal
robe had been.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn
Ask for the castle's king and queen—
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
ın the dark beset thee round—
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home:
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

GUNHILDA.

A maiden sat beneath the tree,
Tear-bedewed her pale cheeks be
And she sigheth heavily.

From forth the wood into the light
A hunter strides with carol light,
And a glance so bold and bright.

He careless stopped and eyed the maid:
"Why weepest thou?" he gently said;
"I love thee well—be not afraid."

He takes her hand, and leads her on;
She should have waited there alone,
For he was not her chosen one.

He leans her head upon his breast:
She knew 't was not her home of rest,
But ah! she had been sore distressed.

The sacred stars looked sadly down;
The parting moon appeared to frown,
To see thus dimmed the diamond crown.

Then from the thicket starts a deer:
The huntsman, seizing on his spear,
Cries, "Maiden, wait thou for me here."

She sees him vanish into night,
She starts from sleep in deep affright,
For it was not her own true knight!

Though but in dream Gunhilda failed,
Though but a fancied ill assailed,
Though she but fancied fault bewailed—

Yet thought of day makes dream of night
She is not worthy of the knight,
The inmost altar burns not bright.

If loneliness thou canst not bear,
Can not the dragon's venom dare,
Of the pure meed thou shouldst despair.

Now sadder that lone maiden sighs,
Far bitterer tears profane her eyes,
Crushed in the dust her heart's flower lies.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Lydia Jane Wheeler, now Mrs. Peirson, was born in Middletown, Connecticut, and when sixteen years of age removed with her parents to Canandaigua, New York, where she was soon after married. Her husband purchased a tract of land in Liberty, Tioga county, one of the wildest districts of northern Pennsylvania, and commenced there his career as a pioneer farmer, five miles from any other habitation, and nearly twenty from any village. Mrs. Peirson appears to have been ill fitted for such a life, but the solitude of the forest was cheered by the presence of the Muse, and for several years her contributions appeared frequently in The New-Yorker, The Southern Literary Messenger, and other periodicals. A pleasing incident in her history is related in the following communication from a correspondent: "At a period when the best abilities of Pennsylvania were active in recommending plans for the general education of the people, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, now a member of Congress, but then a representative in the state legislature, made a masterly speech upon the subject, which was seconded by a spirited and elegant poem that attracted general attention. Judge Ellis Lewis, so well known as one of our most accomplished jurists, was deeply interested in the movement, and actively engaged in efforts to induce it cess. Pleased with the poem, he ma quiries respecting its author, and learne her husband, by a series of misfortune been reduced to a condition of extren cuniary embarrassment, and that his f was without a home. Meeting Mr. St who is scarcely less known for his gene than for those splendid powers which raised him to so high a rank in his p sion and among the managers of affai communicated to him the circumstance suggested that something should be dc the relief of the poetess. Mr. Steve thorized the judge to consult with Mrs son, purchase for her such a farm a might select, and draw on him for th Neither Judge Lewis nor Mr. Steven ever seen her, but the former appriz of his commission, and the design wa cuted. She chose a beautiful little which chanced to be in the market; i purchased by Judge Lewis; the deed, to Thaddeus Stevens in trust for Lydi Peirson and her heirs and assigns, wa to her; and she now lives upon it in pl independence."

Mrs. Peirson has published two vo of poems — Forest Leaves, in 1845, an Forest Minstrel, in 1847.

MY SONG.

'T is not for fame
That I awaken with my simple lay
The echoes of the forest. I but sing
As sings the bird, that pours her native strain,
Because her soul is made of melody;
And lingering in the bowers, her warblings seem
To gather round her all the tuneful forms [flowers,
Whose bright wings shook rich incense from the
And balmy verdure of the sweet young Spring,
O'er which the glad Day shed his brightest smile,
And Night her purest tears. I do but sing
Like that sad bird who in her loneliness
Pours out in song the treasures of her soul,
Which else would burst her bosom, which has naught
On which to lavish the warm streams that gush
Up from her trembling heart, and pours them forth
Upon the sighing winds in fitful strains.

Perchance one pensive spirit loves the so
And lingers in the twilight near the wood
To list her plaintive sonnet, which unlocks
The sealed fountain of a hidden grief.
That pensive listener, or some playful child
May miss the lone bird's song, what time her
Are folded in the calm and silent sleep,
Above her broken heart. Then, though they
In her deserted bower, and hang rich wreat
Of ever-living flowers upon her grave,
What will it profit her who would have sle
As deep and sweet without them?
Oh! hov
With promised garlands for the sepulchre,
To think to cheer the soul, whose daily pra
Is but for bread and peace! whose trembling
For immortality ask one green leaf
From off the healing trees that grow beside
The pure, bright river of Eternal Life.

MY MUSE.

' the sunlight and the dew,
net amongst the flowers,
the river margin grew
th the willow bowers;
est pillow was a wreath
lets newly blown,
meek incense of their breath
'e became her own.

e-hymn the river sung,
same liquid tone
ich it gave, when Earth was young,
to the Living One.
ze that lay upon its breast
ided with a sigh;
e the ring-dove built her nest
ing her lullaby.

nurse she ever knew
'ature, free and wild:
her birth, and so she grew
ly, wayward child,
d to climb the rocky steep,
the mountain-stream,
ide the sounding deep,
eave the magic dream.

the path with shadows dim,
h the dark-leaved trees,
ature's winged poets sing
weetest melodies;
amongst the pensile stems
blossoms bright and sweet
monds from their diadems
er fairy feet.

to watch the day-star float
ie aerial sea,
ing sunk his pearly boat
s of radiancy;
angel of the storm
is wind-winged car,
clouds wrapped around his form,
outing from afar;

ng treasures rich and free,
e, refreshing rain,
weed and forest-tree
oast its diamond chain:
g, with the hymn of praise,
elled from hill and dale,
e rainbow, sign of peace,
misty veil.

the waves' deep utterings—
ed with phrensied eye
ht shook lightning from his wings,
ds went sobbing by.
hid the wayward child,
derings to restrain;
t her airy limbs to bind
ution's worldly chain.

stay within my cot,
the housewife's art:
me, but she heeded not—
can bind the heart!

I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet
To where, through Tempé's valley, glide
Castalia's waters sweet;

No son of Fame, to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to the laurelled band
A youthful sister's worth;
That there were none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of Time,
Shines Genius' living ray;

Where, wreathed with never-fading flowers,
The harp immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bowers
With heavenly melodies.
I warned her of the cruel foes
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpents dread,
With malice-pointed fangs,
Of yellow-blossomed weeds that shed
Derision's maddening pangs;
And of the broken, mouldering lyres
Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds, with shivering wires,
How noble spirits died!

I said, her sandals were not meet
Such journey to essay—
(There should be gold beneath the feet
That tempt Fame's toilsome way:)
But while I spoke, her burning eye
Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
Insufferably bright.

While streaming from the Eternal Lyre,
Like distant echoes came
A strain that wrapped her soul in fire,
And thrilled her trembling frame.
She sprang away, that wayward child—
"The harp! the harp!" she cried;
And still she climbs and warbles wild
Along the mountain-side.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Thou 'rt like my heart, thou shivering string,
Of wild and plaintive tone;
Thrilled by the slightest zephyr's wing,
That over thee is thrown;
Replying with melodious wail
To every passing sigh,
And pouring to the fitful gale
Wild bursts of harmony.
Still by the tempest's torturing power
Thy loftiest notes are rung,
And in the stormy midnight hour
Thy holiest hymns are sung.
Thou 'rt like my heart, thou trembling string
That lovest the gentle breeze—
Yet yieldest to the tempest-king
Thy loftiest melodies.

TO THE WOOD ROBIN.

Bird of the twilight hour!
My soul goes forth to mingle with thy hymn,
Which floats like slumber round each closing flower,
And weaves sweet visions through the forest dim.

Where Day's sweet warblers rest,
Each gently rocking on the waving spray,
Or hovering the dear fledglings in the nest
Without one care-pang for the coming day.

Oh, holy bird, and sweet
Angel of this dark forest, whose rich notes
Gush like a fountain in the still retreat,
O'er which a world of mirrored beauty floats:

My spirit drinks the stream,
Till human cares and passions fade away;
And all my soul is wrapped in one sweet dream
Of blended love, and peace, and melody.

Sweet bird! that wakest alone
The moonlight echoes of the flowery dells,
When every other winged lute is flown,
And insects sleeping all in nodding bells;

I bow my aching head,
And wait the unction of thy voice of love:
I feel it o'er my weary spirit shed,
Like dew from balmy flowers that bloom above.

Oh! when the loves of earth
Are silent birds, at close of life's long day,
May some pure seraphim of heavenly birth
Bear on its holy hymn my soul away!

THE WILD-WOOD HOME.

Oh, show me a place like the wild-wood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark-blue eye
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie
Are bright as the gems above;

Where Noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glades
Sit nodding amongst the flowers,
While the holy child of the mountain-spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
Its garlanded banks along;

Where Day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft green couch of Night,
And the Moon throws o'er with a holy hush
Her curtain of gossamer light;
And the seraph that sings in the hemlock dell,
Oh, sweetest of birds is she,
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls
Amongst exotic flowers:
They are suitable homes for the
Yet a wild-wood home for me,
Where the pure bright streams, a
And the bounding heart, are fi

ISABELLA.

FROM "OCEAN MELOD

In what fair grotto of the deep-g
Where rich festoons of sea-flow
From trees of brilliant coral, that
Their priceless branches through
Where rings for evermore the sol
Of tinkling waters in the tuneful
Where pensive sea-maids come i
Dost thou, my precious Isabella,

Thou beautiful enchantment! th
A delicately wrought transparen
Through which all angel-forms o
Shone in the light of maiden pu
Thy cheek was Love's pure altar
With playful hand his roses pale
While bathing in thine eyes of li
By full-fringed curtains half conc

Spring has no blossom fairer than
Winter no snow-wreath purer th
The dewdrop trembling to the mo
Is like thy smile, pure, transient,
But ever o'er thy soul a shadow l
Still more apparent in the sunnie
And ever when to bliss thy heart
The swell subsided in a plaintive

When I would speak of bliss, thou
"Hush! for I feel that all our h
Some spirit whispers that I soon
And every thrill of hope is mixe
At length thy drooping form did p
That there was poison in life's fai
And then we sought youth's fresh
Beneath a sky of softer sun and d

We journeyed with thee many a
Till thou wert weary of the fruit
And prayed that we would take our
That thou mightst slumber in th
I knelt and clasped thee in a wild
Concealing in thy robes my angu
Yet still thy snowy shoulder felt n
And still thine Æolian voice was

I felt thy presence—and the veil
Was still between the coffin-scen
And Hope and Skill maintained the
Contending strongly with stern I
But when I saw thee dead, and fe
Of thy white hand, so nerveless a
When as my tears fell on thy love
There was no voice, no smile, no

And when I saw thy form—so fai
So dear, so precious—cast into th
O God of mercy! how did I endu
The torture of that fearful agony
Oh, peerless sleeper! down in the
My heart is in that billowy world
And still my spirit lingers on the
That rolls between my bosom and

TO THE WOOD ROBIN.

Bird of the twilight hour!
My soul goes forth to mingle with thy hymn,
Which floats like slumber round each closing flower

They are suitable homes for the haughty ;
Yet a wild-wood home for me,
Where the pure bright streams, and the [illegible]
And the bounding heart, are free!

[illegible] with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls
Amongst exotic flowers:

[illegible] dear, as precious—cast into the sea,
O God of mercy! how did I endure
The torture of that fearful agony?
Oh, peerless sleeper! down in the deep sea
My heart is in that billowy world with thee;
And still my spirit lingers on the wave
That rolls between my bosom and thy grave

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

ɪᴇ now unto the forest, and enjoy
veliness of Nature. Look abroad
ote the tender beauty and repose
magnificent in earth and sky.
ıat a radiant smile of golden light
reads the face of heaven; while the west
like a living ruby in the ring
deep green horizon. Now the shades
epening round the feet of the tall trees,
ıg the head of the pale blossoms down
their mother's bosom, where the breeze
with a low, sweet hymn and balmy kiss,
l them to repose. Look now, and see
very mountain, with its leafy plume,
ky helm, with crest of giant pine,
d with floating amber, and gives back
ving smile of the departing sun,
ɔds a calm adieu. Hark! from the dell
sombre hemlocks sigh unto the streams,
with its everlasting harmony
s each tender whisper, what a gush
ıid melody, like soft, rich tones
e and viol, mingling in sweet strains
: and rapture, float away toward heaven!
e Ædoleo, from her sweet place
ɾ to Nature's God the perfect hymn
ture's innocence. Does it not seem
'arth is listening to that evening song?—
: such a hush on mountain, plain, and streams.
not the Sun to linger in his bower
ıder leafy summit, pouring forth
wing adoration unto God,
vith that evening hymn, while every flower
racefully, and mingles with the strain
ıy breathing? Have you looked on aught
he panoply and bustling pride
dense city with its worldly throng,
hing, so delicious to the soul,
the ante-chamber of high heaven,
old forest, with the emerald crown
it has worn for ages, glittering
he bright halo of departing day,
from its bosom living seraphim
mning gratitude and love to God!

THE LAST PALE FLOWERS.

st pale flowers are drooping on the stems,
last sere leaves fall fluttering from the tree,
est groups of Summer's flying gems
ıymning forth a parting melody.
ngs are heavy-winged and linger by,
ıpering to every pale and sighing leaf;
ılight falls all dim and tremblingly,
love's fond farewell through the mist of grief.

s a dreamy presence everywhere,
of spirits passing to and fro;
ıost hear their voices in the air,
feel their balmy pinions touch the brow.

as if a breath might put aside
ıhadowy curtains of the spirit-land,
ıg all the loved and glorified
Death has taken from Affection's band.

We call their names, and listen for the sound
Of their sweet voices' tender melodies;
We look almost expectantly around
For those dear faces with the loving eyes.

We feel them near us, and spread out the scroll
Of hearts whose feelings they were wont to share,
That they may read the constancy of soul
And all the high, pure motives written there.

And then we weep, as if our cheek were pressed
To Friendship's holy, unsuspecting heart,
Which understands our own. Oh, vision blest!
Alas, that such illusions should depart!

I oft have prayed that Death may come to me
In such a spiritual, autumnal day;
For surely it would be no agony
With all the beautiful to pass away.

TO THE WOODS.

Cᴏᴍᴇ to the woods in June—
'T is happiness to rove
When Nature's lyres are all in tune,
And life all full of love.....
While from the dewy dells,
And every wildwood bower,
A thousand little feathered bells
Ring out the matin hour.

Come when the sun is high,
And earth all full in bloom,
When every passing summer sigh
Is languid with perfume;
When by the mountain-brook
The watchful red-deer lies,
And spotted fawns in mossy nook
Have closed their wild, bright eyes;
While from the giant tree,
And fairy of the sod,
A dreamy wind-harp melody
Speaks to the soul of God—
Whose beauteous gifts of love
The passing hours unfold,
Till e'en the sombre hemlock-boughs
Are tipped with fringe of gold.

Come when the sun is set,
And see along the west
Heaven's glory streaming through the gate
By which he passed to rest;
While brooklets, as they flow
Beneath the cool, sweet bowers,
Sing fairy legends soft and low
To groups of listening flowers;
And creeping, formless shades
Make distance strange and dim,
And with the daylight softly fades
The wild-bird's evening hymn.

Come when the woods are dark,
And winds go fluttering by,
While here and there a phantom bark
Floats in the deep blue sky;
While gleaming far away
Beyond the aërial flood,
Lies in its starry majesty
The city of our God.

JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

JANE TAYLOE LOMAX, a daughter of the late Colonel Lomax of the United States army, was a native of Virginia, and was connected with several of the most distinguished families of that state. She was educated in different parts of the country, as the exigencies of the military service led to changes of residence by her father, and her large opportunities were improved by a genial intercourse with various society, and a minute and loving observation of nature. Her affections, however, always centred in the "Old Dominion," and nearly all her productions appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, which was edited by a personal friend, at Richmond. She excelled most in the essay, and there are few better illustrations of womanly feeling and intelligence than may be found in her numerous compositions of this kind, which were written in the four or five years of her literary life. Her poems, simple, graceful, and earnest, are reflections of a character eminently truthful, refined, and pleasing. She was married, in 1843, to F. A. Worthington, M. D., of Ohio, and she died, lamented by a wide circle of literary and personal friends, in 1847. No collection of her works has been published.

TO THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

FAIR are the sunset hues, thy dark brow blessing,
Oh mountain, with their gift of golden rays;
And the few floating clouds, thy crest caressing,
Seem guardian angels to my raptured gaze:
I have looked on thee through the saddest tears
That ever human sorrow taught to flow,
And thou wilt come, in life's recalling years,
Linked with the memory of my deepest wo.

Yet well I love thee, in thy silent mystery,
Thy purple shadows and thy glowing light—
Thou art to me a most poetic history
Of stillest beauty and of stormiest might:
I owe thee, oh, sublime and solemn mountain,
For many hours of vision and of thought,
For pleasant draughts from fancy's gushing fountain,
For bright illusions by thy presence brought.

And more I thank thee, for the deeper learning
That soothes my spirit as I look on thee,
For thou hast laid upon my soul's wild yearning
The holy spell of thy tranquillity:
I shall recall thee with a long regretting,
And often pine to see thy brow, in vain,
While Thought, returning, fond and unforgetting,
Will trace thy form in glory-tints again.

And thou, in thine experience, all material,
Wilt never know how worshipped thou hast been;
No glimpses of the life that is ethereal
Shadow thy face, eternally serene!
Thou hast not felt the impulse of resistance—
Thy lot has linked thee with the earth alone:
Thou art no traveller to a new existence,
Thou hast no future to be lost or won.

The past for thee contains no bitter fountain—
Thou hast no onward mission to fulfil:
And I would learn from thee, oh silent mountain,
All things enduring, to be tranquil still!
And now, with that fond reverence of feeling
We owe whatever wakes our loftiest thought,
I can but offer thee, in faint revealing,
These idle thanks for all that thou hast brought.

LINES

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

I HAVE been reading, tearfully and sadly,
The lines we read together long ago,
When our experience glided on so gladly,
We loved to linger o'er poetic wo.
We both have changed: our souls at last are finding
Their destiny—in silence to endure;
And the strong ties, our best affections binding,
Are not the dreamlike ones our hearts once wore.

We live no longer in a world elysian,
With life's deep sorrowing still a thing to test;
And we have laid aside—a vanished vision—
The hope once wildly treasured as our best.
Yet though the tie that then our thoughts united
Lies severed now, a bright but broken chain—
Though other love hath lavishly requited
That early one, so passionate and vain—

Still, as I read the lines we read together,
Now hallowed by our parting's bitter tears,
As mournfully my spirit questions, Whither
Have gone the sweet illusions of those years!
I close the book, such vain remembrance bringing
Of all that now 't were wiser to forget:
Say, are your thoughts, like mine, still idly clinging
To those old times of rapture and regret?

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet graves
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still graveyard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every gravestone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground:
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And it lighteth up the marble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray
On the simple and the stern,
And it showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn;
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beam hath shone,
It whispereth of heavy hearts
Which "brokenly live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side,
It looketh where the maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen;
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well: that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing wo;
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow liveth here—
The glory is on high!

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

It is a place where tender thought
Its voiceless vigil keepeth;
It is a place where kneeling love,
Mid all its hope, still weepeth:
The vanished light of all a life
That tiny spot encloseth,
Where, followed by a thousand dreams,
The little one reposeth.

It is a place where thankfulness
A tearful tribute giveth:
That one so pure hath left a world
Where so much sorrow liveth—
Where trial, to the heavy heart,
Its constant cross presenteth,
And every hour some trace retains
For which the soul repenteth.

It is a place for Hope to rise,
While other brightness waneth,
And from the darkness of the grave
To learn the gift it gaineth—
From Him who wept, as on the earth
Undying love still weepeth—
From Him who spoke the blessed words,
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

THE POOR.

Have pity on them! for their life
Is full of grief and care:
You do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear;
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
"Give us our daily bread."

And sick at heart, she turns away
From the small face, wan with pain,
And feels that prayer has long been said
By those young lips in vain.
You do not see the pallid cheeks
Of those whose years are few,
But who are old in all the griefs
The poor must struggle through.

Their lot is made of misery
More hopeless day by day,
And through the long cold winter nights
Nor light nor fire have they;
But little children, shivering, crouch
Around the cheerless hearth,
Their young hearts weary with the want
That drags the soul to earth.

Oh, when with faint and languid voice
The poor implore your aid,
It matters not how, step by step,
Their misery was made;
It matters not, if shame had left
Its shadow on their brow—
It is enough for you to see
That they are suffering now.

Deal gently with these wretched ones,
Whatever wrought their wo,
For the poor have much to tempt and test
That you can never know:
Then judge them not, for hard indeed
Is their dark lot of care;
Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

And when within your happy homes
You hear the voice of mirth,
When smiling faces brighten round
The warm and cheerful hearth,
Let charitable thoughts go forth
For the sad and homeless one,
And your own lot more blest will be,
For every kind deed done.
Now is the time the very poor
Most often meet your gaze—
Have mercy on them, in these cold
And melancholy days.

SLEEP.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

It visiteth the desolate,
Who hath no friend beside,
And bringeth peace to saddened souls
Whose hope, deferred, had died:
It layeth its caressing hand
Upon the brow of care,
And calleth to the faded lips
The smile they used to wear.

And lovely is the angel light
Of a little child's repose,
The holiest and the sweetest rest
Our human nature knows—
Such rest as can not close the eyes
Grown old with many tears,
That never soothes the pilgrim path
Of life's dejected years.

"He giveth his belovéd sleep!"
All thanks for such a boon,
And thanks, too, for the deeper sleep
That will be with us soon—
From which our long o'erladen hearts
Shall wake to pain no more,
But find fulfilled the fairest thoughts
They only dreamed before!

TO TWILIGHT.

Pale Memory's favored child thou art,
And many dreams are thine;
With thine existence, all the past
Returning seems to twine.

Thou bringest to the souls bereaved
The look and tone they miss;
Thou callest from another world
The best beloved of this.

Thou comest like a veiléd nun,
With footstep sad and slow;
Thou summonest the solemn prayer
From heart and lip to flow.

Thou givest to fantastic things
A real shape and hue,
And thou canst, like a poet's dream,
Idealize the true.

Oh, if thy coming thus recalls
The past upon our sight,
How must the guilty shrink from thee,
Thou sad and solemn light!

How must the hard and hopeless heart
Thy mystic power repel—
What fearful fantasies must fill
The convict's haunted cell!

How must his young and better days
Upon his visions dawn—
How bitterly that ruined soul
Must mourn its brightness gone!

Oh, often at thy thoughtful hour,
Beside the happy hearth,
My busy fancy flies to these,
The lost ones of the earth.

A voice amid their solitude
Is sounding evermore—
God help them in that loneliness
So fearful to endure!

THE WITHERED LEAVES.

They are falling thick and rapidly,
Before the autumn breeze,
And a sudden sound of mournfulness
Is heard among the trees,
Like a wailing for the scattered leaves,
So beautiful and bright,
Thus dying in their sunny hues
Of loveliness and light.

The wind that wafts them to their doom
Is the same that swept along
In the freshness of their summer-time,
And blessed them with its song:
That voice is still the merry one
That mid the sunshine fell—
Ye are not missed, ye glowing leaves,
By the friend ye loved so well.

But yet, no fearful fate is yours,
No shuddering at decay,
No shrinking from the blighting gust
That bears your life away:
The spring-tide, with its singing birds,
Hath long ago gone by—
Ye had your time to bloom and live,
Ye have your time to die.

Oh, would that we, the sadder ones,
Who linger on the earth,
Like ye might wither when our lives
Had parted with their mirth:
Ye glow with beauty to the last,
And brighten with decay,
Ye know not of the mental war
That wears the heart away.

Ye have no memories to recall,
No sorrows to lament,
No secret weariness of soul
With all your pleasures blent:
To us alone the lot is cast,
To think, to love, to feel—
Alas! how much of human woe
Those few brief words reveal!

SARAH ANNA LEWIS.

Miss Robinson, now Mrs. Lewis, is a native of Baltimore. She inherits from her mother, who was a Cuban, of English and Spanish parentage, and a man of liberal fortune and cultivated understanding, the melancholy temperament which is illustrated in the greater part of her writings. After being carefully educated — in part at the celebrated school of Mrs. Willard, in Troy — she was married to Mr. L. D. Lewis, an attorney and counsellor, who soon after removed to Brooklyn, where they have since resided.

The earliest writings of Mrs. Lewis appeared in the Family Magazine, edited by the well-known Solomon Southwick, of Albany. She came more prominently before the public in Records of the Heart, published in New York in 1844. The principal poems in this volume — Florence, Zenel, Melpomene, and Laone — are of considerable length, and of a more ambitious design than most of the compositions of our female poets. That they evince fancy and an ear sensitive to harmony, will be understood from the following lines of Florence:

The waves are smooth, the wind is calm;
  Onward the golden stream is gliding,
Amid the myrtle and the palm,
  And ilices its margin hiding;
Now sweeps it o'er the jutting shoals
In murmurs like despairing souls;
Now deeply, softly, flows along
Like ancient minstrels' warbled song;
Then slowly, darkly, thoughtfully,
Loses itself in the mighty sea.
The sky is clear, the stars are bright,
The moon reposes on her light;
On many a budding, fairy blossom,
  Are glittering Evening's dewy tears,
As gleam the gems on Beauty's bosom
  When she in festal garb appears.

Among the minor poems in this collection is the following, which is quoted here for its merits and for the praises it has received from the acute critic Mr. Edgar A. Poe, who describes it as "inexpressibly beautiful:"

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said, for all who die
  There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
  O'er every bier:
But in that hour of pain and dread
  Who will draw near
Around my humble couch, and shed
  One farewell tear?

Who watch life's last, departing ray
  In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
  With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
  "In weeds of wo,"
And follow me to my long home—
  Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
  In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
  Will come and weep—
By the pale moon implant the rose
  Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
  My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
  Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
  Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
  That sod's cold gloom,
'T would mitigate the pangs of death,
  And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
  From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence *one* would steal
  In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
  In night's deep noon—
Oh! I would ask of Memory
  No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
  A deeper wo:
From all I love in youth's sweet time
  I soon must go—
Draw round me my cold robes of white,
  In a dark spot
To sleep through Death's long, dreamless night,
  Lone and forgot.

There is a very fine poem by Motherwell, by which this may have been suggested, though if Mrs. Lewis had read it, it was of course forgotten by her when she composed The Forsaken. The following verses are from the piece by Motherwell:

"When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
  Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping,
  That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore!

"When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray, [twining,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms
Burst through that clay,
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day!

"When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned,
Will there be then one versed in Misery's story
Pacing it round!"

In the four years which succeeded the publication of The Records of the Heart, Mrs. Lewis was an occasional contributor to the Democratic Review, the American Review, and The Spirit of the Nineteenth Century. In the autumn of 1848 she published a second volume, entitled The Child of the Sea, and Other Poems. The Child of the Sea is her best production. It is an interesting story, in a finely modulated rhythm, and with many tasteful and happy expressions. It evinces passion, fancy, and a degree of imagination. The design is partly unfolded in the opening lines:

Where blooms the myrtle, and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air;
Where the sad bird of night for ever sings
Meet anthems for the children of despair,
Who silently, with wild, dishevelled hair,
Stray through those valleys of perpetual bloom;
Where hideous War and Murder from their lair
Stalk forth in awful and terrific gloom;
Rapine and Vice disport on Glory's gilded tomb:

My fancy pensive pictures youthful Love,
Ill-starred, yet trustful, truthful, and sublime,
As ever angels chronicled above;
The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime;
Virtue's reward; the punishment of Crime;
The dark, inscrutable decrees of Fate;
Despair, untold before in prose or rhyme;
The wrong, the agony, the sleepless hate,
That mad the soul and make the bosom desolate.

Sunset upon the bay of Gibraltar is thus happily described:

Fresh blows the breeze on Tarick's burnished bay,
The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray;
The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar.....
The sentry peal salutes the setting sun,
The haven's hum and busy din are done,
And weary sailors roam along the strand,
Or stretch their brawny limbs upon the sand;
Feast, revel, game, engage in sage dispute,
Unthread the story, sound the tuneful lute;
Or humming some rude air that stirs the heart,
Clue up the sails, or spread them to depart.

The hero of the poem is introduced:

On his high brow and glossy locks of jet,
The cap that decks the noble Greek is set;
Folded his arms across his sable vest,
As if to keep the heart within his breast.
Lone are the thoughts that crowd upon his n
And vainly strive in speech a vent to find;
They writhe, they chafe, against restraint reb
Then powerless shrink within their silent cel
His bosom pines for what it never knew—
Some soft, fair being to its beating true—
A loveliness round which the soul may cling
As fades from earth the last soft smile of Da
He turns his melancholy steps away,
With eyes bent down, across the Vega stride
Nor notes the fawn that tamely by him glide
The violets lifting up their azure eyes,
Like timid virgins when Love's steps surpris
His heavy heart forebodes some danger near,
And throbs alternately with joy and fear.

Night:

Sleep chains the earth: the bright stars glide on
Filling with one effulgent smile the sky;
And all is hushed so still, so silent there,
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

Delirium:

At last, I felt me borne as in a dream,
And wafted down some softly-gliding stream
And heard the creaking cordage over head,
The sailor's merry song and nimble tread;
Then backward sank to mental night again—
Delirium's world of fantasy and pain,
Where hung the fiery moon, and stars of bl
And phantom-ships rolled on the rolling floo

Knowledge:

My mind by Grief was ripened ere its time,
And knowledge came spontaneous as a chim
That flows into the soul unbid, unsought;
On earth, and air, and heaven, I fed my thou
On Ocean's teachings—Ætna's lava-tears—
Ruins and wrecks, and nameless sepulchres.

The Holy Land:

O God! it is a melancholy sight
To see that land whence sprung all sacred li
Delight of men, and most beloved of God;
Where, happy first, our primal parents trod;
Where Hagar mourned, and Judah's minstrel
With the dark pall of desolation hung!
No band of warriors crowd the royal gate,
No suppliant millions in the temples wait,
No prophet-minstrel swells the tide of song,
No mighty seer enchains the breathless thro
But from the Jordan to the Ægean tide,
From Ganges to Euphrates' fertile side,
From Mecca's plains to lofty Lebanon,
The ashes of departed worlds are strown.
On Carmel's heights, on Pisgah's tops I stoo
And paced Epirus' savage solitude;
Before the sepulchre of Jesus knelt,
And by the Galilean waters dwelt;
Wandered among Assyria's ruins vast,
Feeding my mute thoughts on the silent pas
Pride, splendor, glory, desolation, crime,
And the deep mystery of the birth of Time.

:p:
—The oblivious world of Sleep—
ayless realm where Fancy never beams—
othingness beyond the land of dreams.

ifference:
—There are times when the sick soul
ılm amid the storms that round it roll,
ent to Fate, or to what haven
terrific tempest it is driven.

ece:
of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
shall thy weeds be doffed, thy mourning cease,
/ves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
ıou be living, breathing Greece again!
of the mighty—hero, poet, sage—
deeds are guiding stars to every age!
ınsurpassed in glory and despair,
thy desolation thou art fair.
ı sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
ı sepulchral dust thy fanes divine,
ll thy visible self—yet, o'er thy clay,
eauty, linger, hallowing decay.
l the ills that war entailed on thee,
l the blood that stained Thermopylæ,
l the desolation traitors wrought,
l the wo and want invaders brought,
l the tears that slavery could wring
out thy heart of patient suffering,
l that drapes thy loveliness in night,
uench thy spirit's never-dying light;
overing o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
ıs a beacon to the march of mind—
sis to sage and bard forlorn—
ling light to centuries unborn.
thee I mourn; thy blood is in my veins:
e by consanguinity's strong chains
ound, and fain would die to make thee free;
h, there is no liberty for thee!
l the wisdom of thy greatest one—
ll the bravery of Thetis' son—
ll the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire—
ll the magic of the Athenian's lyre,
ver bid thy tears or mourning cease,
ıd one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece!

men and Mynera:
ıey were wed: Love chased their tears away,
sts are driven before the smile of Day,
softer radiance to both earth and sky,
nade each lovelier in the other's eye.
scord rose to mar their happiness—
morning brought to them untasted bliss;
ings. no sorrows came with varying years;
ld distrust, no faithlessness, no tears:
and in hand, as Eve and Adam trod
they walked beneath the smile of God.
ɔrn they wandered through the dewy bowers,
ed the birds, or trained the garden flowers;
eary of these health-inspiring arts,
music and sweet song refreshed their hearts;
all day seated in the colonnade,
ɔere the myrtle made a genial shade,
pored above the tomes of other days—
ntes' wit, and Ossian's sounding lays;
And Dante's dreams, and Petrarch's deathless love;
All that mad Tasso into numbers wove;
Shakspere's deep harp, and Milton's loftier song
From all creations of the minstrel throng,
Statues and busts by Grecian chisels wrought,
They drew the nutriment of Love and Thought.
Then, moved by Genius, Zamen swept his lyre,
And, like a meteor, flashed its latent fire
Upon the world, and thrilled its inmost heart:
All that his soul had gleaned from beauty, art,
Love, ruin, melancholy, anguish, wrong,
Revenge, he wove into harmonious song,
And to his country and to lasting fame
Bequeathed a cherished and a spotless name.

Isabelle, or the Broken Heart, is a passionate story, with many passages of spirited description and narration. In the following passage the heroine—a wandering minstrel girl who has deserted a noble home to follow a false lover—goes to the confessional:

Wan the mournful maiden now
Across the balmy valley flies,
The cold, damp dew upon her brow,
The hot tears trickling from her eyes—
The last that Fate can ever wring
From her young bosom's troubled spring.
Swiftly beneath the myrtle she
Glides onward o'er the moonlit lea;
By many a mausoleum speeds,
And tomb amidst the tuneful reeds,
Yet falters not—she feels no dread
When in the presence of the dead—
Alas! what awe have sepulchres
For hearts that have been dead for years—
Dead unto all external things—
Dead unto Hope's sweet offerings,
While with its lofty pinions furled,
The spirit floats in neither world!

She gains at length the holy fane,
Where death and solemn silence reign;
Hurries along the shadowy aisles,
Up to the altar where blest tapers
Burn dimly, and the Virgin smiles,
Midst rising clouds of incense vapors;
There kneels by the confession chair,
Where waits the friar with fervent prayer,
To soothe the children of despair.

Her hands are clasped, her eyes upraised,
Meek, beautiful, though coldly glazed,
And her pale cheeks are paling faster;
From under her simple hat of straw,
Over her neck her tresses flow,
Like threads of jet o'er alabaster—
From which the constant dews of night
Have stolen half their glossy light.

It is difficult to give a just impression of any narrative poem by a selection of specimens. But the character and force of the abilities of Mrs. Lewis will perhaps be better understood from these fragments than from a critical description.

LAMENT OF LA VEGA IN CAPTIVITY.

O patria amada! a ti suspira y llora
Esta en su carcel alma peregrina,
Llevada errando de uno, en otro instante."

I am a captive on a hostile shore,
Caged, like the falcon from his native skies,
And doomed by agonizing grief to pour
In futile lamentations, tears, and sighs,
And feed the gaze of fools whom I despise.
Daily they taunt my heart with bitter sneers—
They prate of liberty, deeds great and wise,
And fill the air with patriotic cheers,
While human shackles clank around their listless ears.

Hark! hear ye not, mid those triumphal cries,
The clanking of the Ethiopian's chains?
His smothered curses from the ricefields rise?
The loud, indignant beating of his veins,
Stirred by the lava hell that in him reigns?
Hear'st him not writhe against the dark decree
That gyves the soul—for it brute-rank maintains?
The impetuous rushings of his heart, when he
Watches the eagle soar into the heavens all free?

My soul, appalled, shrinks from hypocrisy,
And whatsoever bears deceptious name—
Under thy banner—heaven-born Liberty!
The fiends of war, inflated with acclaim,
Revel in crime and virtue put to shame:
They slaughter babes and wives without a cause,
And, holding up their reeking blades, exclaim,
"A victory!"—demolish homes, rights, laws,
And o'er the wreck send up to heaven their proud hurrahs.

I am a captive while my country bleeds—
For Retribution loudly cries to Heaven,
And for the presence of her warriors pleads,
Till from her far the ruthless foe is driven:
O God, O God! hast thou my country given
To direful fate? Must I lie cooped up here,
While she by desecrating hands is riven?
The sobs of Age, and Beauty's shrieks of fear,
Like funeral knells afar are tolling in my ear!

And thou, ethereal one! my spirit's bride,
My star, my sun, my universe—the beam
That lit my youthful feet mid ways untried—
Within me woke each high ambitious scheme,
And here dost hover o'er me in my dream,
Pressing thy lips to mine until I feel
Our quick hearts ebbing into one soft stream
Of holy love—ah, who will guard thy weal,
And from thy breast avert the dark marauder's steel?

Oh, my distracted country! child of pain
And anarchy!—thee shall I see no more
Till thou art struggling in the tyrant's chain,
Oppressed by insult and by sorrow sore,
And steeping in thy children's sacred gore?
Must thy dim star of glory set for aye?
Must thou become the poet's Mecca?—lore
For antiquaries?—temple of decay?
Wilt thou survive no more, my beautiful Monterey?

Spirit of Cortés—Montezuma—rise!
Let not the foe your cherished land enslave!
Let her not fall a bloody sacrifice!
*And thou, eternal Cid!** who from the grave
Didst wake to lead to victory the brave!*
Heroes who fell in Roncesvalles vale,
And ye who fought by Darro's golden wave,†
From the Red Vega‡ drove the Moslem pale,
Hear, in the spirit-land, my country's doleful wail!

UNA.

There is but little on this earth
To fill the soul of lofty birth;
At best it much must feel the dearth
Of genial showers.

It binds Nepenthe to its lips,
And at life's sparking goblet sips,
While in the waters fennel dips
Its bitter flowers.

But Una, round thy heart's blest shrine,
No bitter fennel-blossoms twine:
By odor-breathing flowers divine
It is embalmed.

Sere lies my heart, and sere its world,
Since thou wert from its altars hurled;
My spirit's pinions have been furled,
Like sails becalmed.

Love on my heart thy form did stamp,
Thy beauty, like a vestal lamp,
Within my soul's cell, dark and damp,
For ever burns.

And unto thee, as to its goal,
Gazes athirst the stranded soul;
As points the magnet to the pole,
My sick heart turns.

THE DEAD.

The dead, the dead—ah, where are they?
What distant planet do they tread?
What stars illume their blissful way?
What suns their light around them shed?

Do they look through the mystic veil
That hides them from our mortal eyes,
And catch the mourner's plaintive wail
That o'er their sepulchres doth rise?

Do they the bitter pinings know
Of friends that hold their memory dear—
The many sighs—the tears that flow
Because they dwell no longer here?

Oh, if they do, 'tis meed enough
For all the tears that we must shed:
The chains of wo we can not doff
Till we are numbered with the dead!

* Cid Campeador, after death, was dressed in his war apparel, placed on his richly caparisoned steed, and led forth from the walls of Valencia toward the Moorish camp; at the sight of whom, and the great number of his followers, the Moors, in all sixty thousand, fled toward the sea.—*Southey's Chronicles of the Cid.*

† The Darro is a small stream running through the city of Grenada, and containing in its bed particles of gold.

‡ The plain surrounding Grenada, and the scene of action between the Moors and the Christians.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Anna Cora Ogden, a daughter of Mr. Samuel Gouverneur Ogden, now of the city of New York, was born in Bordeaux during a temporary residence of her parents in France. Her father's family has long been distinguished in the social and commercial history of New York, and her mother was descended from Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Ogden had lost the principal portion of a large fortune in Miranda's celebrated expedition into South America, and his residence at Bordeaux was occasioned by mercantile affairs which in a few years secured for him a second time rank among the great merchants and capitalists of his native city.

A melancholy interest was thrown around Mr. Ogden's return, by the loss of two sons, who were swept overboard in a storm during the voyage; but the surviving members of the family settled in his old home, and for several years the education of the daughters occupied and rewarded his best attention. In the château in which they had lived near Bordeaux, they had passed the holydays and domestic anniversaries in masques and private theatricals, and there Anna Cora Ogden gave, in the *abandon* with which she enacted childish characters, the first indications of that histrionic genius for which she is now distinguished. At thirteen she read with delight the plays of Voltaire, and the next year she personated the heroine of Alzire on her mother's birthday. She had previously become acquainted with Mr. Mowatt, a young lawyer of good family and flattering prospects, who then became a suitor for her hand, and as her parents, to whom the marriage was not objectionable, demanded its postponement until she should be seventeen years of age, they eloped and were privately married by one of the French clergymen of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt resided several years near the city of New York, and in this period she wrote Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga, a poetical romance, in six cantos, which was published anonymously by the Harpers in 1836. Mr. Mowatt's health having declined, they seized the occasion of the marriage of a younger daughter of Mr. Ogden to visit Europe. They resided in Germany and France a year and a half, and in Paris Mrs. Mowatt wrote Gulzare, the Persian Slave, a five act play, which was printed in New York soon after their return, in 1841. The interruption of his business caused by this visit to Europe, and the infirm condition of his health, induced Mr. Mowatt to abandon the profession of the law and to embark in trade, and in the period of commercial disasters which followed, he lost nearly all his property. Mr. Ogden had also suffered new misfortunes, and these reverses led Mrs. Mowatt to the first public display of her abilities. The dramatic readings of Mr. Vandenhoff had been eminently successful in the chief cities of the Union, and, confident of her powers, she determined to follow his example. She had already acquired some reputation in literature, which secured for her a favorable reception on her first appearance, of which the results more than justified her sanguine anticipations. Her readings from the poets were repeated to large and applauding audiences in Boston, Providence, and New York. Mr. Mowatt having become a partner in a publishing house, she turned her attention again to literary composition, and produced in quick succession several volumes, among which were Sketches of Celebrated Persons, and the Fortune Hunter, a Novel. In 1844 she wrote Evelyn, or the Heart Unmasked, a Tale of Fashionable Life, which is the last and in some respects the best of her works of this description. It is spirited and witty, but unequal, and was written too hastily and carelessly to be justly regarded as the measure of her talents.

Her next work was Fashion, a Comedy, which was successfully acted in the theatres of New York and Philadelphia in the spring of 1845; and in the following autumn she made her brilliant first appearance as an actress, at the Park Theatre. She afterward made two theatrical tours of the principal

cities of the United States, and in the spring of 1847 she brought out in New York her third five act play, Armand, or the Child of the People. In November of the same year she sailed with her husband for England, and she has since played in Manchester and London a wide range of characters, in many of which she has won high praises from the most judicious critics.

The poems of Mrs. Mowatt, except Pelayo and her dramatic pieces, are brief and fu tive, and generally wanting in that artis finish of which she has frequently shown h self to be capable.

All who know her personally, and th who are familiar with her history, will j in the exclamation of Mary Howitt, in a cent notice of her, "How excellent in ch acter, how energetic, unselfish, devoted, this interesting woman!"

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

Within the darkened chamber sat
A proud but stricken form;
Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks
The grief-wrung tears were warm;
And faster streamed they as she bent
Above the couch of pain,
Where lay a withering flower that wooed
Those fond eyes' freshening rain.

The raven tress on that young brow
Was damp with dews of death;
And glassier grew her upraised eye
With every fluttering breath.
Coldly her slender fingers lay
Within the mourner's grasp;
Lightly they pressed that fostering hand,
And stiffened in its grasp.

Then low the mother bent her knee,
And cried in fervent prayer—
"Hear me, O God! mine own, my child,
Oh, holy Father, spare!
My loved, my last, mine only one—
Tear her not yet away;
Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy:
Be merciful, I pray!"

A radiance lit the maiden's face,
Though fixed in death her eye;
A smile had met the angel's kiss
That stole her parting sigh!
And round her cold lips still that smile
A holy brightness shed,
As though she joyed her sinless soul
To Him who gave had fled.

The mother clasped the senseless form,
And shrieked in wild despair,
And kissed the icy lips and cheek,
And touched the dewy hair.
"No warmth—no life—my child, my child!
Oh for one parting word,
One murmur of that lutelike voice,
Though but an instant heard!

"She is not dead—she could not die—
So young, so fair, so pure;
Spare me, in pity spare this blow!
All else I can endure.
Take hope, take peace, this blighted head
Strike with thy heaviest rod;
But leave me this, thy sweetest boon,
Give back my child, O God!"

The suppliant ceased; her tears were staye
Hushed were those wailings loud;
A hallowed peace crept o'er her soul;
Her head to earth was bowed
Low as her knee; for as she knelt,
About her, lo! a flood
Of soft, celestial lustre fell—
A form beside her stood.

And slowly then her awe-struck face
And frighted eyes she raised;
Her heart leaped high: those clouded orbs
Grew brighter as she gazed;
For oh! they rested on a shape
Majestic—yet so mild,
Imperial dignity seemed blent
With sweetness of a child.

It spake not, but that saintlike smile
Was full of mercy's light,
And power and pity from those eyes
Looked forth in gentle might;
Those angel looks, that lofty mien,
Have breathed without a word—
"Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all:
Behold, I am thy Lord!"

He turns, and on that beauteous clay
His godlike glances rest;
Commandingly the pallid brow
His potent fingers pressed:
The frozen current flows anew
Beneath that quickening hand;
The pale lips, softly panting, move;
She breathes at his command!

The spirit in its kindred realm
Has heard its Master's call;
And back returning at that voice,
Resumes its earthly thrall.
And now from 'neath those snowy lids
It shines with meeker light,
As though 'twere chastened, purified,
By even that transient flight.

Loud swells the mother's cry of joy:
To Him how passing sweet!
Her child she snatches to her breast,
And sinks at Jesus' feet.
"Glory to thee, Almighty God!
Who spared my heart this blow;
And glory to thine only Son—
My Savior's hand I know!"

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the genii, whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titania's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in mine eyes never shone,
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows, too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

LOVE.

Thou conqueror's conqueror, mighty Love! to thee
Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield;
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword.
An eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
A nation's worshipped idol owns thee lord;
And well fair Noorjehan his throne became,
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name.

The sorcerer Jarchas could to age restore
Youth's faded bloom or childhood's vanished glee;
Magician Love! canst thou not yet do more?
Is not the faithful heart kept young by thee?
But ne'er that traitor-bosom formed to stray,
Those perjured lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the raptures of thy magic sway,
Or find the balsam in thy garland wreathed;
Fancy or Folly may his breast have moved,
But he who wanders never truly loved.

TIME.

Nay, rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
Our beauty to ravish, put Pleasure to flight, [tree;
And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the
And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so:
While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
And, sowed in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow?
The magnet mid stars points the north still to view;
So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.

Tho' cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Tho' Time from thy features the charm steal away,
He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
And sorrows we've shared will knit closer love's tie:
Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but you!

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! O heavenly King,
I bow my head to thy decree;
Albeit my soul not yet may wing
Its upward flight, great God, to thee!

Though I must still on earth abide,
To toil, and groan, and suffer here,
To seek for peace on sorrow's tide,
And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view
And I rejoiced my race was run,
Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew;
And still I say, "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
A world of sunshine be to me,
Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
And Care pursues where'er I flee;

Though friends I loved—the dearest—best,
Were scattered by the storm away,
And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
As fondly presses mine to-day:

Yet must I live—must live for those
Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
The noble mission scarce begun,
And pressed with grief to murmur still,
All Wise! All Just! "Thy will be done!"

ON A LOCK OF MY MOTHER'S HAIR.

Whose the eyes thou erst didst shade,
Down what bosom hast thou rolled,
O'er what cheek unchidden played,
Tress of mingled brown and gold!
Round what brow, say, didst thou twine?
Angel-mother, it was thine!

Cold the brow that wore this braid,
Pale the cheek this bright lock pressed,
Dim the eyes it loved to shade,
Still the ever-gentle breast—
All that bosom's struggles past,
When it held this ringlet last.

In that happy home above,
Where all perfect joy hath birth,
Thou dispensest good and love,
Mother, as thou didst on earth.
And though distant seems that sphere,
Still I feel thee ever near.

Though my longing eye now views
Thy angelic mien no more,
Still thy spirit can infuse
Good in mine, unknown before.
Still the voice, from childhood dear,
Steals upon my raptured ear—

Chiding every wayward deed,
Fondly praising every just,
Whispering soft, when strength I need,
"Loved one! place in God thy trust!"
Oh, 'tis more than joy to feel
Thou art watching o'er my weal!

MARY NOEL MEIGS.

The father of Miss Bleecker (now Mrs. Meigs) was of the Bleecker family so long distinguished in the annals of New York, and among her paternal connexions were Mrs. Anne Eliza Bleecker and Mrs. Faugeres, whose poems have been commented upon in an earlier part of this volume. Her maternal grandfather was the late Major William Popham, the last survivor of the staff of Washington. In 1834 Miss Bleecker married to Mr. Pierre E. F. McDonald, died at the end of ten years. In 1845 published an octavo volume entitled Po by M. N. M., and she has since written m poems and prose essays for the magazi besides several volumes of stories for c dren, &c. In the autumn of 1848 she married to Mr. Henry Meigs, of New Y

JUNE.

Laughingly thou comest,
Rosy June,
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
And thy waters all in tune;
With thy gift of buds and bells
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild-bird and the bee
On the blossom or the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee,
Rosy June;
And I love the flashing ray
Of the rivulets at play,
As they sparkle into day,
Rosy June!

Most lovely do I call thee,
Laughing June!
For thy skies are bright and blue,
As a sapphire's brilliant hue,
And the heats of summer noon,
Made cooler by thy breath—
O'er the clover-scented heath,
Which the scythe must sweep so soon:
And thou fan'st the fevered cheek
With thy softest gales of balm,
Till the pulse so low and weak
Beateth stronger and more calm.
Kind physician, thou dost lend
Like a tried and faithful friend,
To the suffering and the weary every blessing thou canst bring;
By the sick man's couch of pain,
Like an angel, once again
Thou hast shed a gift of healing from the perfume-laden wing;
And the student's listless ear,
As a dreamy sound and dear,
Hath caught a pleasant murmur of the insect's busy hum,
Where arching branches meet
O'er the turf beneath his feet,
And a thousand summer fancies with the mel have come;
And he turneth from the page
Of the prophet or the sage,
And forgetteth all the wisdom of his books
For his heart is roving free
With the butterfly and bee,
And chimeth with the music of the brooks,
Singing still their merry tune
In the flashing light of noon,
One chord of thy sweet lyre, laughing Jun

I have heart-aches many a one,
Rosy June!
And I sometimes long to fly
To a world of love and light,
Where the flowerets never die,
Nor the day gives place to night;
Where the weariness and pain
Of this mortal life are o'er,
And we fondly clasp again
All the loved ones gone before:
And I think, to lay my head
On some green and sheltered bed,
Where, at dawning or at noon,
Come the birds with liquid note
In each tender, warbling throat,
Or the breeze with mournful tune
To sigh above my grave—
Would be all that I should crave,
Rosy June!

But when thou art o'er the earth,
With thy blue and tranquil skies,
And thy gushing melodies,
And thy many tones of mirth—
When thy flowers perfume the air,
And thy garlands wreathe the bough
And thy birthplace even now
Seems an Eden bright and fair—
How my spirit shrinks away
From the darkness of the tomb,
And I shudder at its gloom
While so beautiful the day.
Yet I know the skies are bright
In that land of love and light,

Brighter, fairer than thine own, lovely June!
No shadow dims the ray,
No night obscures the day,
But ever, ever reigneth high eternal noon.

A glimpse thou art of heaven,
Lovely June!
Type of a purer clime
Beyond the flight of time,
Where the amaranth flowers are rife
By the placid stream of life,
For ever gently flowing;
Where the beauty of the rose
In that land of soft repose
Nor blight nor fading knows,
In immortal fragrance blowing.
And my prayer is still to see,
In thy blessed ministry,
A transient gleam of regions that are all divinely fair;
A foretaste of the bliss
In a holier world than this,
And a place beside the loved ones who are safely gathered there.

THE SPELLS OF MEMORY.

It was but the note of a summer bird,
But a dream of the past in my heart it stirred,
And wafted me far to a breezy spot,
Where blossomed the blue forget-me-not.
And the broad, green boughs gave a checkered gleam
To the dancing waves of a mountain-stream,
And there, in the heat of a summer day,
Again on the velvet turf I lay,
And saw bright shapes in the floating clouds,
And reared fair domes mid their fleecy shrouds,
As I looked aloft to the azure sky,
And longed for a bird's soft plumes to fly,
Till lost in its depths of purity.
Alas! I have waked from that early dream:
Far, far away is the mountain-stream;
And the dewy turf, where so oft I lay,
And the woodland flowers, they are far away;
And the skies that once were to me so blue,
Now bend above with a darker hue:
And yet I may wander in fancy back
At Memory's call to my childhood's track,
And the fount of thought hath been deeply stirred
By the passing note of a summer bird.
It was but the rush of the autumn wind,
But it left a spell of the past behind,
And I was abroad with my brothers twain
In the tangled paths of the wood again:
Where the leaves were rustling beneath our feet,
And the merry shout of our gleesome mood
Was echoed far in the solitude,
As we caught the prize which a kindly breeze
Sent down in a shower from the chestnut-trees.
Oh! a weary time hath passed away
Since my brothers were out by my side at play;
A weary time, with its weight of care,
And its toil in the city's crowded air,
And its pining wish for the hilltops high;
For the laughing stream and the clear blue sky;
For the shaded dell, and the leafy halls
Of the old green wood where the sunlight falls.
But I see the haunts of my early days—
The old green wood where the sunshine plays,
And the flashing stream in its course of light,
And the hilltops high, and the sky so bright,
And the silent depths of the shaded dell,
Where the twilight shadows at noonday fell:
And the mighty charm which hath conquered these
Is naught, save a rush of the autumn breeze.
It was but a violet's faint perfume,
But it bore me back to a quiet room,
Where a gentle girl in the spring-time gay
Was breathing her fair young life away,
Whose light through the rose-hued curtains fell,
And tinted her cheek like the ocean-shell;
And the southern breeze on its fragrant wings
Stole in with its tale of all lovely things; [hours,
Where Love watched on through the long, long
And Friendship came with its gift of flowers;
And Death drew near with a stealthy tread,
And lightly pillowed in dust her head,
And sealed up gently the lids so fair,
And damped the brow with its clustering hair,
And left the maiden in slumber deep,
To waken no more from that tranquil sleep.
Then we laid the flower her hand had pressed
To wither and die on her gentle breast;
And back to the shade of that quiet room
I go with the violet's faint perfume.

LOVE'S ASPIRATION.

What shall I ask for thee,
Beloved, when at the silent eve or golden morn
I seek the Eternal Throne on bended knee,
And to the God of Love my soul is borne,
Ascending through the angel-guarded air,
On the swift wings of Prayer?

What shall I ask? the bliss
Of earth's poor votaries? pleasures that must fade
As dew from summer blossom? Oh! for this
Thy fresh young spirit, dear one, was not made:
Purer and holier must its blessings be—
I ask not this for thee.....

For thee, fair child, for thee,
In thy fresh, budding girlhood, shall my prayer
Go up unceasing, that the witchery
Of earthly tones alluring may not snare
Thy heart from purer things; but God's own hand
Lead to the better land.

Ever shall Love for thee
Implore Heaven's best and holiest benison,
Its perfect peace—that peace which can not be
The gift of Earth; for this when upward borne
My soul grows earnest, angel-lips of flame
May echo thy sweet name.

Ay, in their world of light
Immortal voices catch a mother's prayer,
And while I kneel, some waiting seraph bright,
Swift on expanded wing, the boon may bear,
And, soft as falling dewdrops, kindly shed
Heaven's peace o'er thy young head.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Frances Sargent Osgood is of a family of poets. Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, whose abilities are illustrated in another part of this volume, is the daughter of her mother; Mrs. E. D. Harrington, the author of various graceful compositions, is her younger sister, and the late Mr. A. A. Locke, a brilliant and elegant writer in prose and verse, for many years connected with the public journals, was her brother. She is a native of Boston, where her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a merchant. Her earlier life, however, was passed principally in Hingham, a village of peculiar beauty, well calculated to arouse the dormant poetry of the soul; and here, even in childhood, she became noted for her poetical powers. In their exercise she was rather aided than discouraged by her parents, who were proud of the genius, and sympathized with all the aspirations of their child. The unusual merit of some of her first productions attracted the notice of Mrs. Lydia M. Child, who was then editing a Juvenile Miscellany, and who foresaw the reputation which her young contributor has since acquired. Miss Locke, employing the *nom de plume* of "Florence," made it widely familiar by her numerous compositions for the Miscellany, as well as, subsequently, for other periodicals.

In 1831 she became acquainted with Mr. S. S. Osgood, the painter — a man of genius in his profession — whose life of various adventure is full of romantic interest; and while, soon after, she was sitting for a portrait, the artist told her his strange vicissitudes by sea and land; how as a sailor-boy he climbed the dizzy main-top in the storm; how in Europe he followed, with his palette, in the track of the flute-playing Goldsmith; and among the

> Antres vast and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

of South America, had found in pictures of the Crucifixion and of the liberator Bolivar — the rude productions of his untaught pencil — passports to the hearts of the peasant, the robber and the partisan. She listened, like the fair Venetian: they were married, soon after went to London, where Mr. good had sometime before been a pupil of Royal Academy.

During this visit to the Great Metropo which lasted four years, Mr. Osgood v successful in his profession — painting p traits of Lord Lyndhurst, the poet Campb Mrs. Norton, and many others — which cured for him an enviable reputation; a Mrs. Osgood made herself known by her c tributions to the magazines, by a miniat volume entitled The Casket of Fate, and the collection of her poems published Edward Churton, in 1839, under the title A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New En land. She was now twenty-three years age, and this volume contained all her ea compositions which then met the appro of her judgment. Among them are ma pieces of grace and beauty, such as belo to joyous and hopeful girlhood, and one, o more ambitious character, under the nam of Elfrida — a dramatic poem, founded up incidents in early English history — in whi there are signs of more strength and tend ness, and promise of greater achievemen though it is without the unity and proporti necessary to success in this kind of writin

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood returned to the U ted States in 1843, and they have since re ded in New York, though occasionally a sent, as the pursuit of his profession or health has called Mr. Osgood to other pa of the country. Mrs. Osgood has been e gaged in various literary occupations; h edited, among other things, The Poetry Flowers and Flowers of Poetry, (New Yo 1841,) and The Floral Offering, (Philad phia, 1847,) two richly embellished sou nirs; has published a collection of her p ems, (New York, 1846,) and has been o of the most constant and popular contril tors to the literary magazines. She has do much in prose; but all her compositions this class are instinct with the poetical spi She is at times forcible and original, and frequently picturesque; but throughout

appears the poet, and the affectionate and enthusiastic woman. Of none of our writers has the excellence been more steadily progressive. Every month her powers have seemed to expand and her sympathies to deepen. With an ear delicately susceptible to the harmonies of language, and a light and pleasing fancy, she always wrote musically and often with elegance; but her later poems are marked by a freedom of style, a tenderness of feeling, and a wisdom of apprehension, and are informed with a grace, so undefinable, but so pervading and attractive, that the consideration to which she is entitled is altogether different in kind, as well as in degree, from that which was awarded to the playful, piquant, and capricious improvisatrice of former years.

A FAREWELL TO A HAPPY DAY.

Good-by, good-by, thou gracious, golden day:
Through luminous tears thou smilest, far away
In the blue heaven, thy sweet farewell to me,
And I, through my tears, gaze and smile with thee.

I see the last faint, glowing amber gleam
Of thy rich pinion, like a lovely dream,
Whose floating glory melts within the sky,
And now thou 'rt passed for ever from mine eye!

Were we not friends—best friends—my cherished
Did I not treasure every eloquent ray [day?
Of golden light and love thou gavest me?
And have I not been true—most true to thee?

And thou—thou camést like a joyous bird,
Whose sacred wings by heaven's own air were
And lowly sang me all the happy time [stirred,
Dear, soothing stories of that blissful clime!

And more, oh! more than this, there came with thee,
From Heaven, a stranger, rare and bright to me—
A new, sweet joy—a smiling angel guest,
That softly asked a home within my breast.

For talking sadly with my soul alone,
I heard far off and faint a music tone:
It seemed a spirit's call—so soft it stole
On fairy wings into my waiting soul.

I knew it summoned me to something sweet,
And so I followed it with faltering feet—
And found—what I had prayed for with wild tears—
A rest, that soothed the lingering grief of years!

So for that deep, perpetual joy, my day!
And for all lovely things that came to play
In thy glad smile—the pure and pleading flowers
That crowned with their frail bloom thy flying hours:

The sunlit clouds—the pleasant air that played
Its low lute-music mid the leafy shade—
And, dearer far, the tenderness that taught
My soul a new and richer thrill of thought:

For these—for all—bear thou to Heaven for me
The grateful thanks with which I mission thee!
Then should thy sisters, wasted, wronged, upbraid,
Speak thou for me—for thou wert not betrayed!

'T was little, true, I could to thee impart—
I, with my simple, frail, and wayward heart;
But that I strove the diamond sands to light,
In Life's rich hour-glass, with Love's rainbow flight:

And that one generous spirit owed to me
A moment of exulting ecstasy;
And that I won o'er wrong a queenly sway—
For this, thou 'lt smile for me in Heaven, my Day!

HAD WE BUT MET.

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt and fear,
Ere hope came back with worn and wounded wing,
To die upon the heart she could not cheer:

Ere I love's precious pearl had vainly lavished,
Pledging an idol deaf to my despair—
Ere one by one the buds and blooms were ravished
From life's rich garland by the clasp of Care.

Ah, had we then but met! I dare not listen
To the wild whispers of my fancy now!
My full heart beats—my sad, drooped lashes glisten:
I hear the music of thy boyhood's vow!

I see thy dark eyes lustrous with love's meaning,
I feel thy dear hand softly clasp my own;
Thy noble form is fondly o'er me leaning—
It is too much—but ah! the dream has flown!

How had I poured this passionate heart's devotion
In voiceless rapture on thy manly breast;
How had I hushed each sorrowful emotion,
Lulled by thy love to sweet, untroubled rest!

How had I knelt hour after hour beside thee,
When from thy lips the rare, scholastic lore
Fell on the soul that all but deified thee,
While at each pause, I, childlike, prayed for more.

How had I watched the shadow of each feeling
That moved thy soul, glance o'er that radiant face,
"Taming my wild heart" to that dear revealing,
And glorying in thy genius and thy grace:

Then hadst thou loved me with a love abiding,
And I had now been less unworthy thee;
For I was generous, guileless, and confiding—
A frank enthusiast—buoyant, fresh, and free.

But now, my loftiest aspirations perished,
My holiest hopes—a jest for lips profane—
The tenderest yearnings of my soul uncherished—
A soul-worn slave in Custom's iron chain:

Checked by those ties that make my lightest sigh,
My faintest blush, at thought of thee, a crime:
How must I still my heart, and school my eye,
And count in vain the slow, dull steps of Time!

Wilt thou come back? Ah! what avails to ask thee,
Since Honor, Faith, forbid thee to return?
Yet to forgetfulness I dare not task thee,
Lest thou too soon that easy lesson learn!

Ah, come not back, love! even through memory's ear
Thy tone's melodious murmur thrills my heart:
Come not with that fond smile, so frank, so dear—
While yet we may, let us for ever part!

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart.
Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,
Spirit of light, and loveliness, and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth;
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
With whom, of all, 't would be despair to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,
Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wildwood
With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
Telling me all the seaborn breeze was saying,
While it went whispering thro' the willing leaves,
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrong—
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath.

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control:
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee;
By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there 's no returning:
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom within my heart:
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind:
Deaf to the mystic harmony of Nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers;
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours.
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day:
To enarm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain.
Leave me not yet—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight.

REFLECTIONS.

Ask why the holy starlight, or the blush
Of summer blossoms, or the balm that floats
From yonder lily like an angel's breath,
Is lavished on such men! God gives them all
For some high end; and thus the seeming waste
Of her rich soul—its starlight purity,
Its every feeling delicate as a flower,
Its tender trust, its generous confidence,
Its wondering disdain of littleness—
These, by the coarser sense of those around her
Uncomprehended, may not all be vain:
But win them—they unwitting of the spell—
By ties unfelt, to nobler, loftier life.
And they dare blame her! they whose every thought,
Look, utterance, act, has more of evil in 't,
Than e'er she dreamed of or could understand;
And she must blush before them, with a heart
Whose lightest throb is worth their all of life!
They boast their charity: oh, idle boast!
They give the poor, forsooth, food, fuel, shelter;
Faint, chill'd, and worn, *her soul* implored a pittance,
Her soul asked alms of theirs and was denied!
It was not much it came a-begging for,
A simple boon, only a gentle thought,
A kindly judgment of such deeds of hers
As passed their understanding, but to her
Seemed natural as the blooming of a flower:
For God taught her—but they had learned of men
Their meagre task of how to mete out love,
A selfish, sensual love, most unlike hers.
God taught the tendril where to cling, and she
Learned the same lovely lesson, with the same
Unquestioning and pliant trust in Him.
And yet that He should let a lyre of heaven
Be played on by such hands, with touch so rude,
Might wake a doubt in less than perfect faith,
Perfect as mine, in his beneficence.

LENORE.

Oh! fragile and fair, as the delicate chalices,
Wrought with so rare and subtle a skill,
Bright relics, that tell of the pomp of those palaces,
Venice—the sea-goddess—glories in still.

Whose exquisite texture, transparent and tender,
A pure blush alone from the ruby wine takes;
Yet ah! if some false hand, profaning its splendor,
Dares but to tain it with poison—it breaks!

So when Love poured through thy pure heart his lightning,
On thy pale cheek the soft rose-hues awoke—
So when wild Passion, that timid heart frightening,
Poisoned the treasure—it trembled and broke!

'HE COCOA-NUT TREE.

:n and the graceful—the cocoa-nut tree!
nd the lofty—it loves like me
the foam of the heaving sea,
ıe sound of the surging waves
shore's unfathomed caves:
ately shaft, and its verdant crown,
it in clusters drooping down—
soft and tender green,
all ripe and brown between,
's, too, blending their lovelier grace
:h through the tresses on Beauty's face.
)h, the lovely, the free,
'he cocoa-nut tree,
tree of all trees for me!

r, it waves with a tenderer motion,
and the elm with more majesty rise;
ıe the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
.ows the hut where the island-girl lies.

obar islands, each cottage you see,
the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree,
•aves matted thickly, and many times o'er,
atch for its roof and a mat for its floor;
he dark islander's beverage hold—
let as pure as a goblet of gold.
)h, the cocoa-nut tree,
That blooms by the sea,
tree of all trees for me!

obar isles of the cocoa-nut tree,
l the light shallop—the wild, the free;
ve of its fibres so firm a sail,
ather the rudest southern gale;
t with oil, and with coarse jaggree—
ck and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree.
The lone, the free,
That dwells in the roar
Of the echoing shore—
he cocoa-nut tree for me!

e cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
ine, the pure palm-wine, is sweet;
he bright spirits we sometimes meet—
wine of the cocoa-nut tree:
ie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
ch the blossoms and nuts would spring;
forbidden to bless with bloom
air, and with soft perfume,
e spirit that struggles there
essence more rich and rare,
ad of a blossom and fruitage birth,
ıte palm-wine oozes forth.

o the child of genius, too,
of beauty is oft denied;
e richer, that high heart, through
ent of feeling pours its tide,
r and fonder, and far more true,
assionate soul in its lonely pride.
Oh, the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree,
e tree of all trees for me!

ing sky of the Indian isles,
over the cocoa-nut smiles,
ndian maiden lies below,
leaves their graceful shadow throw:
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells;
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids like rosebuds there;
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms she joys to deck.
Oh, wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

Yes, take them first, my Father! Let my doves
Fold their white wings in heaven, safe on thy breast,
Ere I am called away: I dare not leave [hearts!
Their young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless
Ah, how the shadowy train of future ills
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze!
My May! my careless, ardent-tempered May—
My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes
Wild joy and passionate wo alternate rise;
Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumes;
Whose little, loving heart a word, a glance,
Can sway to grief or glee; who leaves her play,
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,
With her clear, flutelike voice, "Do you love me?"
Ah, let me stay! ah, let me still be by,
To answer her and meet her warm caress!
For I away, how oft in this rough world
That earnest question will be asked in vain!
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,
Will shrink abashed and chilled, to learn at length
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!
Ah! let her nestle still upon this breast,
In which each shade that dims her darling face
Is felt and answered, as the lake reflects
The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven! and thou,
My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true;
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies:
My pure, proud, noble Ellen! with thy gifts
Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden
'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,
How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart
To startle and appal! Thy generous scorn
Of all things base and mean—thy quick, keen taste,
Dainty and delicate—thy instinctive fear
Of those unworthy of a soul so pure,
Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,
All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child!
And oh, if even their grace and goodness meet
Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all
The latent evil yet undisciplined
In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find?
Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,
Which I, their mother, learned of Love to give!
Ah, let me stay!—albeit my heart is weary,
Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,
That finds no echo in this busy world
Which can not pause to answer—tired alike
Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night:
Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!
And for their sakes, for their sweet sakes, my Father,
Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.
And day by day the fresh frank soul that looked
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling played
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,
And modulated all those earnest tones,
And danced in those light foot-falls to a tune
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze.
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom—
May drink, and dare with upturned gaze the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to every roving breeze,
Or wreathe with blushing grace the fragile spray
In bashful loveliness. The wild wood-bird
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing;
The mountain brook may wind where'er it would,
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words
In broken tones so like the faltering speech
Of early childhood: but our human flowers,
Our soul-birds, caged and pining—they must sing
And grow, not as their own but our caprice
Suggests, and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half bloom and music at the best.
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught them first, disdain the rule—the bar—
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world, half startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away,
And leaves her lonely in her upward path.
Thank God! to such his smile is not denied.

A SERMON.

Thou discord in this choral harmony!
That dost profane the loveliest light and air
God ever gave: be still, and look, and listen!
Canst see yon fair cloud floating in the sun,
And blush not, watching its serener life?
Canst hear the fragrant grass grow up toward God,
With low, perpetual chant of praise and prayer,
Nor grieve that your soul grows the other way?
Forego that tone, made harsh by a hard heart,
And hearken, if you're not afraid to hearken,
Yon robin's careless carol, glad and sweet,
Mocking the sunshine with his merry trill:
Suppose you try to chord your voice with his—
But first, learn love and wisdom of him, lady!
How dare you bring your inharmonious heart
To such a scene? How dare you let your voice
Talk out of tune so with the voice of God
In earth and sky? The balmy air about you
Is Heaven's great gift, vouchsafed to you to
Vocal with all melodious truths, and you
Fret it with false words, from a falser soul,
And poison it with the breath of calumny!
Learn reverence, bold one, for true Nature's
If not for that your sister woman bears!
For Nature's heart, pleading in every wave,
That wastes its wistful music at your feet.
Take back your cold, inane, and carping
Into the world you came from and belong to
The world of common cares and sordid aims
These happy haunts can spare you, little on
The dew-fed grass will grow as well without
The woodland choirs will scarce require your
The starlit wave without your smile will glis
The proud patrician trees will miss you not.
Go, waste God's glorious boon of summer
Among your mates, as shallow, in small talk
Of dress, or weather, or the last elopement!
Go, mar the canvass with distorted face
Of dog or cat; or worse, profanely mock,
With gaudy beads, the pure light-painted flo
Go, trim your cap, embroider your visite,
Crochet a purse, do any petty thing:
But, in the name of truth, religion, beauty,
Let Nature's marvellous mystery alone,
Nor ask such airs, such skies, to waste the w
They keep for nobler beings, upon you!
Or stay, and learn of every bird and bloom,
That sends its heart to Heaven in song or si
The lesson that you need—the law of love!

THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WAT

Art thou playing with Time in thy sweet
glee?
Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with t
Oh, show him those shadowless, innocent ey
That smile of bewildered and beaming surpr
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich
reposes,
Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and w
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wrea
arm.
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetn
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetn
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful
With thy blue eyes unshadowed, thy blush
filed—
With thy innocence only to guard thee from
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still!
Laugh on, my own Ellen! that voice, which
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's a
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty g ld
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the ch
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby
And oh, may his step, as he wanders with th
Light and soft as thine own little fairy tread
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair wea
May Time and my Ellen be playmates toget

LABOR.

ıot to dream of the future before us:
ot to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
ow Creation's deep, musical chorus,
ermitting, goes up into Heaven!
he ocean-wave falters in flowing;
he little seed stops in its growing;
d more richly the Roseheart keeps glowing,
rom its nourishing stem it is riven.

is worship!"—the robin is singing:
is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
that eloquent whisper upspringing
ts to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
ıe dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
e rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
ıe small insect, the rich coral bower;
man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

ı life!—'T is the still water faileth;
ever despaireth, bewaileth;
e watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
ers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
ı glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
e waving wing changes and brightens;
rts only the dark future frightens: [tune!
the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in

ı rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
m all petty vexations that meet us,
m sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
-and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
-thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
lown wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow!
t with a stout heart and resolute will!

ı health—Lo! the husbandman reaping,
ough his veins goes the life-current leaping!
s strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
ı wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
ı queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
ıe fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
ole and statue the marble block hides.

ot tho'shame,sin and anguish are round thee!
fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
not content in thy darkness—a clod!
-for some good, be it ever so slowly;
some flower, be it ever so lowly:
—all labor is noble and holy:
hy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

GARDEN GOSSIP,

NTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND VIOLET.

L tell you a secret," the honeybee said,
olet drooping her dew-laden head;
ily 's in love! for she listened last night,
her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
phyr that just had been rocking the rose,
hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

"I would not betray her to any but you;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true—
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound."
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground:
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-wingéd gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret," the honeybee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head
"The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy;
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

"Now let me advise you, sweet flower, as a friend,
Oh, ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled:
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said;
'If I may n't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams."
Was the mischief well managed? fair lady is't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you!*

TO A FRIEND.

Oh, no! never deem her less worthy of love,
That once she has trusted, and trusted in vain!
Could you turn from the timid and innocent dove,
If it flew to your breast from a savage's chain?

She, too, is a dove, in her guileless affection,
A child in confiding and worshipping truth;
Half broken in heart, she has flown for protection
To you: will you chill the sweet promise of youth?

To a being so fragile, affection is life:
A rosebud, unblessed by a smile from above,
When with bloom and with fragrance its bosom is rife—
A bee without sweets—she must perish or love!

You have heard of those magical circles of flowers,
Which in places laid waste by the lightning are found;
Where they say that the fairies have charmed the night hours,
With their luminous footsteps enriching the ground.

Believe me—the passion she cherished of yore,
That brought, like the storm-flash, at once on its wing
Destruction and splendor, like that hurried o'er,
And left in its track but the wild fairy-ring-

All rife with fair blossoms of fancy, and feeling.
And hope, that spring forth from the desolate gloom,
And whose breath in rich incense is softly up stealing,
To brighten your pathway with beauty and bloom.

EURYDICE.

With heart that thrilled to every earnest line,
I had been reading o'er that antique story,
Wherein the youth half human, half divine,
Of all love-lore the Eidolon and glory,
Child of the Sun, with Music's pleading spell,
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!

And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,
My own heart's history unfolded seemed:
Ah, lost one! by thy lover-minstrel graced
With homage pure as ever woman dreamed,
Too fondly worshipped, since such fate befell,
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well!

The scene is round me.—Throned amid the gloom,
As a flower smiles on Ætna's fatal breast,
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;
And near—of Orpheus' soul, oh, idol blest!—
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,
I see thy meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!

I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow;
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing;
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow;
I see him bend on thee that eloquent glance,
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror trance.

I see his face, with more than mortal beauty
Kindling, as, armed with that sweet lyre alone,
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,
He stands serene before the awful throne,
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eyes,
Since thou, his own adored Eurydice, art nigh!

Now soft and low a prelude sweet uprings,
As if a prisoned angel—pleading there
For life and love—were fettered 'neath the strings,
And poured his passionate soul upon the air!
Anon it clangs with wild, exultant swell,
Till the full pæan peals triumphantly through hell!

And thou, thy pale hands meekly lock'd before thee,
Thy sad eyes drinking life from his dear gaze—
Thy lips apart—thy hair a halo o'er thee,
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze—
Thus, with all words in passionate silence dying,
Within thy soul I hear Love's eager voice replying:

"Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,
Charmed into statues by thy God-taught strain,
I—I alone, to thy dear face upraising
My tearful glance, the life of life regain;
For every tone that steals into my heart
Doth to its worn, weak pulse a mighty power impart.

Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace,
See, dear one, how the chain of linkéd notes
Has fettered every spirit in its place!
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies;
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

Still, mine own Orpheus, sweep the golden l
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpin
With clasped hands, and eyes whose azure
Gleams through quick tears, thrilled by thy
doth lean
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's bre
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to

Play, my proud minstrel; strike the chords s
Lo! victory crowns at last thy heavenly s
For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—
He waves his hand—he speaks his awful
My glorious Greek, lead on; but ah! still
Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou los
friend.

Think not of me: think rather of the time,
When moved by thy resistless melody,
To the strange magic of a song sublime,
Thy argo grandly glided to the sea;
And in the majesty Minerva gave,
The graceful galley swept with joy the soun
wave.

Or see, in Fancy's dream, thy Thracian tre
Their proud heads bent submissive to the s
Swayed by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,
March to slow music o'er th' astonished grou
Grove after grove descending from the hills,
While round thee weave their dance the glad,
monious rills.

Think not of me. Ha! by thy mighty sir
My lord, my king, recall the dread behest;
Turn not—ah! turn not back those eyes of
Oh, lost, for ever lost—undone—unblest—
I faint, I die! the serpent's fang once more
Is here! Nay, grieve not thus: life but not
is o'er.

LADY JANE.

Oh! saw ye e'er creature so queenly, so fine
As this dainty, aërial darling of mine;
With a toss of her mane that is glossy as je
With a dance and a prance, and a sportive c
She is off—she is stepping superbly away,
Her dark, speaking eyes full of pride and of
Oh! she spurns the dull earth with a graceful di
My fearless, my peerless, my loved Lady Jan

Her silken ears lifted when danger is nigh,
How kindles the night in her resolute eye;
Now stately she paces, as if to the sound
Of a proud, martial melody pealing around—
Now pauses at once, mid a light caracole,
To turn on her master a look full of soul—
Now, fleet as a fairy, she speeds o'er the pla
My dashing, my darling, my own Lady Jan

Give her rein—let her go! like a shaft from the
Like a bird on the wing she is glancing, I t
Light of heart, lithe of limb, with a spirit all
Yet swayed and subdued to my idlest desire
Though daring, yet docile—and sportive, but
Her nature's the noblest that ever I knew:
Oh! she scorns the dull earth, in her joyous di
My beauty, my glory, my gay Lady Jane!

IDA'S FAREWELL.

part for ever!" Silent be our parting;
not a word its sacred grief profane!
pressed to heart, with not a tear upstarting—
ıge of anguish in that moment's pain!

ust and right. It is our "crown of sorrow;"
ely we'll meet it as becomes our love—
: so strong, so pure, it well may borrow
ıt wings to waft it to the joy above.

art for ever!—o'er my soul in sadness
nore the music of thy voice shall glide
with deep feeling, till a passionate gladness
lled to each tone, and in wild tears replied.

›re thy light caressing touch shall calm me,
ı its dear magic on my lifted brow;
›re thy pen of fire shall pour to charm me,
poet-passion of thy fervent vow!

ırt for ever! Proud shall be the story
earts that hid affection fond as ours—
›y that veiled the universe in glory
s with thy presence from her skies and flowers.

›ul that answered, like the sun-touched lyre,
ıy dear smile—to every tone of thine,
forth is hushed, with all its faith—its fire,
hou rewaken it in realms divine!

ırt for ever! Ah, this world's for ever—
t is its fleetness unto hearts so strong?
n our worldless agony we sever:
: we shall meet where love will be no wrong.

radise!" Dost thou e'er dream as I, love,
at sweet life when all the truth—the grace—
soft melodies, in our souls that sigh, love,
make the light and beauty of the place?

el for ever! Tenderly lamenting
vild dear weakness of our earthly day,
h the passionate tears of that repenting,
luminous flowers shall spring to bless our
way!

r all tuneful tones our love revealing,
bird or rill shall wake in sweet reply;
'ery sigh of pity or of feeling
call a cloud of rose-light from the sky.

rare, gorgeous fantasies responding,
›alaces, mid wondrous scenes shall rise;
proud harp's impassioned tones resounding,
ıinstrel wind shall play its wild replies.

of unimagined grace and splendor,
er changing round thy rapturous way, [der,
:auteous sculpture bathed in moonlight ten-
'adiant paintings to thy wish shall play.

'ill speak a fair bower into being,
tender, timid, wistful words and low,
ne my soul—until, with Heaven agreeing,
'ds with music to which blossoms grow.

:y—the flowers, and I will pray together,
thou, for "Love's sweet sake, shall join the
prayer,
sweet influences of balmy weather
›vely scenery make us good and fair.

And ever to our purer aspirations,
A lovelier light and bloom the flowers shall take;
With rarer grace shall glow our soul's creations,
With mellower music every echo wake.

"We meet in paradise!" To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives—that so divinest beauty [part.
May bless that heaven, where naught our souls can

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT,
WHO WOULDN'T COME HOME.

When are you coming? the flowers have come;
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,
Gleams the anemone's little, light star;
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell;
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises: why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play—
You are more graceful and lovely than they;
Birds in the branches sing all the day long,
When are you coming to join in their song?
Fairer than flowers, and fresher than dew!
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

Why don't you come? we have welcomed the rose;
Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,
Whispers of other flowers, met on its way:
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the south, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling, mid the dark trees,
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours.
Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true—
Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

"Azure-eyed Eloise, beauty is thine,
Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladdened the world with thy fame;
Painters, half holy, thy loved image keep,
Beautiful Eloise, why do you weep?"
Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow.

"Sunny-haired Eloise, wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lip's play;
Diamonds like stardrops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep;
Angels watch over it: why do you weep?"
Bows the fair lady her light tresses low—
Faster the tears from her veiléd eyes flow.

"Gifted and worshipped one, genius and grace
Play in each motion, and beam in thy face:
When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong;

Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
One only spirit thou'st failed to bring down:
Exquisite Eloise, why do you frown?"
Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul.

"Touched by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
Charmed by the magic of mind in thy face,
Bewitched by thy beauty, e'en his haughty strength,
The strength of the stoic, is conquered at length:
Lo! at thy feet—see him kneeling the while—
Eloise, Eloise, why do you smile?"
The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
She gazed on her lover with laughing surprise;
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Believe me, 't is no pang of jealous pride
That brings these tears I know not how to hide;
I only grieve because—because—I see
Thou find'st not *all* thy heart demands in me.

I only grieve that others, who care less
For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless;
That while to them thou'rt nothing—all to me—
They may a moment minister to thee!

Ah! if a fairy's magic might were mine,
I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;
Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,
And everything thou lovest, in turn to thee!

Pliant as clouds, that haunt the sun-god still,
I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will;
I'd be a flower—a wild, sweet flower I'd be—
And sigh my very life away for thee!

I'd be a gem, and drink light from the sun,
To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won;
Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee
Upon thy hand, and shut my wings for thee!

Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet,
I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet;
Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be
The happiest star that ever looked on thee!

If music lured thy spirit, I would take
A tune's aërial beauty for thy sake;
And float into thy soul, so I could see
How to become *all* melody to thee.

The weed, that by the garden blossom grows,
Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose:
It tries to bloom—its soul to light aspires;
The love of beauty every fibre fires.

And I —no luminous cloud floats by above,
But wins at once my envy and my love—
So passionately wild this thirst in me,
To be all beauty and all grace to thee!

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,
Without even power my proud, pure love to speak;
But oh! by all I fail in, love not me
For what I am, but what I wish to be!

THE FLOWER LOVE-LETTER.

Blushing and smiling! do ye so,
Delicious flowers, because you know
To whose dear heart you soon shall go?
Ah, give my message well and true,
And *such* a smile shall guerdon you!
His smile within whose luminous glow,
As in the sun, you ought to grow!
Rose! tell him—what *I* dared not tell,
When last we met—how wildly well
I love him—how my glad heart glows,
Recalling every word he spake,
(Remember that, thou radiant Rose!)
In that sweet bower beside the lake.
Be sure you blush and speak full low,
Else you'll seem over bold I trow;
Then hide you thus, with winsome grace,
Behind those leaves—your glowing face;
But through them send a perfumed sigh,
That to his very heart shall fly.
And thou, my fragrant Lotos-flower,
With balmy whisper seek his bower,
And say, "Zuleika sends in me
A spirit kiss—a seal—to bind
Thy favored lips to secrecy;
Oh, hide the heart she has resigned,
Nor let the world, with jibe or scorn,
Cloud her young Love's effulgent morn."
Then, Lily, shrink in silence meek,
And let my glorious Tulip speak!
And speak *thou*, bright one, brave and bold
Lest my Rose show me over weak;
With stately grace around thee fold
Thy royal robe of gleaming gold,
And tell him I, the Emir's child—
With frame so slight, and heart so wild,
Still treasure, 'neath this gemmed cymar,
Proud honor's gem—a stainless star,
And pure as Heaven, his soul must be,
And true as Truth, who'd mate with me.
And if he answer—as he will—
My faith on *that*—"I seek her still,"
Then do thou ring, my blue-bell flower,
Thy joyous peal, and softly say,
"Oh, wreathe with bridal bloom the bower
For by to-morrow's earliest ray,
From tyrant's cage—a bird set free,
Zuleika flies—and flies to thee!"
But if you mark, in those proud eyes,
A shade—the least—of scorn arise,
Or even doubt, the faintest hue—
Ah, Heaven! you will not!—if you *do*,
Shrink, wither, perish, in his sight,
And murmur, ere you perish quite,
"'T is we—the flower-sylphs—here we dwe
Each in her own light painted cell—
'T is *we* who made this idle tale!
At us—at us—oh, false one, rail!
The Emir's child would rather die,
Than breathe for thee—one burning sigh;
She scorns thy suit and bids us say,
The eaglet holds, *alone*, her way".
Then wither, perish in his sight,
And leave me to my starless night!

A WEED.

om our northern woods pale summer, flying,
s her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—
er sad wild flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
or her stay, in every nook and dell,

that loved too tenderly and truly,
eak at last—and in some dim, sweet shade,
smooth the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
ave her to the rest for which she prayed.

stfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,
l that deep repose is welcomed well;
, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve
er,
ook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

ide her where no false one's footstep, steal-
ng,
r the chastened meekness of her sleep;
Love and Grief her grave revealing,
y will hush their chiding then—to weep!

—for though too oft she erred, too blindly,
beloved, how fondly and how well!—
, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
nt dear flowers within that silent dell.

hose fragile hand will bring the bloom
ed by both—the violet—to that bower;
will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
, perchance, will plant the passion-flower!

hou come, when all the rest have parted—
ho alone dost know her soul's deep gloom,
the above the lost, the broken-hearted,
le weed—that knew not how to bloom.

TO SLEEP.

me, angel of the weary hearted,
ey my loved ones, breathed upon by thee,
realms unreal have departed,
ay rest—even I: ah! haste to me.

t bid thy darker, colder brother
s more welcome offering appear,
sweet lips, at morn, will murmur, 'Mother,'
o shall soothe them if I be not near.

no dream, dear Sleep, though visions
owing
es of heaven thy wand enchanted shows;
glorious boon of thy bestowing,
t most true, most beautiful—repose.

heart to rove in realms of Faëry—
w Fancy at her elfin call:
wretched—too soul-worn and weary;
but rest, for rest to me is all.

the future to my fainting spirit,
it were starred with glory like the skies;
no gift immortals may inherit,
ld rekindle hope in these cold eyes.

he Past—the fearful Past—ah! never
ory's downcast gaze unveiled by thee:
ou couldst bring oblivion for ever
at is, that has *been, and will be!*

SILENT LOVE.

Ah! let our love be still a folded flower,
A pure, moss rosebud, blushing to be seen,
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour
When souls may meet without the clay between!

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart;
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing— [nurse;
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance
Still let the modest veil around it cling,
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—
To feel our spirit flower still fresh and free,
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin!

Ah, keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—
Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly,
As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,
Th' awakened god from Psyche's daring eye.

BEAUTY'S PRAYER.

Round great Jove his lightnings shone,
Rolled the universe before him,
Stars, for gems, lit up his throne,
Clouds, for banners, floated o'er him.

With her tresses all untied,
Touched with gleams of golden glory,
Beauty came, and blushed, and sighed,
While she told her piteous story.

"Hear! oh, Jupiter! thy child:
Right my wrong, if thou dost love me!
Beast and bird, and savage wild,
All are placed in power above me.

"Each his weapon thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it:
Why bestow—Supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me with naught to shield it?

"Even the rose—the wild-wood rose,
Fair and frail as I, thy daughter,
Safely yields to soft repose,
With her lifeguard thorns about her."

As she spake in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glistened,
Yet her red lip dimpling smiled,
For the god benignly listened.

"Child of Heaven!" he kindly said,
"Try the weapons Nature gave thee;
And if danger near thee tread,
Proudly trust to them to save thee.

"Lance and talon, thorn and spear:
Thou art armed with triple power,
In that blush, and smile, and tear!
Fearless go, my fragile flower.

"Yet dost thou, with all thy charms,
Still for something more beseech me?—
Skill to use thy magic arms?
Ask of Love—and Love will teach thee!"

DREAM-MUSIC, OR THE SPIRIT-FLUTE.

There, pearl of beauty! lightly press,
With yielding form, the yielding sand;
And while you sift the rosy shells
Within your dear and dainty hand,

Or toss them to the heedless waves,
That reck not how your treasures shine,
As oft you waste on careless hearts
Your fancies, touched with light divine—

I'll sing a lay, more wild than gay—
The story of a magic flute:
And as I sing, the waves shall play
An ordered tune, the song to suit.

In silence flowed our grand old Rhine—
For on his breast a picture burned,
The loveliest of all scenes that shine,
Where'er his glorious course has turned.

That radiant morn the peasants saw
A wondrous vision rise in light,
They gazed, with blended joy and awe—
A castle crowned the beetling height.

Far up amid the amber mist,
That softly wreathes each mountain-spire,
The sky its clustered columns kissed,
And touched their snow with golden fire:

The vapor parts—against the skies,
In delicate tracery on the blue,
Those graceful turrets lightly rise,
As if to music there they grew!

And issuing from its portal fair,
A youth descends the dizzy steeps;
The sunrise gilds his waving hair,
From rock to rock he lightly leaps:

He comes—the radiant angel boy!
He moves with more than human grace;
His eyes are filled with earnest joy,
And heaven is in his beauteous face.

And whether bred the stars among,
Or in that luminous palace born,
Around his airy footsteps hung
The light of an immortal morn.

From steep to steep he fearless springs,
And now he glides the throng amid,
So light, as if still played the wings
That 'neath his tunic sure are hid.

A fairy flute is in his hand—
He parts his bright, disordered hair,
And smiles upon the wondering band—
A strange, sweet smile, with tranquil air.

Anon, his blue, celestial eyes
He bent upon a youthful maid,
Whose looks met his in still surprise,
The while a low, glad tune he played.

Her heart beat wildly—in her face
The lovely rose-light went and came;
She clasped her hands with timid grace,
In mute appeal, in joy and shame.

Then slow he turned—more wildly breathed
The pleading flute, and by the sound

Through all the throng her steps she wreath
As if a chain were o'er her wound.

All mute and still the group remained,
And watched the charm, with lips apart
While in those linked notes enchained,
The girl was led, with listening heart.

The youth ascends the rocks again,
And in his steps the maiden stole,
While softer, holier grew the strain,
Till rapture thrilled her yearning soul!

And fainter fell that fairy tune;
Its low, melodious cadence wound,
Most like a rippling rill at noon,
Through delicate lights and shades of so

And with the music, gliding slow,
Far up the steep their garments gleam;
Now through the palace-gate they go,
And now—it vanished like a dream!

Still frowns above thy waves, oh Rhine!
The mountain's wild terrific height,
But where has fled the work divine
That lent its brow a halo light?

Ah! springing arch and pillar pale
Had melted in the azure air;
And she—the darling of the dale—
She too had gone—but how, and where?

Long years rolled by, and lo! one morn,
Again o'er regal Rhine it came—
That picture from the dream-land borne,
That palace built of frost and flame.

Behold! within its portal gleams
A heavenly shape—oh, rapturous sight
For lovely as the light of dreams
She glides adown the mountain height!

She comes—the loved, the long-lost maid!
And in her hand the charmed flute;
But ere its mystic tune was played,
She spake—the peasants listened mute:

She told how in that instrument
Was chained a world of winged dreams
And how the notes that from it went
Revealed them as with lightning gleams

And how its music's magic braid
O'er the unwary heart it threw,
Till he or she whose dream it played
Was forced to follow where it drew.

She told how on that marvellous day
Within its changing tune she heard
A forest fountain's plaintive play,
A silver trill from far-off bird—

And how the sweet tones, in her heart,
Had changed to promises as sweet,
That if she dared with them depart,
Each lovely hope its heaven should mee

And then she played a joyous lay,
And to her side a fair child springs,
And wildly cries, "Oh, where are they,
Those singing birds, with diamond wings

Anon a loftier strain is heard—
A princely youth beholds his dream,

And, by the thrilling cadence stirred,
Would follow where its wonders gleam.

Still played the maid—and from the throng,
Receding slow, the music drew
A choice and lovely band along—
The brave, the beautiful, the true!

The sordid, worldly, cold, remained,
To watch that radiant troop ascend—
To hear the fading fairy strain—
To see with heaven the vision blend!

And ne'er again, o'er glorious Rhine,
That sculptured dream rose calm and mute;
Ah, would that now once more 't would shine,
And I could play the fairy flute!

I'd play, Marie, the dream I see,
Deep in those changeful eyes of thine,
And thou perforce shouldst follow me
Up—up where life is all divine!

TO MY PEN.

Dost know, my little vagrant pen,
That wanderest lightly down the paper,
Without a thought how critic men
May carp at every careless caper?

Dost know, twice twenty thousand eyes,
If publishers report them truly,
Each month may mark the sportive lies
That track, oh shame! thy steps unruly?

Now list to me, my fairy pen,
And con the lessons gravely over;
Be never wild or false again,
But "mind your Ps and Qs," you rover!

While tripping gayly to and fro,
Let not a thought escape you lightly,
But challenge all before they go,
And see them fairly robed and rightly.

You know that words but dress the frame,
And thought's the soul of verse, my fairy!
So drape not spirits dull and tame
In gorgeous robes or garments airy.

I would not have my pen pursue
The "beaten track"—a slave for ever;
No! roam as thou wert wont to do,
In author-land, by rock and river.

Be like the sunbeam's burning wing,
Be like the wand in Cinderella—
And if you touch a common thing,
Ah, change to gold the pumpkin yellow!

May grace come fluttering round your steps,
Whene'er, my bird, you light on paper,
And music murmur at your lips,
And truth restrain each truant caper.

Let hope paint pictures in your way,
And love his seraph-lesson teach you;
And rather calm with reason stray,
Than dance with folly—I beseech you!

In Faith's pure fountain lave your wing,
And quaff from feeling's glowing chalice;
But touch not falsehood's fatal spring,
And shun the poisoned weeds of malice.

Firm be the web you lightly spin,
From leaf to leaf, though frail in seeming,
While Fancy's fairy dew-gems win
The sunbeam Truth to keep them gleaming.

And shrink not thou when tyrant wrong
O'er humble suffering dares deride thee:
With lightning step and clarion song,
Go! take the field, with Heaven beside thee.

Be tuned to tenderest music when
Of sin and shame thou 'rt sadly singing;
But diamond be thy point, my pen,
When folly's bells are round thee ringing!

And so, where'er you stay your flight,
To plume your wing or dance your measure,
May gems and flowers your pathway light,
For those who track your tread, my treasure!

But what is this? you've tripped about,
While I the mentor grave was playing;
And here you've written boldly out
The very words that I was saying!

And here, as usual, on you've flown
From right to left—flown fast and faster,
Till even while you wrote it down,
You've missed the task you ought to master.

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN CHILD.

Where foams the fall—a tameless storm—
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest trees, entwining, form,
There trips the mountain maid.

She binds not her luxuriant hair
With dazzling gem or costly plume,
But gayly wreathes a rosebud there,
To match her maiden bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around;
By flowing riband, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired—a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild—
Proud Fashion! match me in your ring,
New England's mountain child!

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart
For paltry gold or haughty rank,
But gives her love, untaught by art,
Confiding, free, and frank.

And, once bestowed, no fortune change
That high and generous faith can alter;
Through grief and pain, too pure to range,
She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
In lowly hut as palace hall;
Her sunny smile as warm will be,
For love to her is all.

Hast seen where in our woodland glooms
The rich magnolia proudly smiled?—
So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
New England's mountain child!

"ASHES OF ROSES."

I PRAYED that God would take my child—
I could not bear to see
The look of suffering, strange and wild,
With which she gazed on me:
I prayed that God would take her back,
But ah! I did not know
What agony at last 'twould be
To let my darling go.

She faded—faded in my arms,
And with a faint, slow sigh,
Her fair young spirit went away.
Ah God! I felt her die!
But oh! so lightly to her form
Death's kindly angel came,
It only seemed a zephyr passed
And quenched—a taper's flame;
A little flower might so have died—
So tranquilly she closed
Her lovely mouth, and on my breast
Her helpless head reposed.

Where'er I go, I hear her low
And plaintive murmur ring;
I feel her little fairy clasp
Around my finger cling,
For oh! it seemed the darling dreamed,
That while she clung to me,
Safe from all harm of Death or pain
She could not help but be,
That I, who watched in helpless grief,
My flower fade away,
That I—ah, Heaven!—had life and strength
To keep her from decay!

She clung there to the very last—
I knew that all was o'er,
Only because that dear, dear hand,
Could press mine own no more.
Oh God! give back, give back my child!
But one, one hour, that I
May tell her all my passionate love
Before I let her die!
Call not the prayer an impious one,
For THOU didst fill my soul
With this fond, yearning tenderness,
That nothing can control!
But say instead, "Beside thy bed
Thy child's sweet spirit glides,
For pitying Love has heard the prayer
Which heavenly wisdom chides!"

I know, I know that she is blest:
But oh! I pine to see
Once more the pretty, pleading smile
She used to give to me;
I pine to hear that low, sweet *trill*
With which, where'er I came,
Her little, soft voice welcomed me,
Half welcome and half blame!

I know her little heart is glad—
Some gentle angel guides
My loved one on her joyous way,
Where'er in heaven she glides,
Some angel far more wisely kind
Than ever I could be,
With all my blind, wild mother-love,
My Fanny, tends on thee;
And every sweet want of thy heart
Her care benign fulfils,
And every whispered wish for me,
With lulling love she stills.

Upborne by its own purity,
Thy light form floats away,
And heaven's fair children round it throng
And woo thee to their play,
Where flowers of wondrous beauty rise,
And birds of splendor rare,
And balm and bloom and melody
Divinely fill the air.

I hush my heart, I hide my tears,
Lest he my grief should guess
Who watched thee, darling, day and night
With patient tenderness;
'T would grieve his generous soul to see
This anguish, wild and vain,
And he would deem it sin in me
To wish thee back again;
But oh! when I am all alone,
I can not calm my grief,
I think of all thy touching ways
And find a sweet relief:
Thy dark blue, wishful eyes look up
Once more into my own,
Thy faint soft smile one moment plays—
One moment thrills thy tone:
The next—the vision vanishes,
And all is still and cold;
I see thy little, tender form—
Oh misery! in the mould!
I shut my eyes, and pitying Heaven
A happier vision gives,
Thy spirit dawns upon my dream—
I know my treasure lives.

No, no, I must not wish thee back,
But might I go to thee!
Were there no other loved ones here
Who need my love and me;
I am so weary of the world—
Its falsehood and its strife—
So weary of the wrong and ruth
That mar our human life!
Where thou art, Fanny, all is love
And peace and pure delight;
The soul that here must hide its face,
There lives serene in right;
And ever, in its lovely path,
Some new, great truth divine,
Like a clear star that dawns in heaven,
Undyingly doth shine.
My child, while joy and wisdom go
Through that calm sphere with thee,
Oh, wilt thou not sometimes look back,
My pining heart to see!
For now a strange fear chills my soul—
A feeling like despair,
Lest thou *forget* me mid those scenes—
Thou dost not *need* me there!

Ah, no: the spirit-love, that looked
From those dear eyes of thine,
Was not of earth—it could not die!
It still responds to mine!
And it may be—(how thrills the hope
Through all my soul again!)—
That I may tend my child in heaven,
Since here my watch was vain!

"YES! LOWER TO THE LEVEL."

Yes! "lower to the level"
Of those who laud thee now;
Go, join the joyous revel,
And pledge the heartless vow;
Go, dim the soulborn beauty
That lights that lofty brow;
Fill, fill the bowl: let burning wine
Drown, in thy soul, Love's dream divine.

Yet when the laugh is lightest,
When wildest goes the jest,
When gleams the goblet brightest,
And proudest heaves thy breast,
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and jovial guest—
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—
The shade of Love's departed hours.

And thou shalt shrink in sadness
From all the splendor there,
And curse the revel's gladness,
And hate the banquet's glare,
And pine, mid Passion's madness,
For true Love's purer air,
And feel thou 'dst give their wildest glee
For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love:
Ah! no; if I could keep
Thy altered heart from care, love,
And charm its grief to sleep,
Mine only should despair, love,
I—I alone would weep!
I—I alone would mourn the flowers
That fade in Love's deserted bowers!

THE SOUL'S LAMENT FOR HOME.

As 'plains the homesick ocean-shell
Far from its own remembered sea,
Repeating, like a fairy spell
Of love, the charmed melody
It learned within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearl, with softest music-moan—

So asks my homesick soul below,
For something loved, yet undefined;
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music, from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its childlike sigh,
The melody it learned above,
To which no echo may reply,
Save from thy voice, Celestial Love!

BIANCA.

A whisper woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and wo.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound—
Another voice has breathed it clear—
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world apart,
And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found—
The only heart 't was meant to find,
When first its accents woke.
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that—it broke!

Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder-crash to hers—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'T is said, a lovely humming-bird,
That dreaming in a lily lay,
Was killed but by the gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came:

And thus her heart, unused to shame,
Shrined in its lily, too—
(For who the maid that knew,
But owned the delicate, flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?)
Her light and happy heart, that beat
With love and hope so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird—
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died!

MUSIC.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake—a dream, that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air.

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty—it became a world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—his love revealing
Though, in response, a universe moves by!
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply!

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'T is but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

"SHE LOVES HIM YET."

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek:
She loves him yet!
Through all Love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard:
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty;
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her,
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other:
With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Oh, doubt no more!
She never can wed another:
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

NO!

If the dew have fed the flower,
Shall she therefore, from that hour,
Live on nothing else but dew?
Ask no more, from dawn of day—
Never heed the sunny ray,
Though it come, a glittering fay,
To her bower?
Though upon her soul it play,
Must she coldly turn away,
And refuse the life it brings,
Burning in its golden wings—
Meekly lingering in the night,
To herself untrue?
Though the humming-bird have stole,
Floating on his plumes of glory,
Softly to her glowing soul,
Telling his impassioned story—
If the soaring lark she capture,
In diviner love and rapture,
Pouring music wild and clear,
Round her till she thrills to hear—
Shall she shut her spirit's ear?
Shall the lesson wasted be,
Of that heavenly harmony?
No! by all the inner bloom,
That the sunbeam may illume,
But that else the stealing chill
Of the early dawn might kill:
No! by all the leaves of beauty,
Leaves that, in their vestal duty,
Guard the shrined and rosy light
Hidden in her "heart of heart,"
Till that music bids them part:
No! by all the perfume rare,
Delicate as a fairy's sigh,
Shut within and wasting there,
That would else enchant the air—
Incense that must soar or die!
That divine, pure soul of flowers,
Captive held, that pines to fly,
Asking for unfading bowers,
Learning from the bird and ray
All the lore they bring away
From the skies in love and play,
Where they linger every morn,
Till to this sad world of ours
Day in golden pomp is borne—
By that soul, which else might glow
An immortal flower: No!

SONG.

Should all who throng, with gift and s
And for my favor bend the knee,
Forsake the shrine they deem divine,
I would not stoop my soul to thee!

The lips, that breathe the burning vow,
By falsehood base unstained must be
The heart, to which mine own shall bo
Must worship Honor more than me.

The monarch of a world wert thou,
And I a slave on bended knee,
Though tyrant chains my form might b
My soul should never stoop to thee!

Until its hour shall come, my heart
I will possess, serene and free;
Though snared to ruin by thine art,
'T would sooner break than bend to t

"BOIS TON SANG, BEAUMANOI

Fierce raged the combat—the foemen press
When from young Beaumanoir rose the w
Beaumanoir, mid them all, bravest and firs
"Give me to drink, for I perish of thirst!"
Hark! at his side, in the deep tones of ire
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" shouted h

Deep had it pierced him—the foemen's swift
Deeper his soul felt the wound of that wo
Back to the battle, with forehead all flushe
Stung to wild fury, the noble youth rushed
Scorn in his dark eyes—his spirit on fire—
Deeds were his answer that day to his sire
Still where triumphant the young hero car
Glory's bright garland encircled his name:
But in her bower, to beauty a slave,
Dearer the guerdon his lady-love gave,
While on his shield, that no shame had de
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" proudly she

CAPRICE.

ɛ me not that still I change
every changing hour,
ious Nature gives me leave
ve, and cloud, and flower.

ı and all the world would do—
but dared—the same;
myself—if false to you,
should I reck your blame.

ase your carping, cousin mine,
vain reproaches cease;
ı my right divine—
y in caprice!

:, light cloud, at morning hour,
ıl dark and full of tears:
it seemed a rosy flower—
gorgeous gold appears.

I to the deepening light
lawns around my way:
you linger with the night,
I my noon delay?

ıse your carping, cousin mine—
cold reproaches cease;
riot of the cloud be mine—
thou the reins, Caprice!

ɛ you played on Feeling's lyre
ısant tune or two,
beneath your minstrel fire
ours in music flew;

ın a hand more skilled to sweep
arp, its soul allures,
ın sullen silence sleep
se not touched by yours?

e are rapturous tones in mine
ıutely pray release;
ıit the master-hand divine—
ıe the chords, Caprice!

ve the sea-wave to control;
ıuldst thou keep me thine,
all being to my soul,
.ll each want divine:

ry string in Love's sweet lyre—
its music flowing;
nd dew, and light, and fire,
ɛp the soul-flower growing:

-thou art no love of mine,
ve my love in peace;
ıless woman's right divine—
ıly right—caprice!

ill mount her opal car,
raw the rainbow reins,
ly go from star to star,
ıt a ray remains;

will find all fairy flowers
ıre to mortals given,
athe the radiant, changing hours,
hose "sweet hints" of heaven.

ming-birds are harnessed there—
ave their wings in peace;
ing gems" they glance in air—
chase the light, Caprice!

SONG.

I lovɛd an ideal—I sought it in thee;
I found it unreal as stars in the sea.

And shall I, disdaining an instinct divine—
By falsehood profaning that pure hope of mine—

Shall I stoop from my vision so lofty, so true—
From the light all Elysian that round me it threw?

Oh! guilt unforgiven, if false I could be
To myself and to Heaven, while constant to thee.

Ah no! though all lonely on earth be my lot,
I'll brave it, if only that trust fail me not—

The trust that, in keeping all pure from control
The love that lies sleeping and dreams in my soul,

It may wake in some better and holier sphere,
Unbound by the fetter Fate hung on it here.

ASPIRATIONS.

I wastɛ no more in idle dreams
My life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self—
I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain,
I've lavished all too long:
Henceforth to holier purposes
I pledge myself, my song!

Oh! still within the inner veil,
Upon the spirit's shrine,
Still unprofaned by evil, burns
The one pure spark divine,
Which God has kindled in us all,
And be it mine to tend
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care,
The light that lamp may lend.

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame
Upon the dreary past—
My heart, my soul poured recklessly
On dreams that could not last:
My bark was drifted down the stream,
At will of wind or wave—
An idle, light, and fragile thing,
That few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold,
And steer as Conscience tells,
And I will brave the storms of Fate,
Though wild the ocean swells.
I know my soul is strong and high,
If once I give it sway;
I feel a glorious power within,
Though light I seem and gay.

Oh, laggard Soul! unclose thine eyes
No more in luxury soft
Of joy ideal waste thyself:
Awake, and soar aloft!
Unfurl this hour those falcon wings
Which thou dost fold too long;
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,
And sing thy loftiest song!

LUCY HOOPER.

THERE have been in our literary history few more interesting characters than LUCY HOOPER. She died at an early age, but not until her acquaintances had seen developed in her a nature that was all truth and gentleness, nor until the world had recognised in her writings the signs of a rare and delicate genius, that wrought in modesty, but in repose, in the garden of the affections and in the light of religion.

She was born in Newburyport, in Massachusetts, on the fourth of February, 1816, and was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Hooper, a respectable merchant, who saw with anxious pride the unfolding of her abilities, and attended sedulously and judiciously to their cultivation. After his death, and when Miss Hooper was in her fifteenth year, the surviving members of the family removed to Brooklyn, on Long Island; and in this city she passed the remainder of her life. Her health, from childhood, was precarious, and it is possible that the ever-fatal disease of which she died had already affected her physical energies, while it quickened her intellectual faculties and made them accessaries to her decay. Her mind was delicately susceptible of impressions of beauty, and she delighted most in nature, particularly in flowers, the study and cultivation of which were among her dearest pleasures.

Her first poems that were published appeared in The Long Island Star, a Brooklyn journal, under the signature of her initials. Her youth would have protected her compositions from criticism, but they needed no such protection. Beyond the limited circle of her acquaintances, no one knew the meaning of "L. H.;" but these letters were soon as familiar through all the country as the names of favorite poets. For several years she was a contributor to The New-Yorker, the editor of which, Mr. Greeley — one of the first justly to appreciate her merits — became an intimate personal as well as literary friend.

In midsummer, 1839, Miss Hooper revisited her native village, and upon leaving it, *the last time*, she wrote the following lines, which have a biographical interest, they are scarcely equal to the averag productions in literary merit:

LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING NEWBUR AUGUST 23, 1839.

SWEET were the airs of home, when first the
Came to the wanderer, as her gladdened
Met the rich verdure of her native hills,
And the clear, glancing waters brought a
A thousand dreams of childhood to the h
That had so pined amid the city's hum
For the glad breath of home, the waving
And the fair flowers that in the olden tim
Blew freshly mid the rocky cliffs.

All thes
Had seemed but Fancy's picture, and the
Of Memory's pencil, fainter day by day,
Gave back the tracery; in the crowded m
There were no green paths where the buds
Might blow unchecked, and a forgotten th
Were Spring's first violets to the wanderer'
Till once again amid those welcome haunt
The faded lines grew vivid, and the flower
The fresh, pure flowers of youth, brought bac
The bloom of early thoughts.

Oh! brightly
Thy waters, river of my heart, and dream
Sweeter than childhood conneth came ane
With my first sight of thee, bright memorie
With thy familiar music, sparkling tide!
The rocks and hills all smiled a welcome
And Memory's pencil hath a fadeless gree
For that one hour by thee.

Oh, gentle hou
Comes with thy name fair visions, kindly
Warm greetings from the heart, and eyes who
Hath smiled upon my dreams.

Yet golden
Were strangely parted, music tones had p
And ties unloosed, that unto many a heart
Were bound with life; the musing child n
Might watch the glancing of the distant s
And dream of one whose glad returning st
Made ever the fair sunshine of her home;
The sister's heart might no more thrill to
One voice, that in the silence of the grave
Is hushed for ever, and whose eye's soft lig
Come with its starry radiance, when her s
Pines in the silent hour, and there waves
O'er the last resting place of one whose n
Is music to the ear of love, the green
And pensive willow, bending low its head
As it would weep the loss of that fair flow
Which, far removed from her own native
Drooped in a land of strangers.

Home, sweet
There are sad memories with thee; earth h

:e where change ne'er cometh, and where death
cast no shadow! yet the moonlight lieth
in all thy still and shaded streets,
:he deep stars of midnight purely shine,
ing a thought of that far world where Love
:th again his lost and treasured gems,
n whose "many mansions" there may be
ie where change ne'er cometh, and where death
leave no trace upon the pure in heart,
bend before their Father's throne in heaven!

1840, Miss Hooper published an Essay
omestic Happiness, and a volume enti-
Scenes from Real Life; and in these, as
as in other prose writings, are shown
ensibility and natural grace which are
harm of her poetry. It was about the
time that she wrote The Last Hours
Young Poetess, a poem which has some-
been referred to as an illustration of
wn history.

e excellent Dr. John W. Francis, of whom
a slight variation we may use the lan-
of Coleridge respecting Sir Humphrey
, that had he not become one of the first
cians he would have been among the
eminent literary men of his age, is ad-
ly fitted, as well by his intimate obser-
n of the influence of mental action upon
h, as by his general professional skill
genial sympathies, to watch over and
ct so fragile and delicate a being, hap-
attended Miss Hooper in her illness;
a letter which, soon after her death,
dressed to Mr. Keese, the editor of her
s, we have an interesting account of the
of her life:

'or a period of many years," he says,
cultivation of her mind was little in-
ted; and though her corporeal suffering
often an obstacle to continuous effort,
stained with unabated ardor her stud-
the ancient and modern languages, in
literature, in botany, and in several
e other branches of natural science.
less the extent of her reading and her
sitions in varied knowledge contributed
rish in her family the delusive expec-
that her constitution was destined for
ger career of active exertion than fell to
t. Mental effort may in some instances
ct the duration of those energies which
gth it consumes. But the hopes cher-
by her too ardent friends never for a
nt deceived herself. For the last four
s of her existence, her physical pow-
ere yielding to the combined influence
of disease and intellectual action; and after a few days of aggravated suffering, painful evidences were manifest of the fatality which was impending. Her disorder was pulmonary consumption; and the insidious peculiarities of that treacherous malady were conspicuous in her case in an eminent degree. Within three days of her dissolution she was occupied, with intervals of serious reflection, in her literary labors, and conversed freely on her projected plan of a series of moral tales, her book on flowers, and other works. Her life and habits of thought had long prepared her for the final event: severe examination and inquiry contributed to strengthen the consolation of religion. In her death, which was without pain and without a struggle, she bequeathed to her friends triumphant evidences of that hope which animates the expiring Christian."

She died in Brooklyn, on the first of August, 1841. I happened at this time to be in Boston, and a few days after, Mr. Whittier, who was one of her intimate friends, sent me from his place in Amesbury the following beautiful and touching tribute to her memory, which I had published in one of the papers of that city:

"ON THE DEATH OF LUCY HOOPER.

"They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead!—
Cold twilight of a parted day.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the beautiful and good—
And sympathies which found no rest
Save with the loveliest and the best—
Of them, of thee, remains there naught
But sorrow in the mourner's breast—
A shadow in the land of Thought?

"No! Even my weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.
Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And, save the absence of all ill,
And pain, and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tea
The same as when two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone

Of sere leaves by the west-wind blown.
There's not a charm of soul or brow,
  Of all we knew and loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
  Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
  Of souls that with their earthly mould
  Cast off the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
  As pure, as passionless, and cold;
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
  Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one,
  In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the infinite—
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back, through mortal pain,
Their old unconsciousness again!—
No! I have friends in spirit-land,
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
  Not others, but themselves, are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change, the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
  A change from twilight into day!
They've laid thee midst the household graves,
  Where father, brother, sister, lie;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
  Above thee bends the summer sky;
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there:
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And, owning not thy creed, could see
How lifelike it must seem to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all a coloring of its own,
And kindled up intense and warm
A life in every rite and form;
As, when on Chebar's banks of old
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life 'within the wheels' was seen!

"Farewell!—a little time, and we
  Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee,
  As pilgrims through the gate of Fear
Which opens on Eternity.
Yet we shall cherish not the less
  All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
  Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight, when the sun has set,
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
  Thy generous scorn of all things wrong;
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty,
  Which blended in thy song;
All lovely things by thee beloved
  Shall whisper to our hearts of thee:
These green hills where thy childhood roved;
  Yon river winding to the sea;
The sunset light of Autumn eves
  Reflecting on the deep, still floods;
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
  Of rainbow-tinted woods—
These in our view shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake,
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky
Seem sacred to thy memory."

The general regret at her death was shown in many such feeling tributes. Another is quoted here, not so much for its own beauty, as for the opinions it embodies of one of our most accomplished critics respecting her genius and character:

ON THE DEATH OF MISS LUCY HOOPER.
BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"And thou art gone! sweet daughter of the lyre,
  Whose strains we hoped to hear thee waken long;
Gone—as the stars in morning's light expire,
  Gone like the rapture of a passing song;
Gone from a circle who thy gifts have cherished,
  With genial fondness and devoted care,
Whose dearest hopes with thee have sadly perished,
  And now can find no solace but in prayer;
Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing
  Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker's hand;
Prayer to put on the white robes thou art wearing,
  And join thy anthem in the better land."

Miss Hooper's life was singularly industrious, considering the feebleness of her constitution. She seemed to be sensible that her abilities were a trust which imposed responsibilities, and she never suffered time to pass unimproved. Some of her last days were devoted to the preparation of a work entitled The Poetry of Flowers, which was published soon after her death. She had in anticipation also another work in prose similar to her Scenes from Domestic Life, and her inclination had led her to undertake a long poem, upon some historical subject. It is to be regretted that death prevented this project from being realized.

In 1842 Mr. John Keese collected and arranged the Literary Remains of Miss Hooper, which he published with a graceful and affectionate memoir of her life and genius. No one knew her more intimately, and there are few whose appreciation of personal character and poetical merit would have enabled them so well to perform this mournfully pleasing duty. In the present year (1848) a new and considerably enlarged edition of her Poetical Works has appeared from the press of Mr. D. Fanshaw.

THE SUMMONS OF DEATH.*

A voice is on mine ear—a solemn voice:
I come, I come, it calls me to my rest;
Faint not my yearning heart, rejoice, rejoice,
Soon shalt thou reach the gardens of the blest:
On the bright waters there, the living streams,
Soon shalt thou launch in peace thy weary bark,
Waked by rude waves no more from gentle dreams,
Sadly to feel that earth to thee is dark—
Not bright as once; oh vain, vain memories, cease,
I cast your burden down—I strive for peace.

A voice is on mine ear—a welcome tone:
I hear its summons in a stranger land,
It calls me hence, to die amid mine own,
Where first my forehead, by the wild breeze fanned,
Lost the fair tracery of youth, and wore
A deeper signet, in my manhood's prime—
To lay me down with those who wake no more,
It calls me—those I loved, their couch be mine:
I hear sweet voices from my childhood's home,
And from my father's grave—I come, I come!

Blest be the warning sound: my mother's eyes
Dwell on my memory yet, her parting tears,
And from the grave where my young sister lies,
Who perished in the glory of her years,
I hear a gentle call, "Return, return!"
So be it: let me greet the village spires
Once more. I come—'t is wilding youth may spurn,
When far, the burial-places of his sires;
But oh, when strength is gone, and hope is past,
There turns the wearied man his thoughts at last.

So do we change! I hear a warning tone—
Yea, I, whose thoughts were all of bypast times,
Of ancient glories, and from visions lone,
I come to list once more the sabbath chimes
Of my own home—to feel the gentle air
Steal o'er my brow again—to greet the sun
In the old places where he shone so fair,
The while each wandering brook in music ran,
Answering to Youth's sweet thoughts, but all are
I come, my home, I come to join thy dead! [fled—

I heed the warning voice: oh, spurn me not,
My early friends; let the bruised heart go free:
Mine were high fancies, but a wayward lot
Hath made my youthful dreams in sadness flee;
Then chide not, I would linger yet awhile,
Thinking o'er wasted hours, a weary train,
Cheered by the moon's soft light, the sun's glad smile,
Watching the blue sky o'er my path of pain,
Waiting my summons: whose shall be the eye
To glance unkindly—I have come to die!

Sweet words—to die! oh pleasant, pleasant sounds,
What bright revealings to my heart they bring;
What melody, unheard in earth's dull rounds,
And floating from the land of glorious Spring—
The eternal home! my weary thoughts revive,
Fresh flowers my mind puts forth, and buds of love,
Gentle and kindly thoughts for all that live,
Fanned by soft breezes from the world above:
And passing not, I hasten to my rest—
Again, oh gentle summons, thou art blest!

* And should they ask the cause of my return, I will tell them that a man may go far and tarry long away, if his health be good and his hopes high, but that when flesh and spirit begin to fail, he remembers his birthplace and the old burial ground, and hears a voice calling him to come home to his father and mother. They will know by my wasted frame and feeble step, that I have heard the summons and obeyed; and, the first greetings over, they will let me walk among them unnoticed, and linger in the sunshine while I may, and steal into my grave in peace.—*Journal of a Solitary Man.*

"TIME, FAITH, ENERGY."*

High words and hopeful!—fold them to thy heart.
Time, Faith, and Energy, are gifts sublime;
If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
When thou wouldst cast thy pilgrim staff away,
Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
And faint not in the noontide of thy day:
Wait thou for Time!

Wait thou for Time: the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay;
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun;
The golden fruit of Suffering's weighty power
Within the soul—like soft bells' silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou shouldst find a shrine,
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way—

Wait thou for Time: it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower,
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal
To a high purpose in the world of strife:
Wait thou for Time!

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time—and thou that through the
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand, [hour
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny,
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,
And lose ye, mid its pure, effulgent light?
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,
Seraphs who lightened griefs with guiding ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning—
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom [ing—
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morning,
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night!

* Suggested by a passage in Bulwer's Night and Morning.

LAST HOURS OF A YOUNG POETESS.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste
Or water but the desert, whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, but tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild colors breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison: such the fruits
Which spring beneath her steps, as Passion flies
O'er the wild wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants!"—*Byron.*

THROW up the window! that the earnest eyes
Of the young devotee at Nature's shrine
May catch a last glimpse of this breathing world
From which she is removing.
Men will say
This is an early death, and they will write
The record of her few and changeful years
With wonder on the marble, and then turn
Away with thoughtful brows from the green sod,
Yet pass to daily business, for the griefs
That press on busy spirits may not turn
Their steps aside from the worn paths of life,
Or bear upon the memory when the quick
And selfish course of daily care sweeps by.
Yet, when they speak of that lost one, 't will be
With tones of passionate marvel, for they watched
Her bright career as they would watch a star
Of dazzling brilliancy, and mourn to see
Its glory quenched, and wonder while ye mourned
How the thick pall of darkness could be thrown
O'er such a radiant thing.
Is this the end
Of all thy glorious visions, young Estelle?
Hath thy last hours drawn on, and will thy life
Pass by as quickly as the perfumed breath
Of some fair flower upon the zephyr's wings?
And will they lay thee in the quiet grave,
And never know how fervently thy heart
Panted for its repose? Oh! let the peace
Of this sweet hour be hers; let her gaze forth
Now on the face of Nature for the last,
While the bright sunbeam trembles in the air
Of the meek-coming twilight: it will soothe
Her spirit as a spell, and waken up
Impassioned thoughts, and kindle burning dreams,
And call back glorious visions.
Marvel not
To see her color pass, and view the tears
Fast gathering to her eyes, and see her bend
In very weakness at the fearful shrine
Of Memory, when the glory of the past
Is gone for ever. Gaze not on her now:
Her spirit is a delicate instrument,
Nor can ye know its measure. How unlike
That wearied one to the bright, gifted girl,
Who knelt a worshipper at the deep shrine
Of Poetry, and, mid the fairest things,
Pined for lone solitude—to read the clouds
With none to watch her, and dream pleasant things
Of after-life, and see in every flower
The mysteries of Nature, and behold
In every star the herald and the sign
Of immortality, till she almost shrank
To feel the secret and expanding might
Of her own mind! and thus amid the flowers
Of a glad home grew beautiful. Away
With praises upon Time! with hollow tones
That tell the blessedness of after-years!
They take the fragrance from the soul; th
Life of its gloss, its poetry, its charm,
Till the heart sickens, and the mental wing
Droops wearily: and thus it was with her,
The gifted and the lovely. Oh, how much
The world will envy those whose hearts ar
With secret or unchanging grief, if fame
Or outward splendor gilds them! Who ar
The throngs that sung thy praises, young E
Or crowned thy brow with laurels, ever re
That, wearier of thy chaplet than the slave
May be with daily toil, thy hand would cas
The laurel by with loathing, but the pride
Of woman's heart withheld thee!
Oh, how
Falls on the sorrowing mind; how cold the
Of Flattery, when the spirit is bowed down
Before its mockery, and the heart is sick;
Praise for the gift of genius—for the grace
Of outward form—when the soul pines to l
One kindly tone and true! What bitter je
It maketh of the enthusiast, to whom
One star alone can shine, one voice be hear
In tones of blessedness, to know that crowd
Of earth's light-hearted ones are treasuring
Against their day of sorrow the deep words
Of wretchedness and misery which burst
From an o'erburdened spirit, and that mind
Which may not rise to heaven on the wing
Of an inspired fancy, yet can list
With raptured ear to the ethereal dreams
Of a high-soaring genius. For this end
Didst thou seek fame, Estelle;—and hast
The atmosphere of poetry, till life [bre
With its dull toil grew wearisome and lone
Her brow grew quickly pale, and murmured
That not in life dwelt on that gentle lip,
Are spoken in the recklessness of death.
They tell of early dreams—of cherished ho
That faded into bitterness ere Fame
Became the spirit's idol, of lost tones
Of music, and of well-remembered words
That thrill the spirit yet. Again it comes,
That half-reproachful voice that she hath sp
Her life at Passion's shrine, and patient ther
Hath sacrificed, and offered incense to
An absent idol—that she might not see,
Even in death—and then again the strength
Of a high soul sustains her, and she joys,
Yea, triumphs in her fame, that *he* may hear
Her name with honor, when the dark shade
Around her, and she sleeps in still repose:
If some faint tone should reach him at the l
Of her devotedness, he will not spurn
The memory from him, but his soul may thr
To think of her, the fervent-hearted girl,
Who turned from flattering tones, and idly c
The treasures of her spirit on the winds,
And found no answering voice!
Then prayed for d
Since life's sweet spells had vanished, and her l
Had melted in thin air: and laying down
Her head upon her pillow, sought her rest,
And thought to meet him in the land of dre

'HE TURQUOISE RING.*

¡uoise ring! 'twas a gift of power,
ıer heart in that weary hour,
spell, as a gem of light,
pure star amidst clouds of night,
ack to the pale, pale cheek its bloom,
ing the heart in that hour of doom;
ıope, there was trust with its living hue,
ras bright, and the lover true,
o her heart, as a sign to her eye,
ight gleam of a troubled sky.
ise ring! oh, the olden time
a magic tale and sign,
of treasure on land and on sea,
for the heart or the memory;
ıight the fairy lamp of old
owner but gems and gold?
who sat in that lonely hall
ise ring was worth them all;
ırt hath a dearer wealth than lies
ı's wide halls and argosies;
es are more precious than stores of gold
st and rarest by miser told,
ad been gems that brightly shone,
sat in her grief alone!
urquoise ring had a spell of power!
gift for the weary hour,
future to all the past,
f moments too bright to last,
me in the light of their bliss,
to gladden an hour like this.
ıath wings, they have said who knew,
ove hath wings is a story true,
ngers a bloom on his early hours,
vings are folded mid opening flowers,
streams are bright, and the sky is fair,
arts too happy that trust him there;
rs a bloom, and there rests a glow,
at the earth not again may know!
rom that resting-place he flies,
with a thousand memories,
ıd each leaf by our fond tears wet,
of his sweetness and beauty yet!
past, and its holy love—
hopes, that soared above—
sions that came to her nightly rest,
quoise ring to her finger pressed:
ul to her its light,
rget that pleasant night
her finger's slender round
ıe golden circlet bound,
l she not to see it shine,
ow tone, "Love, be mine!"
ı, since then, unchanged its hue,
er trust, alike were true;
times that cheek so bright,
those eyes of living light,
were hers of pain and dread,
Yet still the ring its lustre shed;
They met and parted, as of yore
Fond hearts have met, and chilled before,
And coldness, sadness, fear, had been
Like cloud upon the sunny scene.
Yet woman's love will always strive,
And woman's faith through all things live,
And beautiful the maiden's truth,
And beautiful her trusting youth;
Through all, through all, the turquoise ring
A hope, a dream, a joy could bring;
And still, if clear and bright its hue,
Her faith was firm, her lover true!
Oh, gift of power! it brought at last
A bright, bright future for the past!
Oh, gift of power! that cheek once more
Wore the rich bloom that blushed of yore!
Oh, gift of power! who would not sing—
"For me, for me, the turquoise ring;
For me, for me, when living faith
Faints in a world of change and death;
When sick with fear the heart may be,
And sad, oh! sad the memory;
When dimly, dimly, dimly glow
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* urtineau's novel of Deerbrook, the heroine reserve with great care a turquoise ring, er had given her in the early days of their id during a long period of doubt and es- believe that while its hues continued un- uith remained to her unbroken. So poetic belief met with its appropriate reward: the remained bright, and the lover returned.

GIVE ME ARMOR OF PROOF.

Give me armor of proof, I must ride to the plain;
Give me armor of proof, ere the trump sound again:
To the halls of my childhood no more am I known,
And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath blown!
Till the conflict is over, the battle is past,
Give me armor of proof—I am true to the last!

Give me armor of proof, bring me helmet and spear;
Away! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear?
Bring the steel of Milan—'t is the firmest and best,
And bind o'er my bosom its closely-linked vest,
Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
Whose tears fell at parting like warm summer rain!

Give me armor of proof: I have torn from my heart
Each soft tie and true that forbade me to part;
Bring the sword of Damascus—its blade cold and bright,
That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight;
And stay—let me fasten yon scarf on my breast,
Love's light pledge and true—I will answer the rest!

Give me armor of proof: shall the cry be in vain,
When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth amain?
The knight clad in armor the battle may bide,
But wo to the heedless when bendeth the tried,
And wo to youth's morn, when we rode forth alone,
To the conflict unguarded, its gladness hath flown!

Give us armor of proof—our hopes were all high;
But they passed like the meteor lights from the sky;
Our hearts' trust was firm, but Life's waves swept away
One by one the frail ties which were shelter and stay:
And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain:
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r had given [illegible] days of their
during [illegible] doubt and es-
continued un-
n. So poetic
d; the
ned.

Give me armor of proof: we would turn from the
Of a world that is fading to one that is true; [view
We would lift up each thought from this earth-
shaded light,
To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight;
And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests
riven,
We would gaze from earth's storms on the bright-
ness of heaven.

THE CAVALIER'S LAST HOURS.

A DIRGE, a dirge for the young renown
Of the reckless cavalier,
Who passed in his youth and glory down
To the grave without a fear,
The smile on his lip, and the light in his eye—
Oh! say, was it thus that the brave should die!

Midst the morning's pomp and flowers,
By fierce and ruffian bands,
In sight of his own ancestral towers,
And his father's sweeping lands:
Well that his mother lay still and low,
Ere the cold clods pressed on her son's bright brow!

Oh, the tide of grief swelled high
In his heart that dawn of day,
As he looked his last on the glorious sky,
And the scenes that round him lay;
But he trod the green earth in that moment of fear
With a statelier bearing, the doomed cavalier!

For fearless his spirit then,
And bravely he met his fate,
Till the brows of those iron-hearted men
Grew dark in their utter hate
Of the gallant victim, who met his hour
With a song on his lips for his lady's bower.

The light of the festive hall,
The bravest in battle array—
Was it thus that the star of his fate should fall,
Was it thus he should pass away!
A dirge, a dirge for his hopes of fame;
The grave will close o'er the noble name!

And the tide of life flow on
In its dull, deep current, as ever,
Till every trace of his fate is gone
From its dark and ceaseless river.
But one may remember, oh young cavalier—
Couldst thou gaze but once on the sleeper near!

That bright and fairy girl,
With no shadow on her brow,
Save the blue vein's trace and the golden curl—
She is dreaming of thee now.
She whispers thy name in her gentle rest;
But how will she wake from that slumber blest!

A dirge, a dirge for the young renown
Of the reckless cavalier! [around,
He hath waved for the last his plumed bonnet
And his parting words they hear, [cry
"God save King Charles!"—a shriek: a woman's
Hath mingled with the martial sounds that rent the
earth and sky!

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.*

MOTHER! I bring thy gift;
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray,
Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away,
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face. Oh, mother, this is death!
What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming!
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild.
Mother! hadst thou no pity on thy child!
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips; my mother, canst thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look!
Alas! at yester morn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gayly danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;
And all was joy around—
Not death. Oh, mother! could I say thee nay!
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!
Take it: my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given;
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips. Oh, tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so!
I may not turn away [name
From the charmed brow; and I have heard his
Even as a prophet by his people spoken;
And that high brow in death bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame.
Oh, holy teacher, couldst thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive!"
Away with lute and harp—
With the glad heart for ever, and the dance!
Never again shall tabret sound for me.
Oh, fearful mother, I have brought to thee
The silent dead with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

EVENING THOUGHTS.

THOU quiet moon, above the hill-tops shining,
How do I revel in thy glances bright,
How does my heart, cured of its vain repining,
Take note of those who wait and watch thy light:
The student o'er his lonely volume bending,
The pale enthusiast, joying in thy ray,
And ever and anon his dim thoughts sending
Up to the regions of eternal day!
Nor these alone—the pure and radiant eyes
Of youth and hope look up to thee with love;
Would it were thine, meek dweller of the skies,

* Written after seeing, among a collection of beautiful paintings, (copies from the old masters, recently sent to New York from Italy,) one representing the daughter of Herodias, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon her countenance an expression, not of triumph, as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sorrowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and beautiful features of her victim.

save from tears! but no—too far above
dim cold earth thou shinest, richly flinging
soft light down on all who watch thy beam,
to the heart of sorrow gently bringing
glories pictured in life's morning stream,
loved presence back: oh, shine to me,
the voyagers on the faithless sea!
beacon light! I know that trembling Care,
rned by thy coming, hies him to repose,
on his pillow laid, serenely there
gets his calling, that at day's dull close
age and rosy childhood sink to rest,
Passion lays her fever dreams aside,
the unquiet thought in every breast
s its selfish fervor and its pride, [ing,
thoughts of thee—the while their vigil keep-
quiet stars hold watch o'er beauty sleeping!
into me, thou still and solemn light, [trust
at mayst thou bring? high hope, unwavering
in who, for the watches of the night,
ained thy coming, and on things of dust
poured a gift of power—on wings to rise
n the low earth and its surrounding gloom
gher spheres, till as the shaded skies
lighted by thy glories, gentle moon,
e life's lonely hours and dark despair
ed by the star of faith, the torch of prayer.

LINES.

have I left thee, wild but gentle lyre,
t on the willow thou hast hung so long?
o not still my unbidden thoughts aspire
n my heart's fount? flows not the gush of song,
gh heavily upon the spirit's wing
arthly care—a dull, corroding thing?
Must it be ever so,
t in the shadow and the gloom my path
tined?—shall the high heart always bow?
er, may it not pass, this cup of wrath—
not at last the kindled flame burn free
y soul's altar, consecate to thee?
Say, in my bosom's urn
l feelings glow for ever unexpressed,
onely, fervent thoughts unheeded burn,
passion linger on, a hidden guest?
the warm sky no token for my heart—
green, early years shall Hope depart?
Peace at this quiet hour
holy thoughts be given. Let me soar
life's dim air and shadowy skies that lower
nd me, and with thrilling heart adore
nercy, Father! who can soothe the wild,
tful murmurings of thine erring child.
Ay, by the bitter dreams,
ervor wasted ere my spirit's prime,
The few brief sunny gleams
ing the heart's wild flowers, that ere their time
brightly and were crushed—by all the tears
quenched the fiery thoughts of early years—
by each phantom shade that memory brings,
s whose tone my heart remembers yet,
s that no more shall thrill—departed things
That I would fain forget—
s past weakness and the coming trust,
Father, I lay my forehead in the dust,
Meekly adoring—yielding up my care
To Thee, who through the stormy past hath tried
A wayward mind, which else had deemed too fair
This fleeting world, and wandered far and wide
Astray—and worshipped still, forgetting Thee,
The one bright star of its idolatry.
Nor be these thoughts in vain
To aid me in this rude word's ruder strife,
When a high soul doth struggle with its chain,
And turn away in bitterness from life—
Strengthen me, guide me, till in realms above
I taste the untroubled waters of thy love.

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

The old days we remember,
How softly did they glide,
While all untouched by worldly care
We wandered side by side!
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just lingered on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

The old days we remember—
Oh! there's nothing like them now,
The glow has faded from our hearts,
The blossom from the bough;
In the chill of care, midst worldly air,
Perchance we are colder grown,
For stormy weather, since we roamed together,
The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember—
Oh! clearer shone the sun,
And every star looked brighter far
Than they ever since have done!
On the very streams there lingered gleams
Of light ne'er seen before,
And the running brook a music took
Our souls can hear no more.

The old days we remember—
Oh! could we but go back
To their quiet hours, and tread once more
Their bright, familiar track—
Could we picture again what we pictured then,
Of the sunny world that lay
From the green hillside, and the waters wide,
And our glad hearts far away!

The old days we remember,
When we never dreamed of guile,
Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,
While the lip still wore its smile!
Oh, we may not forget, for those hours come yet
They visit us in sleep,
While far and wide, o'er life's changing tide,
Our barks asunder keep.

Still, still we must remember
Life's first and brightest days,
And a passing tribute render
As we tread the busy maze;
A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,
The dreams that might not last,
The friends deemed true when our hopes were new
And the glorious visions past!

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."*

Beautiful child; my lot is cast—
Hope from my path hath for ever past;
Nothing the future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbbed, but my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold!—
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair, pure buds it is thine to bring.
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! mayst thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear;
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below:
Beautiful child! mayst thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair—
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crossed,
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why shouldst thou stay?
There is danger near thee—away, away!
Away! in thy spotless purity:
Nothing can here be a type of thee;
The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow:
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream
Afar from the world of doubt and sin—
This weary world thou must wander in:
Such a home was once to my vision given—
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned—
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned:
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!

Beautiful being! away, away!
The angels above be thy help and stay,
Save thee from sorrow, and save thee from sin,
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit, and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.

* "Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage..... There was but one lady who seemed to understand the and she was one who sat alone in a handsome ca while two young men in dashing clothes, who h dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or l another way, or at the two young men, (not unfav at *them*,) and left her to herself. She motioned a gipsy-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, was told already, and had been for some years, but the child toward her, and taking her flowers, put into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, an at home, for God's sake....."

LIFE AND DEATH.

"La mort est le seul dieu que J'osais implorer."

Not unto thee, oh pale and radiant Death
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Through Life's first, sweetest stars may shi
more,
Nor earth again one cherished dream restore
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me.

Yet unto thee, oh monarch! robed and crow
And beautiful in all thy sad array,
I bring no incense, though the heart be chill
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,
Shines not as once the wonted light of
Still upon another shrine my vows

Shall all be duly paid; and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts de
Still, not to thee, oh Death!

I pay my vows; though now to me thy brow
Seems crowned with roses of the summer pr
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
Oh Death! oh Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, oh Life! oh Life! the searching t
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow;
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend, and scathe each glowing hope of m
Still may my heart, as now,
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, oh Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeemed a gold more pu
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and
Their flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope or earthly fear.

This, this, oh Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bin
Let others seek thy false and dazzling gleam
For me their light went out on early stream
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheered by hopes more purely br
Tread still the thorny path whose close is li
If, but at last, the tossed and weary bar
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

LEGENDS OF FLOWERS.*

Oh, gorgeous tales in days of old
Were linked with opening flowers,
As if in their fairy urns of gold
Beat human hearts like ours;
The nuns in their cloister, sad and pale,
As they watched soft buds expand,
On their glowing petals traced a tale
Or legend of holy land.
Brightly to them did thy snowy leaves
For the sainted Mary shine,
As they twined for her forehead vestal wreaths
Of thy white buds, cardamine!

The crocus shone, when the fields were bare,
With a gay, rejoicing smile;
But the hearts that answered Love's tender prayer
Grew brightened with joy the while.
Of the coming spring and the summer's light,
To others that flower might say,
But the lover welcomed the herald bright
Of the glad St. Valentine's day.
The crocus was hailed as a happy flower,
And the holy saint that day
Poured out on the earth their golden shower
To light his votaries' way.

On the day of St. George, the brave St. George,
To merry England dear,
By field and by fell, and by mountain gorge,
Shone hyacinths blue and clear:
Lovely and prized was their purple light,
And 'twas said in ancient story,
That their fairy bells rung out at night
A peal to old England's glory;
And sages read in the azure hue
Of the flowers so widely known,
That by white sail spread over ocean's blue,
Should the empire's right be shown.

And thou of faithful memory,
St. John, thou "shining light,"
Beams not a burning torch for thee,
The scarlet lychnis bright!
While holy Mary, at thy shrine,
Another pure flower blooms,
Welcome to thee with news divine,
The lily's faint perfumes;
Proudly its stately head it rears,
Arrayed in virgin white—
So Truth, amid a world of tears,
Doth shine with vestal light.

And thou, whose opening buds were shown,
A Savior's cross beside,
We hail thee, passion flower alone,
Sacred to Christ, who died.
No image of a mortal love,
May thy bright blossoms be
Linked with a passion far above—
A Savior's agony.

All other flowers are pale and dim,
All other gifts are loss,
We twine thy matchless buds for him
Who died on holy cross.

* These lines refer to some of the old fanciful ideas attached to the opening of flowers. In the Romish church such events were carefully noted down, and every flower blossoming on a saint's day was considered to bloom in honor of that saint.

OSCEOLA.

Not on the battle-plain,
As when thy thousand warriors joyed to meet thee,
Sounding the fierce war-cry,
Leading them forth to die:
Not thus—not thus we greet thee.

But in a hostile camp,
Lonely amid thy foes—
Thine arrows spent,
Thy brow unbent,
Yet wearing record of thy people's woes.

Chief! for thy memories now,
While the tall palm against this quiet sky
Her branches waves,
And the soft river laves
The green and flower-crowned banks it wanders by

While in this golden sun
The burnished rifle gleameth with strange light,
And sword and spear
Rest harmless here,
Yet flash with startling radiance on the sight;

Wake they thy glance of scorn,
Thou of the folded arms and aspect stern!
Thou of the soft, deep tone,*
For whose rich music gone,
Kindred and tribe full soon may vainly yearn!

Wo for the trusting hour!
Oh, kingly stag, no hand hath brought thee down:
'T was with a patriot's heart,
Where fear usurped no part,
Thou camest, a noble offering—and alone!

For vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,
And the wild vine's tangled shoots
On the gnarled oak's mossy roots
Their trysting-place might be.

Wo for thy hapless fate!
Wo for thine evil times and lot, brave chief!
Thy sadly-closing story,
Thy quickly-vanished glory,
Thy high but hopeless struggle, brave and brief.

Wo for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part!
Wo for the captive—wo!
For bitter pains and slow
Are his who dieth of the fevered heart!

Oh, in that spirit-land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath passed;
Chief! by those sparkling streams
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last!

* Osceola was remarkable for a soft and flutelike voice. The above poem was written upon seeing a picture of him by Captain Vinton, U. S. A., representing him as he appeared in the American camp.

SARAH EDGARTON MAYO.

Miss Sarah C. Edgarton, who in 1846 became the wife of the Rev. A. D. Mayo, minister of the Universalist Church in Gloucester, Massachusetts, was born in Shirley, in that state, in 1819. When about seventeen years of age she began to write for the literary and religious journals, and in 1838 she edited the first volume of The Rose of Sharon, an annual, of which nine other volumes were afterward issued under her direction. She also edited for several years The Ladies' Repository, a monthly magazine of religion and letters, published in Boston. Besides her numerous contributions to The Ne Yorker, The New World, The Tribune, T Knickerbocker, and other periodicals, she pu lished, in the ten years from 1838 to 18 The Palfreys, Ellen Clifford or the Geni of Reform, The Poetry of Woman, Spri Flowers, Memoir and Poems of Mrs. Ju H. Scott, The Flower Vase, Fables of Flo and The Floral Fortune-Teller. These a small volumes, and two or three of them co sist in part of extracts; but they are all illu trative of a delicate apprehension of beau and truth. She died on the ninth of July, 184

THE SUPREMACY OF GOD.

The clouds broke solemnly apart, and, mass
By mass, their heavy darkness bore away
With sullen mutterings, leaving mountain-pass
And rocky defile open to the day.
The pinnacles of Zion glittering lay
In the rich splendor of Jehovah's light,
Which, pouring down with a meridian sway,
Bathed mouldering tower and barricaded height
In floods of dazzling rays, bewildering to the sight!

God shone upon the nations. In the West
The owl-like Druid saw the brightening rays,
And muffling his gray robes across his breast,
Strode like a phantom from the coming blaze.
Old Odin, throned amid the polar haze,
Heard the shrill cry of Vala on the blast,
And glancing southward with a wild amaze,
Saw God's bright banner o'er the nations cast,
Then to his dim old halls retreated far and fast.

But nearer yet, and quivering in the blaze
That wrapped Olympus with a shroud of glory,
Great Jove rose up, the pride of Rome's proud days,
His awful head with centuries grown hoary,
His sceptre reeking and his mantle gory!
Great Jove, the dread of each inferior god,
Renowned in song, immortalized in story,
No longer shook Olympus with his nod, [trod.
But shivering like a ghost, down, down to hades

Egyptian Isis, from the mystic rites
Of her voluptuous priesthood shrank in awe,
Mazed by the splendor throned on Zion's heights,
More dreadful than the flame which Israel saw
Break forth from Sinai when God gave the law!
To *her* more dreadful, for beneath its sway
She saw, with prophet gaze, how soon her power
Must, like the brooding night-haze, melt away,
And leave her where the mists of ages lower—
The grim ghosts of a dream mocked in the noontide hour.

And gentler deities—the spirits bright
That haunted mountain glen and woodland sha
That watched o'er sleeping shepherds thro' the ni
And blest at early dawn the bright-eyed maid
The nymphs and dryads of the fount and gla
The best divinities of home and hearth,
These, with an exile footstep, slowly strayed,
And lingered by each haunt of olden mirth,
Till their bright forms grew dim, and vanished fr
the earth.

Now God is God! The Alpine summit rin
With the loud echoes of Jehovah's praise;
And from the valley where the cow-boy sings
Go up to God alone his votive lays.
To him the mariner at midnight prays;
To him uplifts the yearnings of his soul;
And where the day-beam on the snow-peak pla
And where the thunders o'er the desert roll,
His praise goes swelling up, and rings from p
to pole.

His Spirit animates the lowliest flower,
And nerves the sinews of the loftiest sphere,
In every globule of the falling shower,
In each transition of the varied year,
Its life, and light, and wondrous power appea
It burns all-glorious in the noonday sun,
And from the moonbeams forth serenely clea
Or, when the day is o'er, and eve begun,
Flings forth the radiant flag no other god hath w

All hail, Jehovah! Hail, supremest God!
Where'er the whirlwind stalks upon the seas,
Where'er the giant thunderbolt hath trod,
Or turned a furrow for the summer breeze,
Where liquid cities round Spitzbergen freeze,
And lift their ice-spires to the electric light,
Or soft Italian skies and flowering trees
Their balmy odors and bright hues unite—
There art thou, Lord of love, unrivalled in t
might.

praise to thee from every breathing thing,
›m the temples of adoring hearts.
to thee her sky-reaped fruits shall bring,
›mmerce rear thine altars in her marts.
halt be worshipped of the glorious Arts,
ught by Wisdom in her dim retreat;
ident, brooding o'er his mystic charts,
ark the track of thy starsandalled feet, [seat.
›ugh the zodiac traced, it mounts thy mercy-

›raise to thee from peaceful home and hearth,
earts of humble hope and meek desire;
from the lowly and the high of earth,
alace-hall and frugal cottage-fire.
› not lift our spirit-yearnings higher,
ed them upward to a loftier goal:
et us each with fervent thoughts aspire
aside the chain of earth's control, [soul.
d in God's own light, communers with God's

THE LAST LAY.

last touch—the last! and never more
low-singing stream, or violet dell,
side the blue pond's grassy shore,
the woodlands where the fountains swell,
r more shall this wild harp resound
light touches of impulsive Thought!
r, echoed on the winds around,
at those strains with human passion fraught;
Never, oh, never more!
last touch! Oh, mighty Thought, return
deep, hidden fountains, and draw thence
at thro' all the heart's lone depths shall burn;
that inwrought with hope and love intense,
ill and shake the soul, as God's own voice
the high heavens and thrills the silent earth.
th proud words of triumph, and rejoice
y dear gift of song a holier birth
Shall find, when this is o'er!
h in earlier days, departing soul,
ng hath been of weakness and of tears;
h it yielded to the wild control
e's unuttered dreams and shadowy fears;
some strains of triumph have been heard,
ords of faith and hope that reached high
›w warble of the summer bird, [Heaven;
away the hours of golden even,
Blends with the cascade's roar!
loftier now! a strain to cleave
ulted arch above; a hymn of hope,
f deathless faith, for those who grieve;
ords of trust to fearful hearts that grope
clouds and darkness to a midnight tomb.
of Love, thine energy impart
l spirit hovering o'er its doom!
with o'ermasteriug faith this weary heart
Thy mysteries to explore.
suffered in the mournful past;
ered hopes were on my spirit laid;
he beautiful, the bright, were cast
ny pathway but to droop and fade;
ill shadows of the grave were hung
young morning o'er my sunny way—
thee, O my God, that I have clung
To those eternal things that ne'er decay,
E'en to thy love and truth!
Now on the threshold of the grave I stand,
One lingering look alone cast back to earth;
One lingering look to that beloved land
Where human feeling had its tearful birth;
There stand the loved, with earnest eyes and words,
Calling me back to life's sweet gushing streams;
They stand amid the flowers and singing birds,
And where the fountain o'er the bright moss gleams,
All flushed with buoyant youth.
They woo me back. I see their soft eyes melt
With a beseeching love that speaks in tears;
Deeply their sorrowing kindness have I felt,
And hid my pangs, that I might soothe their fears.
But now the seal is set—they can not save;
In vain they hover round this wasting frame:
Let me rest, loved ones, in the peaceful grave,
And leave to earth the little it may claim;
It can not claim the soul!
Nay, gentle friends, earth can not claim the soul!
Upward and onward its bold flight shall be;
The bosom of Eternal Love its goal,
And light its crown, and bliss its destiny.
As the bright meteor darts along the sky,
Leaving a trail of beauty on its way,
So, winged with energy that can not die,
My soul shall reach the gates of endless day,
And bid them backward roll.
In vain, O Death, thine iron grasp is set
On nerves that quiver with delirious pain;
Claim not thy triumph o'er the spirit yet,
For thou shalt die, but that shalt live again.
And thou, O Sorrow, that with whetted beak
Hast torn the fibres of a fervent heart,
Thy final doom is not for me to speak,
Yet thou, too, from thy carnage must depart,
For God recalls his own.
His own!—O Father, mid the budding flowers
And glittering dews of life's unclouded morn,
Where there is thrilling music in the hours
Of gentle hopes and young affections born,
Through all its wanderings from thy holy throne,
Through all its loiterings mid the haunts of Joy,
Hath my frail spirit been indeed thine own,
By ties that Time nor Death can e'er destroy—
Thine, Father, thine alone!
Shall it not still be thine, more nobly thine,
When from the ruins of young Hope it soars,
And, entering into life and peace divine,
Feels the full worth of what it now deplores!
No sorrows there shall stain its gushing springs;
No human frailties cloud its joyous way;
The bird that soars on renovated wings,
And bathes its crest where dawns the golden day,
Shall be less free and pure.
And more than this: with vision all serene,
Undimmed by tears, and bounded not by clouds,
With naught thy goodness and its gaze between,
And where no mystery thy purpose shrouds,
The soul, the glorious soul, in works of love,
Shall seek, and only seek, to do thy will;
Highborn and holy shall its efforts prove,
Thy bright designs and glory to fulfil,
While thou and thine endure.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH-SCENE.

.....One parting glance the weary day-god throws;
See how along the mountain ridge it glows,
Shoots through the forest aisles, transmutes the rills,
And kindles up the old rock-crested hills!
It falls upon a peaceful woodland scene—
It lights the moaning brook and banks of green,
Streams o'er the beggar's long, loose, silvery hair,
Who, dying, lies upon the greensward there!

All day in weakness, weariness, and pain,
The old man 'neath those drooping boughs hath lain;
The birds above him singing, and the breeze
Rustling the abundant foliage of the trees;
The wild-flowers o'er him bending, and the air
Stroking with gentle touch his long white hair;
The bees around him murmuring, and the stream
Mingling its music with his dying dream.....

A vision blessed him! Through his silver hair
He felt the touch of fingers, soft and fair,
And o'er him flowed the glory of an eye
Outshining all the blueness of the sky.
"Sweet, sainted One! and dost thou love me yet?
I knew, I knew thou couldst not quite forget!
I knew, I knew that thou wouldst come at last,
To kiss my lips and tell me all is past!"

A glow of transport lit his closing eye;
He raised his arms exulting toward the sky;
A rosy tint like morning's earliest streak
Flushed in celestial softness o'er his cheek,
Then paled away; the sunbeam, too, that shone
Upon his reverend head, had softly gone.
Then stooped the Vision, clasped him to her breast,
And bore his spirit up to endless rest.....

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

Why love I the lily-bell
Swinging in the scented dell?
Why love I the wood-notes wild,
Where the sun hath faintly smiled?
Daises, in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night
Softly weeping drops of light?

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Savior's cross?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the light from o'er the grave?

Why do rainbows, seen at even,
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound
To the dreams that have been given
Of the holy things of heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to Sinless Mind?

From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthened unto God.
All of holy—stainless—sweet—
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love
Brightly realized above.

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

Whence came this little phantom
That flits about my room—
That's here from early morning
Until the twilight gloom?
For ever dancing, dancing,
She haunts the wall and floor,
And frolics in the sunshine
Around the open door.

The ceiling by the table
She makes her choice retreat,
For there a little human girl
Is wont to have her seat.
They take a dance together—
A crazy little jig;
And sure two baby witches
Ne'er ran so wild a rig!

They pat their hands together
With frantic jumps and springs,
Until you almost fancy
You catch the gleam of wings.
Shrill shrieks the human baby
In the madness of delight,
And back return loud echoes
From the little shadow sprite.

At morning by my bedside
When first the birdies sing,
Up starts the little phantom
With a merry laugh and spring.
She woos me from my pillow
With her little coaxing arms;
I go where'er she beckons—
A victim to her charms.

At night I still am haunted
By glimpses of her face;
Her features on my pillow
By moonlight I can trace.
Whence came this shadow-baby
That haunts my heart and home?
What kindly hand hath sent her,
And wherefore hath she come?

Long be her dancing image
Our guest by night and day,
For lonely were our dwelling
If she were now away.
Far happier hath our home been,
More blest than e'er before,
Since first that little shadow
Came gliding through our door.

UDOLLO.

: fount of Thura sings,
)elow a maid there is,
a lyre of silver strings
ymphonies.

e sought that fountain's side—
the golden hair;
rland in the tide.
invoked the maiden there:

if Thura! from thy halls
ng crystal deign to rise!
aired Udollo calls,
is to gaze within thine eyes;
ne touch that magic lyre
hoes he has heard above,
very dulcet wire
doring, burning love.
of Thura, from thy halls;
aired Udollo calls!"

ne flaming, lucent eye,
the lily hand and brow,
ve heard thy cry;
e thee now!"

vith eyes of river-blue,
r tresses dropped with gold,
hite bosom veiled from view
y by the rainbow's fold,
Thura! let my hand
)n thine the silver lyre;
white arm, Iris-spanned,
glittering, trembling wire!
ig wire I would invoke,
touch it cease to quiver;
r thy sweet fingers woke
olong for ever!"

d! The mortal hand
hat lone chord dare to stray,
flaming, quenchless brand,
is very heart away.
lyre! and I thy flowers
upon my heart for ever;
nceforth through long, lone hours,
o must bleed and quiver!
ou, oh, beauteous love,
delight in Thura's lyre;
d all its strings may rove,
ake not the fatal wire!"

hose eye with rapture glowed,
d the lyre from Thura's hand;
t that moment flowed
in o'er the listening sand!

l-black steed he leaped,
ly through the ringing wood,
ent, he boldly swept
every passing mood.

a low, sweet symphony
from the charmed wire;
rtal harmony,
uman fire!
iope—love, burning love—
pure, the high desire—
all the thoughts *that move*,
Gushed wildly from that lyre!
And as Udollo's music died
Amid the columned aisles away,
That wondrous chord swelled far and wide
Its sweet and ravishing lay.
Still grew, at last, the trembling string—
Its wandering echoes back returned,
And round the lone chord gathering
In visible glory burned.

But in Udollo's soul died not
The echoes of the golden strain:
A love—a wo—he knew not what,
Flamed up within his brain;
But never more his hand could wake,
By roving mid its sister wires,
The string whose symphony could shake
His spirit to its central fires.

But sometimes when, all calm above,
The moon bent o'er its gleaming strings,
A strain of soft, entrancing love
Waved o'er him, like a seraph's wings;
And sometimes when the midnight gloom
Allowed no wandering ray of light,
A deep, low music filled the room,
And almost flamed upon his sight.

And for this rare and fitful strain
He waited with intense desire;
There centred, in delirious pain,
His spirit's all-devouring fire.
As round one glowing point on high,
We sometimes mark the electric light,
From the whole bosom of the sky,
In one bright, flaming crown unite,
So round that inward, fixed desire,
Concentred all Udollo's life;
His dark eye glowed like molten fire,
Beneath the fevered strife.

One night, when long the lyre had slept,
Udollo's passion, like a sea
Of red-hot lava, madly swept
His soul on to its destiny.
In the deep blackness of that hour
When spectres walk, he seized the lyre,
And with a seraph's tuneful power
Awoke the tuneful wire!
Oh, Thura's maid! where wert thou then,
When mortal hand presumed to strike
The chords that only gods, not men,
Have power to waken as they like?

A fire shot through Udollo's frame
As shoots the lightning's forked dart;
It lit a hot and smothered flame
Within his deepest heart.
He felt it in its slow, sure path,
Consume his quivering nerves away;
Oh, could he but have checked its wrath,
Or ceased that fearful strain to play!
His fingers, cleaving to the wire,
Had lost communion with his will;
Within him burnt the immortal fire,
The heart, the life destroyer still!

Days, weeks, and months, whirled on and on,
No hope by day, nor rest by night;

Only the same wild, frantic tone,
Increasing in its woful might.
Intensely still, like lonely stars
Far off in some black crypt of sky,
Like Sirius, or like fiery Mars,
Glowed wild Udollo's eye.
His form to shadowy hue and line
Slow shrunk and faded, day by day;
He seemed like some corroded shrine,
Eaten by liquid fire away.

At last, in utter wreck and wo,
Back to the fountain's brink he crept;
His golden hair, now white as snow,
Far down his bosom swept.

Silent the clouded waters flowed;
The silver sand was washed away;
No lily on its borders blowed;
In lonely gloom it lay.

"Oh, maid of Thura! hear my cry;
Back to thy hands thy lyre I bring:
Take it, oh, take it, ere I die,
For heart and soul are perishing!"

No form uprose, no murmur stole
Responsive from the gloomy tide;
Hoarsely he heard the waters roll;
Faintly the low winds sighed.
He sank upon the fountain's brink;
His hand fell listless on the wave;
He heard the lyre, slow bubbling, sink
Deep in its liquid grave.

The fire went out within his breast;
The tremor of his nerves was still;
As peacefully he sank to rest
As a tired infant will.

A radiant bow of sun and dew,
Of blended vapors, white and red,
Up from the fountain's bosom flew,
And hung its beauty o'er his head.
And from the waves a strain uprose,
Delicious as an angel's song;
And this the burden at its close:
"How sweet such dreamless, deep repose,
To him who sins and suffers long!"

CROSSING THE MOOR.

I am thinking of the glen, Johnny,
And the little gushing brook—
Of the birds upon the hazel copse,
And violets in the nook.
I am thinking how we met, Johnny,
Upon the little bridge:
You had a garland on your arm
Of flag-flowers and of sedge.

You placed it in my hand, Johnny,
And held my hand in yours;
You only thought of that, Johnny,
But talked about the flowers.
We lingered long alone, Johnny,
Above that shaded stream;
We stood as though we were entranced
In some delicious dream.

It was not all a dream, Johnny,
The love we thought of then,
For it hath been our life and light
For threescore years and ten.
But ah! we dared not speak it,
Though it lit our cheeks and eyes;
So we talked about the news, Johnny,
The weather, and the skies.

At last I said, "Good night, Johnny!"
And turned to cross the bridge,
Still holding in my trembling hand
The pretty wreath of sedge.
But you came on behind, Johnny,
And drew my arm in yours,
And said, "You must not go alone
Across the barren moors."

Oh, had they been all flowers, Johnny,
And full of singing birds,
They could not have seemed fairer
Than when listening to those words!
The new moon shone above, Johnny,
The sun was nearly set;
The grass that crisped beneath our feet
The dew had slightly wet:

One robin, late abroad, Johnny,
Was winging to its nest;
I seem to see it now, Johnny,
The sunshine on its breast.
You put your arm around me,
You clasped my hand in yours,
You said, "So let me guard you
Across these lonely moors."

At length we reached the field, Johnny
In sight of father's door;
We felt that we must part there;
Our eyes were brimming o'er;
You saw the tears in mine, Johnny,
I saw the tears in yours:
"You've been a faithful guard, Johnny
I said, "across the moors."

Then you broke forth in a gush, Johnny
Of pure and honest love,
While the moon looked down upon you
From her holy throne above,
And you said, "We need a guide, Ellen
To lead us o'er life's moors;
I've chosen you for mine, Ellen,
Oh, would that I were yours!"

We parted with a kiss, Johnny,
The first, but not the last;
I feel the rapture of it, yet,
Though threescore years have passed
And you kissed my golden curls, Johnny
That now are silvery gray,
And whispered, "We are one, Ellen,
Until our dying day!"

That dying day is near, Johnny,
But we are not dismayed;
We have but one dark moor to cross,
We need we be afraid!
We've had a hard life's row, Johnny,
But our heavenly rest is sure;
And sweet the love that waits us there
When we have crossed the moor!

SARAH S. JACOBS.

ıss Jacobs is a native of Rhode Island, is a daughter of the late Rev. Bela Ja- a prominent Baptist clergyman. She recently resided at Cambridgeport, in sachusetts. Her poems are serious and fanciful, and evince cultivation and taste. Benedetta is one of her happiest compositions, and it is characteristic of her most usual tone and manner. There is no collection of her writings.

THE CHANGELESS WORLD.

"It hath been already of old time."—*Solomon.*

rue that this world changes not; that still
beauty and its sorrows are the same;
the torrent seems to wear the hill,
ıd the sun dries the torrent. But I came—
hill was there, nor was the torrent tame,
sparkling cooler down the mountain-side,
r that it scorned the great sun's thirsty flame,
ıger task continually it plied,
le swelled the lofty hill in unabated pride.

forest-trees are transient things and frail;
o the book told me, ere I closed the page;)
year the willow-leaves were wan and pale:
I make to their last place a pilgrimage,
ıd changed, dead trees shall read a lesson sage
hange and death. No paler than before
ound the willow-leaves, nor sign of age
in the woods; immortal green they wore,
the strong, mighty roots the giant trunks upbore.

rock endureth with its mantle mossy,
ıture's soft velvet for the poor man's tread;
grass abideth tapering and glossy.
ıd from the butterfly you thought was dead,
! not a grain of shining dust is fled.
clouds, and snows, and subtle harmonies,
ıd western winds with dewy perfumes fed,
shadows and their twins, realities,
fickle human hearts—sure there is change in these.

gentle air fanned Sappho's fevered cheek,
ıat seems its virgin kiss to breathe on mine;
cloud is not new-born: its roseate streak
cked a sweet sunset in fair Palestine,
hen Abram's Sarah 'neath the shadowing pine,
:hing its glories, showed them to her lord,
ıat night the beaming messengers divine
e down, and Heaven sat at earthly board,
lening the patriarch's heart with high prophetic word.

rs not the sky the vaulted majesty
ıat greatly circled greater Homer's brow?
the soft murmurs of the sleepy sea
othed Dante's soul of storms. The heavens allow
No novel splendors. Every star that now
Looks miracles of beauty, in intense
And steely radiance, saw the Chaldee bow;
The princely, poet heart, whose finer sense
Thrilled nightly the Pleiades' sweet influence.

But sun, and cloud, river, and tree, and stream,
Rock, wind, and mountain—earth, and sea, and
Ephemeral things, and perishable seem [heaven,
To the strong human nature God has given.
The breast that fired man first—the wondrous leaven
That makes "red clay" lord of its kindred earth,
Immortal in its essence, lasteth even
As He lasts whose great impulse sent it forth:
There is no change in man since the first man had birth.

For youthful lovers still in paradise
Walk hand in hand, like those of early day;
Till the stern-missioned angel shall arise,
The vision and the music pass away.
The heart's short summer gone, no effort may
In festive pomp of dewy fruit and flowers
The frost-struck and the faded world array.
Self-exiled are we, too, from Eden's bowers,
And Adam's wanderings and Eve's woes are ours.

Still for her infant children Rachel weeps;
Still sighs sad Ruth "amid the alien corn;"
Still Aiah's daughter generous vigils keeps;
The sire still hails his prodigal's return;
Still Peter's soul with penitence is torn.
Humanity has lost no grief nor joy:
Partings are painful now as on the morn
When Hector bade, upon the walls of Troy,
Andromache farewell, and kissed his blooming boy.

To meet is bliss, as when, beside old Nile,
Joseph his soul of tenderness outpoured;
Still Stephen dies with calm, forgiving smile;
Still radiant Esther braves her tyrant lord.
No change, no change! Upon the self-same chord
Life's overture is played; life's pattern wrought
In the same figures—wearisome, abhorred.
"But we shall all be chang'd." Such sounds I caught.
And blessed both Tarsus and Damascus in my thought.

BENEDETTA.

By an old fountain once at day's decline
We stood. The wingéd breezes made
Short flights melodious through the lowering vine,
The lindens flung a golden, glimmering shade,
And the old fountain played.
I a stern stranger—a sweet maiden she,
And beautiful as her own Italy.
At length she smiled; her smile the silence broke,
And my heart finding language, thus it spoke:

"Whenever Benedetta moves,
Motion then all Nature loves·
When Benedetta is at rest,
Quietness appeareth best.
She makes me dream of pleasant things,
Of the young corn growing;
Of butterflies' transparent wings
In the sunbeams rowing;
Of the summer dawn
Into daylight sliding;
Of Dian's favorite fawn
Among laurels hiding;
Of a movement in the tops
Of the most impulsive trees;
Of cool, glittering drops
God's gracious rainbow sees;
Of pale moons; of saints
Chanting anthems holy;
Of a cloud that faints
In evening slowly;
Of a bird's song in a grove,
Of a rosebud's love;
Of a lily's stem and leaf;
Of dew-silvered meadows;
Of a child's first grief;
Of soft-floating shadows;
Of the violet's breath
To the moist wind given;
Of early death
And heaven."

I ceased: the maiden did not stir,
Nor speak, nor raise her bended head;
And the green vines enfoliaged her,
And the old fountain played.
Then from the church beyond the trees
Chimed the bells to evening prayer:
Fervent the devotions were
Of Benedetta on her knees;
And when her prayer was over,
A most spiritual air
Her whole form invested,
As if God did love her,
And his smile still rested
On her white robe and flesh,
So innocent and fresh—
Touching where'er it fell
With a glory visible.

She smiled, and crossed herself, and smiled again
Upon the heretic's sincere "Amen!"
"Buona notte," soft she said or sung—
It was the same on that sweet southern tongue—
And passed. I blessèd the faultless face,
All in composèd gentleness arrayed;
Then took farewell of the secluded place:
And the tall lindens flung a glimmering
And the old fountain played.

And this was spring. In the autumnal we
One golden afternoon I wandered thither;
And to the vineyards, as I passed along,
Murmured this fragment of a broken song:

"I know a peasant girl serene—
What though her home doth lowly lie
The woods do homage to their queen,
The streams flow reverently nigh
Benedetta, Benedetta!

"Her eyes the deep, delicious blue
The stars and I love to look through;
Her voice the low, bewildering tone,
Soft winds and she have made their own
Benedetta, Benedetta!"

She was not by the fountain—but a band
Of the fair daughters of that sunny land.
Weeping they were, and as they wept they
Flowers on a grave. Then suddenly I knew
Of Benedetta dead:
And, weeping too
O'er beauty perishéd,
Awhile with her companions there I stood,
Then turned and went back to my solitude;
And the tall lindens flung a glimmering sha
And the old fountain played.

A VESPER.

Serenest Evening! whether full
In arrowy gold thy sunset beams,
Or dimmer radiance maketh all
Like landscapes seen in dreams.
I joy apart with thee to walk,
I joy alone with thee to talk.
With speech is thy clear blue endowed,
Thine archipelagoes of cloud;
Of sweetest music and most rare
I hear the utterances there,
And nightly does my being rise
To fonder converse with thy skies.
Then from thy mists my home I date,
Or, with thy fires incorporate,
Am lightly to the zenith swinging,
Or pouring glory on the woods,
Or through some cottage window flinging
The sunset's blessèd floods.
Mine is the beauty of the hour—
All mine—if I confess its power.

Behold the vast array of tents
For me to sentinel to-night!
An instant—this magnificence
Has faded out of sight.
The tents are struck, the warriors' march
Subsides along the stately arch.
I saw the sword their leader drew
Beneath the banner's crimson edge:
'T was lightning to the common view,
To me a solemn pledge
Unbroken as the smile of Him
Who rules those cloudy cherubim.

The sun, his mirrored smile, not yet
Upon the loving earth has set.
Happy in his caressing fold,
The cottage roofs are domes of gold.
To sip the misty surf he stoops;
Ontarios of light he scoops
In sombrest turf, and still for me
Alone his shining seems to be:
Mine are his thousand rays that burn,
I love and I appropriate;
Who loves enough creates return,
Nor can be isolate.

UBI AMOR, IBI FIDES.

"All faith from human hearts is fled,"
I to that gentle lady said;
"Faith is an idle dream, I see,
I'll trust in none, none trusteth me!"
And I was moody, she was still;
Our souls were out of tune,
Because I spoke such words of ill
That summer afternoon.
My lonely heart felt sick and weak—
The gentle lady did not speak.

So silently the path we took
Along the common, by the brook,
And walked together on the shore,
As we had often walked before;
The sky was fair, the sands were white—
Smooth flowed the silvery sea:
I watched the snowy sea-gulls' flight,
And so perhaps did she,
As in the sunshine's parting glow
The fair things sparkled to and fro.

Methought I heard the ocean moan,
In sorrow to be left alone;
And I rejoiced that sea and sky
Should be bereaved as well as I.
Our homeward path we could not miss,
Along a narrow ledge.
And by a beetling precipice
Close to the water's edge—
A hoary eminence and gray,
Familiar with the ocean's spray.

The ocean's spray that o'er it dashed,
By strong east winds to madness lashed,
Striving to reach the wintry stars.
Kind Summer sought to hide the scars
Of the huge rock's misshapen side
With light fern's feathery nod,
With yellow-bolt's-foot simple pride,
And wealth of golden-rod.
I liked in that stern cliff to see
A brother-scorn and savagery!

Thus went we in the evening holy,
Along the sea-line pacing slowly,
When sudden, as from heaven sent,
And free from earthly element,
Stood on the crag a creature fair,
Of bearing free and bold,
Like wings of angels on the air
His curls of shining gold,
And God had given to the face
A beautiful and perfect grace.

Nothing so beautiful before
I saw, and shall see nevermore;
And I were loath to hear again
A tone so full of stifled pain
As when her eyes the lady raised,
Her hand her forehead shading,
And under that fair screening gazed
Upon the sunset's fading,
And knew between us and the sun
That glorious child, her own—her *one*.

His gaze was on the distance fixed,
Where skies and seas their azure mixed;
Perchance his stainless childhood's thought
The meaning of the ocean caught,
And revelations never given
When the world's vapors dim
Have floated between us and heaven,
Were present then with him.
Plain spoke the sea's majestic roll
In the white chambers of his soul.

Safe stood he, while no downward glance
Broke the glad tenor of his trance;
For lofty thoughts are angel-bands
With charge to bear us in their hands.
'T is sense of self that peril flings
Around life's lonely peak,
And causes mortal shudderings
As in that infant weak.
No more the seer—the angel bright—
A child is on that dizzy height.

Then rang the lady's silvery tone:
"Mamma will come, my love, my own!
Look up and see the sky's bright hue,
Until mamma can see it too."
Alas! ere we the summit gain,
The boy will lose his hold;
The chilling fingers of the Main
Uncurl those locks of gold;
And Death will kiss the eyelids fair
Where late a mother's kisses were!

She saw that I could climb no more,
So far the hoar crag jutted o'er;
Her look grew strange with agony,
And hope died in her fading eye.
Still the white lips spoke mild and clear—
"Stand now upright, and spring!"
The boy, without one pause of fear,
Or single questioning,
Leaped downward to her glad embrace,
And in her bosom hid his face!

Wounded against the rocks I found her,
A happy paleness breathing round her,
Half like a woman dear and faint,
Half with the look of some sweet saint.
Fondly she clasped her boy the while,
Glad tears were in her eyes;
Then unto me with gentle smile
She said, reproachful-wise,
And closer clasped that cooing dove—
"They dwell together, Faith and Love!"

LUELLA J. B. CASE.

Miss Bartlett, a daughter of the late Hon. Levi Bartlett, and a grand-daughter of the revolutionary patriot, Josiah Bartlett, was born in Kingston, New Hampshire, and in 1838 was married to Mr. E. Case, then of Lowell, and more recently of Por Maine, and Cincinnati, Ohio. Her p and prose writings have nearly all beer lished in miscellanies edited by her f the late Mrs. Edgerton Mayo.

THE INDIAN RELIC.

Years ago was made thy grave
By the Ohio's languid wave,
When primeval forests dim
Echoed to the wild bird's hymn;
From that lone and quiet bed,
Relic of the unknown dead,
Why art thou, a mouldering thing,
Here amongst the bloom of spring?

Violets gem the fresh, young grass,
Softest breezes o'er thee pass;
Nature's voice, in tree and flower,
Whispers of a waking hour;
Village sounds below are ringing,
Birds around thee joyous singing—
Thou, upon this height alone,
No reviving power hast known.

Yet wert thou of human form,
Once with all life's instincts warm—
Quailing at the storm of grief
Like the frailest forest leaf:
With a bounding pulse—an eye
Brightening o'er its loved ones nigh,
Till beneath this cairn of trust,
Dust was laid to blend with dust.

When the red man ruled the wood,
And his frail canoe yon flood,
Hast thou held the unerring bow
That the antlered head laid low?
And in battle's fearful strife,
Swung the keen, remorseless knife?
Or, with woman's loving arm,
Shielded helplessness from harm?

Silent—silent! Naught below
O'er thy past a gleam can throw:
Or, in frame of sinewy chief,
Woman, born for love and grief—
Thankless toil, or haughty sway
Sped life's brief and fitful day.
Like the autumn's sapless bough
Crumbling o'er thee, thou art now.

Rest! A young, organic world,
Into sudden ruin hurled,
Casts its fragments o'er thy tomb,
Midst the woodland's softened gloom!
Died those frail things long ago,
But the soul no death can know:

Rest! thy grave, with silent preaching
Humble Hope and Faith is teaching.

Rest! Thy warrior tribes so bold
Roam no more their forests old,
And the thundering fire-canoe
Sweeps their placid waters through:
Science rules where Nature smiled,
Art is toiling in the wild;
And their mouldering cairns alone
Tell the tale of races gone.

Thus, o'er Time's mysterious sea,
Being moves perpetually:
Crowds of swift, advancing waves
Roll o'er vanished nation's graves;
But immortal treasures sweep
Still unharmed that solemn deep:
Progress holds a tireless way—
Mind asserts her deathless sway.

ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

Onward! Hath earth's ceaseless chan
Trampled on thy heart?
Faint not, for that restless range
Soon will heal the smart.
Trust the future: time will prove
Earth hath stronger, truer love.

Bless thy God—the heart is not
An abandoned urn,
Where, all lonely and forgot,
Dust and ashes mourn:
Bless him, that his mercy brings
Joy from out its withered things.

Onward, for the truths of God—
Onward, for the right!
Firmly let the field be trod,
In life's coming fight:
Heaven's own hand will lead thee on,
Guard thee till thy task is done!

Then will brighter, sweeter flowers
Blossom round thy way,
Than ere sprung in Hope's glad bowers
In thine early day:
And the rolling years shall bring
Strength and healing on their wing.

LA REVENANTE.

Oh, look on me, dear one, with love and not fear:
It is quenchless affection alone brings me here.
Look on me! I come not in mystery and gloom,
With the pale winding-sheet and the hue of the tomb.
The mould of the grave casts no stain on my brow,
With the poor, sleeping ashes, my home is not now.
Look on me, thou dear one! the light of my eye
Is loving and kind as in days long gone by,
When, weeping and weary, thy head on my breast
Was trustingly laid with its sorrows to rest.

Then turn not away, for my face is the same
That oft to thy bedside in infancy came,
And a kiss was its welcome: now what can there be
To make it so fearful and dreadful to thee?
Doth the life of the spirit, so pure and so high, [eye,
Steal the smile from the cheek, or the love from the
That the mortal must shrink with such palsying fear,
To know that the holy and deathless are near?
Oh, a far keener pang than what doomed us to part,
Is to feel that my presence sends chill to thy heart!

Though blissful my life as a spirit's can be, [thee;
Its bright hours are swept by fond yearnings for
Soft, musical waves from the Past o'er my soul,
Where never again may the vexed billows roll,
Are wafting emotions so hallowed, yet wild,
That I leave the blest land to behold thee, my child!
Thou hast called me with tears in the still, lonely night,
And I spoke to thy spirit, but not to thy sight:
Thou hast dreamed of me oft by our own linden tree,
When my kiss on thy cheek was the zephyr to thee!

Thy life since we parted has laid down its glow,
And year after year has but shed deeper snow;
Whilst thou, from the stern, worldly lore of thy head,
Hast turned with a heart-broken love to the dead:
I knew it, far off in my shadowless sphere, [near;
And I thought it might soothe thee to know I was
But I would not one fear o'er thy tried spirit cast
For all the deep, measureless love of the past:
Farewell! Thou wilt see me no more, but the spell
Of affection shall guard thee, poor trembler, farewell!

A DEATH SCENE.

'Tis evening's hush: the first faint shades are creeping
Thro' the still room, and o'er the curtained bed,
Where lies a weary one, all calmly sleeping,
Touched with the twilight of the land of dread.

Death's cold gray shadow o'er her features falling,
Marks her upon the threshold of the tomb;
Yet from within no sight nor sound appalling,
Comes o'er her spirit with a thought of gloom.

See—on her pallid lip bright smiles are wreathing,
While, from the tranquil gladness of her breast,
Sweet, holy words in gentlest tones are breathing:
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Night gathers round—chill, moonless, yet with tender,
Mild, radiant stars, like countless angel-eyes,
Bending serenely, from their homes of splendor,
Above the couch where that meek dreamer lies.

The hours wear on: the shaded lamp burns dimmer,
And ebbs that sleeper's breath as wanes the night,
And still with looks of love those soft stars glimmer
Along their pathways of unchanging light.

She slumbers still—and the pale, wasted fingers
Are gently raised, as if she dreamed of prayer;
And on that lip so wan the same smile lingers,
And still those trustful words are trembling there.

The night is done: the cold and solemn dawning
With stately tread goes up the eastern sky;
But vain its power, and vain the pomp of morning,
To lift the darkness from that dying eye.

Yet Heaven's full joy is on that spirit beaming—
The soul has found its higher, happier birth,
And brighter shapes flit thro' its blessèd dreaming
Than ever gather round the sleep of earth.

The sun is high, but from those pale lips parted,
No more those words float on the languid breath,
Yet still the expression of the happy-hearted
Has triumphed o'er the mournful shades of death.

Thro' the hushed room the midday ray has wended
Its glowing pinion to a pulseless breast:
The gentle sleeper's mortal dreams are ended—
The soul has gone to Him who gives it rest.

DEATH LEADING AGE TO REPOSE.

Lead him gently—he is weary,
Spirit of the placid brow!
Life is long and age is dreary,
And he seeks to slumber now.

Lead him gently—he is weeping
For the friends he can not see;
Gently—for he shrinks from sleeping
On the couch he asks of thee!

Thou, with mien of solemn gladness,
With the thought-illumined eye,
Pity thou the mortal's sadness—
Teach him it is well to die.

Time has veiled his eye with blindness,
On thy face it may not dwell,
Or its sweet, majestic kindness
Would each mournful doubt dispel.

Passionless thine every feature,
Moveless is thy Being's calm,
While poor suffering human nature
Knows but few brief hours of balm:

Yet, when life's long strife is closing,
And the grave is drawing near,
How it shrinks from that reposing
Where there comes nor hope nor fear!

Open thou the visioned portal,
That reveals the life sublime,
That within the land immortal
Waits the weary child of Time.

Open thou the land of beauty,
Where the Ideal is no dream,
And the child of patient Duty
Walks in joy's unclouded beam.

Thou, with brow that owns no sorrow,
With the eye that may not weep,
Point him to Heaven's coming morrow—
Show him it is well to sleep!

SARAH T. BOLTON.

MRS. BOLTON resides in Ohio, and has been a contributor to the Herald of Truth in Cincinnati, to the Home Journal in New York, and to several other periodicals whose thors are accustomed to have meanir their verses.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY AN ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR MORSE.*

DIDST thou desire to die and be at rest,
Thou of the noble soul and giant mind?
Hadst thou grown weary in the hopeless quest
Of blessedness that mortals seldom find?
Had care and toil and sorrow all combined
To bring that sickness of the soul that mars
The happiness that God for men designed,
Till thy sad spirit spurned its prison-bars,
And pined to soar away amidst the burning stars?

Perchance an angel sought thee in that hour—
A blessed angel from the world of light,
Teaching submission to Almighty power,
Whose dealings all are equal, just, and right:
Perchance Hope whispered of a future, bright
And glorious in its triumph. Soon it came:
A world, admiring, hailed thee with delight,
And learning joyed to trace thy deathless name
Upon her ponderous tomes in characters of flame.

Thou brightest meteor of a starry age, [wrought
What does the world not owe thee? thou hast
For scientific lore a glowing page:
Thy mighty energy of mind has brought
To man a wondrous agent: it has taught
The viewless lightning in its flight sublime,
To bear upon its wing embodied thought,
Warm from its birthplace to the farthest clime,
Annihilating space and vanquishing e'en time.

Didst thou look down into the shadowy tomb,
And crave the privilege to slumber there,
Unhonored and forgotten?—thou, on whom
Kind Heaven bestowed endowments rich and
Was life a burden that thou couldst not be
A lesson this, to those whose souls have stri
With disappointment, sorrow, and despair,
Until they feed on poison, and are driven
To quench the vital spark that Deity hath g

And it should teach our restless hearts how
And erring is our finite vision here—
Should make us trust, through humble faith, in
Who sees alike the distant and the near.
The cloud that seems so sombre, cold, and
May hide a prospect lovely, bright, and cle
When lightning's flash and winds are wild and
No radiant beam of sunlight comes to chee
But when the wrecking tempest has gone by
God sets the blessed bow of promise in the

* In a letter to General Morris, dated Trenton Falls, August 14, Mr. N. P. Willis relates the following curious anecdote: "Among our fellow-passengers up the Mohawk, we had, in two adjoining seats, a very impressive contrast—an insane youth, on his way to an asylum, and the mind that has achieved the greatest triumph of intellect in our time, Morse, of the electric telegraph, on an errand connected with the conveyance of thought by lightning. .....In the course of a brief argument on the expediency of some provision for putting an end to a defeated and hopeless existence, Mr. Morse said that, ten years ago, under ill health and discouragement, he would gladly have availed himself of any divine authorization for terminating a life of which the possessor was weary. The sermon that lay in this chance remark—the loss of priceless discovery to the world, and the loss of fame and fortune to himself, which would have followed a death thus prematurely self-chosen—is valuable enough, I think, to justify the invasion of the sacredness of private conversation which I commit by thus giving it to print. May some one, a weary of the world, read it to his profit."

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

I DREAMED that I saw, on the fair brow of he
The star-jewelled veil of a midsummer even
I looked, and, as quick as a meteor's birth,
A beautiful Spirit descended to earth.

Her brow wore a halo of light, and her eye
Was bright as the stars and as blue as the
Her low, silvery voice trembled soft as a spe
To the innermost chords of the heart, as it

One hand held a banner inscribed with "ACC
The other, the glorious Word of the Lord:
Then, softly, the beautiful vision did glide
To the palace a rich man had reared in his

Through curtains of crimson the sun's mellow
Fell, soft as the tremulous light of a dream,
On all that was gorgeous in nature and art—
On all that could gladden the eye or the he

The rich man was clad in fine purple and g
The wealth in his coffers might never be to
The brows of the servants that waited arou
Grew bright when he smiled, and grew pale
he frowned.

Then did that proud nobleman tremble and
As the bright Spirit whispered these words
heart:
"If thou wouldst have wealth when life's jo
is o'er,
Sell all that thou hast, and divide with the

›d in the cell, where the death-breathing air
'e with the groans of the prisoner's despair,
y he looked, through the long lapse of time,
s when his soul was unstained by a crime.

nted away to his Father above—
›thed him in accents of pity and love,
id, as she severed the links of his chain,
ins are forgiven, transgress not again."

ne in her strength, and the gallows that stood
s, all reeking and blackened with blood,
ightning-scared fiend, pointing up to the sky,
›etrate to earth, at the glance of her eye.

ke! old earth heard, and her pulses were still:
holy commandment forbiddeth to kill."
›irit of beauty, that spirit of might, [light.
'orth, till the earth was illumined with her

ong one relenting, was fain to restore [poor:
›il he had wrenched from the hand of the
e, oppression, and wrong, fled away,
the pure light of millennial day.

'bulent billows of faction grew calm;
n laid down in the fold with the lamb;
›ughshare was forged from the sabre and
sword,
mighty bowed down to the sway of the Lord.

athen with joy cast his idols away,
elt 'neath his own vine and fig tree to pray.
y kindred, and nation, and tongue,
ithems of praise to Jehovah were sung.

KENTUCKY'S DEAD.*

rucky, mother of the brave!
t solemn prayers be said,
welcome to an honored grave
›y loved and gallant dead.

gallant dead—they come, they come!
hat will thy greeting be?
bugle note, the martial drum,
›d banners waving free?

toll for them the solemn knell,
t dirges sad be sung,
be the flag they loved so well
pall around them flung.

her days, when freemen bled
fearful border strife,

When savage tomahawks were red
With unoffending life—

With all the ardor youth imparts,
They sought the battle plain:
Those stalwart forms and noble hearts,
Came never back again.

Oh, they were missed where kindred met
In cottage homes of yore—
Flowers bloomed and died, suns rose and set,
But they returned no more.

Young hopeful hearts in sorrow pined,
Young eyes were wet with tears,
And, fondly mourning, Memory shrined
Their names for weary years.

Theirs was no common battle field,
For savage hearts decreed;
And savage vengeance there revealed
A most inhuman deed.

A grave to rest in was denied
The brave and gallant slain;
And foemen left them where they died,
Upon the battle plain.

No voice to soothe, no hand to bless,
The suffering wounded came;
But they, in all their helplessness,
Were given to the flame.

Where Raisin's sparkling waters glide
Through forest, grove, and glade,
Defending Freedom's soil, they died,
And there their graves were made—

Yes, made beneath the ancient trees,
Deep in the tangled wilds:
Their only requiem was the breeze
Amidst the forest aisles.

The moonbeams came at midnight's hour
And softly trembled there,
And angels made that lonely bower
Their never sleeping care.

And fragrant flowers, of brilliant dyes,
Bloomed o'er the silent sod,
And lifted up their tearful eyes
Like mourners to their God.

The world has changed; for many years
Have come since then and gone,
With joys and woes, and hopes and fear,
And still they slumber on.

The pleasant homes in which they grew
Are now the stranger's care:
The gay, and beautiful, and true,
And loved—they are not there.

The friends who knew their manly worth
Have passed from time away;
The children left beside their hearth
Are growing old and gray.

Another generation bears
Their ashes, sad and slow—
Another generation wears
For them the weeds of wo.

Thy gallant dead! oh, hoard their dust
Within thy holiest shrine:
It is a proud, a sacred trust—
Their deathless fame is thine!

›nes of the Kentuckians who died under the
'k at the river Raisin, in 1812, were conveyed to
shore, at Cincinnati, on the 29th of September,
an escort of Cincinnati firemen, and placed in
f the Kentucky committee, to whom their recep-
assigned. They were contained in a wooden
›ted black, bearing the inscription:

"KENTUCKY'S GALLANT DEAD.
January 18, 1812.—River Raisin, Michigan."

›nes of these brave men were found in a com-
ve, which was accidentally upturned while a
Monroe, Michigan, was being graded. The fact
ulls being all cloven with the tomahawk, induced
›men to make inquiry, and an aged Frenchman,
r of the massacre, knew them as the bones of
›rtunate Kentuckians—remembering the spot
ey were buried. Information was sent to Ken-
›d that state promptly took means for their re-
The charge was devolved upon Colonel Brooke,
›ent in, and survivor of, that unfortunate battle.

HANNAH J. WOODMAN.

Miss Woodman is the authoress of The Casket of Gems, and two or three other small volumes, and she has been for several years a teacher in the public schools of Boston, of which city she is a native. Many of h ems appeared in the miscellanies edit her friend Mrs. Edgarton Mayo. Th no published collection of them.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Luke i. 26–38.

Silence o'er ancient Judah! 'Twas the hush
Of holy eve, and through the balmy air
There came a trembling and melodious gush
Of softest melody, as if the prayer
Of kneeling thousands had prevailed on high,
And angel choirs were bending to reply.

Man heard the sound of music, and arose,
And cast the mantle of despair away,
And said, "Deliverance comes, forget your woes,
There dawns on Judah her triumphant day."
But, with the solemn strain of music, passed
The hopes too flattering and too fair to last.

Not so to one, the humblest of her race—
For to her startled and astonished eye
There came a visitant of matchless grace,
Robed in a garment of celestial dye:
"Fear not, thou highly favored"—thus he sang,
While Heaven's high arches with the echoes rang.

"Fear not, thy God is with thee, and hast poured
The richest of his blessings on thy head;
And thou wilt bear a son, on whom the Lord
The fulness of his grace and power will shed:
His name shall be Emmanuel, Mighty One,
Savior of men, and God's anointed Son."

Oh, who can paint the rushing tides of thought
Which swept like lightning through the startled mind
Of that lone worshipper, whose faith was brought
Thus suddenly its utmost verge to find;
It failed not, and the curtain was withdrawn
Which veiled futurity's effulgent dawn.

She rose with brow serene: her eyes forgot
Their dreamy softness, and were upward cast,
Filled with celestial radiance. Earth had not
The power that glorious prophecy to blast:
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, and teach
The trembling lip to frame submissive speech!"

Again there floated on the ambient air
That thrilling melody, while countless throngs,
Waving their golden censers, heard the prayer,
Which mingled with their own triumphant songs
The vision faded in a sea of light,
And left to earth the still and holy night.

WHEN WILT THOU LOVE ME?

Love me when the spring is here,
With its busy bird and bee;
When the air is soft and clear,
And the heart is full of glee;
When the leaves and buds are seen
Bursting from the naked bough,
Dearest, with a faint serene,
Wilt thou love me then as now?

When the queenly June is dressed
In her robes so fair and bright;
When the earth, most richly blessed,
Sleeps in soft and golden light;
When the sweetest songs are heard
In the forest, on the hill—
When thy soul by these is stirred,
Dearest, wilt thou love me still?

When the harvest-moon looks out
On the fields of ripened grain;
When the merry reapers shout
While they glean the burdened plain
When, their labors o'er, they sit
Listening to the night-bird's lay,
May there o'er thy memory flit
Thoughts of one far, far away!

When the winter hunts the bird
From his leafy home and bower;
When the bee, no longer heard,
Bides the cold, ungenial hour;
When the blossoms rise no more
From the garden, field, and glen;
When our forest joys are o'er,
Dearest, wilt thou love me then?

Love for ever! 'tis the spring
Whence our choicest blessings flow!
Angel harps its praises sing,
Angel hearts its secrets know.
When thy feet are turned away
From the busy haunts of men—
When thy feet in Eden stray,
Dearest, wilt thou love me then?

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Susan Archer Talley was born in Hanover county, Virginia, where the early years of her childhood were passed. Her father was descended from one of those Huguenots who, escaping the massacre of St. Bartholomew, fled to America, and settled in Virginia. He studied law under the late Judge Robert Taylor of Norfolk, but on account of ill health subsequently resigned the practice of his profession, and retired to a place in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, where he recently died, and where his family still resides.—Her mother was a daughter of Captain Archer, of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Norfolk.

Miss Talley was remarkable for a precocity of intellect and an early development of character. Though of an exceedingly happy temperament, she rarely mingled with other children, but would spend most of her time in reading, in an intense application to study, or in wandering amid the beautiful woods and meadows that surrounded her father's residence. At nine years of age she suddenly and entirely lost her hearing, which had evidently the effect of subduing the natural vivacity of her disposition, and of producing that dreamy and contemplative tone of character which has since distinguished her. It may be said that from this period till she was sixteen her life was passed in the solitude of her chamber, where she seemed to derive from books a constant and ever increasing enjoyment. In consequence of her extreme diffidence it was not until she was in her fifteenth year that the nature and force of her talents were apprehended by her most intimate associates. A manuscript volume of her verses now fell under the observation of her father, who saw in them illustrations of unlooked-for powers, to the cultivation of which he subsequently devoted himself with intelligent and assiduous care while he lived. When she was about seventeen years of age some of her poems appeared in The Southern Literary Messenger, and, yielding to the wishes of her friends, she has since been a frequent and popular contributor to that excellent magazine.

What is most noticeable in the poems of Miss Talley is their rhythmical harmony, considered in connexion with her perfect insensibility to sound, for a period so long that she could not have had before its commencement any ideas of musical expression or poetical art. The only instance in literary history in which so melodious a versification has been attained under similar circumstances is that of James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of New York, whose writings were several years ago given to the public by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore. There is not in Mr. Nack's poems, however, any single composition that can be compared with Ennerslie, in grace, or variety of cadences, or in ideal beauty. This poem, without being an imitation, will remind the reader of one of the finest productions of Tennyson.

Miss Talley is remarkable not only for the peculiar interest of her character, but for the variety of her abilities. She is a painter as well as a poet, and some of the productions of her pencil have been praised by the best critics in the arts of design, both for striking and original conception and for skilful execution. Her friends therefore anticipate for her a distinguished position among those women who have cultivated painting, and they find in her pictures the same characteristics that mark her literary compositions.

Young, and gifted with such unusual powers, she rarely mingles in society beyond the select circle of friends by whom she is surrounded. She finds her happiness in the quiet pleasures and affections of home. Her life is essentially that of a poet. Ardent in temperament, yet shrinkingly sensitive, with a fine fancy which is often warmed into imagination, and an instinctive apprehension and love of the various forms of beauty, poetry becomes the expression of her nature, and the compensation for that infirmity by which she is deprived of half the pleasures that minister to a fine intelligence.

ENNERSLIE.

I.

A HOARY tower, grim and high,
All beneath a summer sky,
Where the river glideth by
  Sullenly—sullenly;
Across the wave in slugglish gloom,
Heavy and black the shadows loom,
But the water-lilies brightly bloom
  Round about grim Ennerslie.

All upon the bank below
Alders green and willows grow,
That ever sway them to and fro
  Mournfully—mournfully;
Never a boat doth pass that way,
Never is heard a carol gay,
Nor doth a weary pilgrim stray
  Down by haunted Ennerslie.

Yet in that tower is a room
From whose oaken-fretted dome
Weird faces peer athwart the gloom
  Mockingly—mockingly;
And there beside the taper's gleam
That maketh darkness darker seem,
Like one that waketh in a dream,
  Sits the lord of Ennerslie:

Sitteth in his carved chair—
From his forehead pale and fair
Falleth down the raven hair
  Heavily—heavily;
There is no color on his cheek,
His lip is pale—he doth not speak,
And rarely doth his footstep break
  The stillness of grim Ennerslie.

From the casement, mantled o'er
With ivy-boughs and lichens hoar,
The shadows creep along the floor
  Stealthily—stealthily;
They glide along, a spectral train,
And rest upon the crimson stain
Where of old a corpse was lain—
  Murdered at grim Ennerslie.

In a niche within the wall,
Where the shadows deepest fall,
Like a coffin and a pall,
  Gloomily—gloomily,
Sits an owlet, huge and gray,
That there hath sat for many a day,
And like a ghost doth gaze alway
  Upon the lord of Ennerslie;

Gazeth with its mystic eyes
Ever in a weird surprise,
Like some demon in disguise,
  Ceaselessly—ceaselessly;
And close beside that haunted nook,
Bendeth o'er an open book,
With a strange and dreamy look,
  The pale young lord of Ennerslie.

With a measured step and slow,
At times he paces to and fro,
Muttering in whispers low,
  Fitfully—fitfully;
Or resting in his ancient chair,
Gazing on the vacant air—
Sure some phantom sees he there,
  The haunted lord of Ennerslie!

There is a picture on the wall,
A statue on a pedestal—
Standing where the sunbeams fall
  Goldenly—goldenly;
And in either form and face
The self-same beauty you may trace—
Imaged with a wondrous grace,
  That angel-form at Ennerslie!

Once, 't is said, upon a time,
Ere his manhood's golden prime,
Wandering in a southern clime
  Restlessly—restlessly,
There passed him by a lady fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair:
It is her form that gleameth there,
  That angel-form at Ennerslie.

When the stars are in the west,
And the water-lilies rest,
Rocking on the river's breast
  Sleepily—sleepily—
When the curfew, far remote,
Blendeth with the night-bird's note,
Down the river glides a boat
  From the shades of Ennerslie.

Glideth on by Ellesmaire,
Where doth dwell a lady fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair,
  Lonesomely—lonesomely;
At the window's height alway
She weaves a scarf of colors gay,
And in the distance far away
  She seeth haunted Ennerslie.

Sitting in her lonely room,
Ere the twilight's purple gloom,
Weaving at her fairy loom
  Wearily—wearily,
She heareth music sweet and low:
It is a song she well doth know;
She used to sing it long ago—
  It cometh up from Ennerslie.

Back she threw the casement wide;
She saw the river onward glide,
The lilies nodding on the tide
  Sleepily—sleepily;
She saw a boat with snowy sail
Bearing onward with the gale;
She saw the silken streamer pale—
  She saw the lord of Ennerslie!

II.

FADING are the summer leaves—
The fields are rich with golden sheaves
Her silken web the lady weaves
  Wearily—wearily;
Her cheek has lost its summer bloom,
Her lovely eyes are full of gloom,
She weaveth at her fairy loom,
  And looketh down to Ennerslie.

She doth not smile, she doth not sigh—
Above her is the cold gray sky;
Below, the river moaneth by
  Drearily—drearily;
She sees the withered leaflets ride
Like fairy barks adown the tide:
She saith, "Right merrily they glide,
  For they go down to Ennerslie."

Beside her on the hearth of stone,
There sits a bent and withered crone,
Who doth for ever rock and moan
  Drowsily—drowsily;
She crooneth songs of mystic rhyme,
And legends of the olden time;
She telleth tales of death and crime—
  She tells of haunted Ennerslie.

She telleth how, as she hath heard,
How dwelleth there a demon weird
In seeming of an owsel-bird,
  Ceaselessly—ceaselessly;
And how that fiend must linger still,
And work the master wo and ill,
Till one shall dare with fearless will
  Go down to haunted Ennerslie.

She telleth how—that ancient crone—
He loved a lady years agone,
The fairest that the earth has known,
  Secretly—secretly—
But dare not woo her for his bride,
Because that death will sure betide
The first that in her beauty's pride
  Shall go to haunted Ennerslie.

She listened—but she nothing said;
Like a lily drooped her head,
Her white hand wound the silken thread
  Carelessly—carelessly;
She rove the scarf from out the loom,
She slowly paced across the room,
And gleaming through the midnight gloom
  She saw the light at Ennerslie.

The nurse she slumbered in her chair:
Then up arose that lady fair
And crept adown the winding stair
  Silently—silently;
A boat was by the river-side,
The silken web as sail she tied,
And lovely in her beauty's pride,
  Went sailing down to Ennerslie.

Back upon the sighing gale
Her tresses floated like a veil;
Her brow was cold, her cheek was pale,
  Fearfully—fearfully;
She heard strange whispers in her ear,
She saw a shadow hover near—
Her very life-blood chilled with fear,
  As down she went to Ennerslie.

As upward her blue eyes she cast,
A shadowy form there flitted past,
And settled on the quivering mast
  Silently—silently.
The lady gazed, yet spake no word:
She knew it *was the evil bird,*
The wicked demon, grim and weird,
  That dwelt at haunted Ennerslie.

Fainter from the tower's height
Seems to her the beacon-light,
Gleaming on her darkening sight
  Fitfully—fitfully;
The river's voice is faint and low,
An icy calm is on her brow;
She saith, "The curse is on me now,
  But he is free at Ennerslie!"

Within that tower's solitude
He sitteth in a musing mood,
And gazeth down upon the flood
  Dreamily—dreamily:
When lo! he sees a fairy bark
Gliding amid the shadows dark,
And there a lady still and stark—
  A wondrous sight at Ennerslie.

He hurried to the bank below,
Upon the strand he drew the prow—
He drew it in the moonlight's glow,
  Eagerly—eagerly;
He parted back the golden hair
That veiled the cheek and forehead fair;
He started at her beauty rare,
  The pale young lord of Ennerslie.

He called her name: she nothing said;
Upon his bosom drooped her head;
The color from her wan cheek fled
  Utterly—utterly.
Slowly rolled the sluggish tide,
The breeze amid the willows sighed;
"This is too deep a curse!" he cried—
  The stricken lord of Ennerslie.

GENIUS.

Spirit immortal and divine!
  Whose calm and searching eye
Looks forth upon the universe,
  Its wonders to descry—
Whose eagle-wing, resistless, proud,
Hath soared above each misty cloud
  That o'er us darkly spread—
I bow before thee, as of old
The Grecian bowed to her who told
  The oracles of dread.

For thou art Nature's prophet—priest,
  Anointed by her God,
And dwellest in her sacred courts,
  By others all untrod:
To thee alone 'tis given to raise
The veil that shrouds from mortal gaze
  Her mysteries sublime;
To hear her sweet and solemn tone
Revealing wonders else unknown
  In all the lapse of time.

And more—the human heart is deep,
  And passionate, and strong,
But thou mayst read its sealed page,
  And search its depths among;
Mayst bow it with thy spell of might

Or urge it to a prouder flight,
A loftier desire—
Till, yielding to thy high control,
The newly-wakened, eager soul,
To purer things aspire.

Thou dwellest on this lowly earth,
Majestic and alone;
Thy home is in a brighter clime,
Near the Eternal's throne;
And evermore, in tameless might,
Still strivest thou to wing thy flight,
Its glory to attain;
E'en as the eagle turns his eye,
Though fettered, to his native sky,
And struggles with his chain.

Men gaze in strange and wondering awe
On thine inspired brow,
But reck not of the hidden things
That darkly sleep below;
Nor how thou spurnest earth's control,
What voices haunt thy troubled soul—
What shadows round thee play;
Thy dreams are all of future bliss,
Of other worlds—and e'en in this
Thy name shall not decay!

Sage! musing in thy lonely cell—
Aspiring, yet serene;
Tracking afar the light of truth,
Through darkness dimly seen—
A thousand minds thy truths have caught,
And pondered o'er thy lofty thought,
In inspiration high:
A thousand minds have scanned the page
Made clearer by the lapse of age,
In which thy treasures lie.

Bard—lo! the thrilling strain that poured
Thy soul's deep melodies,
Have waked in many an echoing heart
A thousand sympathies;
Have lived through years of dull decay
When princely names have passed away,
That were a glory then,
Till every word hath thus become
Like to a thrilling voice of home,
In the deep hearts of men!

And ye o'er whose inspired souls
Strange shapes of beauty gleamed,
Embodied to the gaze of men
In forms of heaven that seemed—
The marble still in beauty lives,
The pictured canvass but receives
New value from decay;
And both shall perish ere the name
Of him who gave them unto fame
Hath passed, like them, away.

And they, to whom were given the gift
Of Inspiration's tongue—
Upon whose high, commanding words
Senates in rapture hung;
And they, the dauntless chiefs and brave,
On battle-field and ocean-wave,
Who won a lofty fame—
Lo deathless, and defying Time,
A thousand monuments sublime
Commemorate each name!

Thus Genius lives—its spirit caught
From heaven's own height afar,
Shines tranquil mid the gloom of earth
An ever-guiding star:
A shining mark that's given to show
To those who darkly tread below
The way our pathway tends;
A beauty and a mystery,
A prophecy of things to be
When earthly being ends!

A prophecy of glorious things—
Of holy things and bright,
Which we behold not through the mist
That dim our mortal sight;
A voice that whispers from afar,
Telling of wondrous things that are
Where perfectness hath power!
A light to guide the spirit on
Till that celestial state be won
Which was our primal dower.

Thou shalt go forth in prouder might
And firmer strength ere long,
And Truth shall guide thee on thy way
With revelation strong;
And thou shalt see with wondering eyes
The thousand mighty mysteries
That round our being cling;
Unfolding truths whose shadows lie
Darkly before the doubting eye,
Our souls bewildering.

High souls have gazed on wondrous things
And men have called them dreams—
But they are such as shadowed stars
Upon the mirroring streams;
We gaze upon the phantom-glow—
Alas! we gaze too much below—
And strive to grasp in vain;
But Genius turns his gaze afar,
Where like a pure and shining star
The glorious truth is seen!

Go forth, thou spirit proud and high,
Upon thy soaring flight!
Thou art the messenger of God,
And he will guide thee right.
Go proudly forth and fearlessly,
For many a hidden mystery
Awaits thee to unseal;
And men shall gaze in rapt surprise
On wonders that to darkened eyes
Thy brightness shall reveal!

MY SISTER.

I have an only sister,
Fresh in her girlish glee,
For she is only seventeen,
And still is fancy free:
She has a fair and happy face,
Like cloudless skies in May—
Or like a lake, where tranquilly
The silver moonbeams play.

She is my only sister,
And we've together grown,
Till childhood's thoughtless glee hath changed
To girlhood's gentle tone;
And we have shared in varied scenes
Of sadness and of glee,
But never were two sisters
As different as we.

Yet in our outward seeming,
In feature and in face,
They say that e'en a careless glance
May some resemblance trace;
Save that a flood of sunny light
O'er her seems softly shed,
While over me some darker shades
Like twilight shadows spread.

Her tresses, tinged with golden,
All gracefully entwine
Upon a calm and placid brow
Of fairer hue than mine;
Her cheek is of a brighter glow,
Her eye a softer brown,
Where from the dark and drooping fringe
A dreamy shade is thrown.

My sister hath no sorrow
To check her spirit free;
No mournful shadows o'er her pass
As oft they pass o'er me;
Her smile is ever beaming forth
In one unchanging mood,
The gladness of a sunny heart
By sorrow unsubdued.

She's happy mid the revelry,
And in the mazy dance;
And in the dearest solitude
As brightly shines her glance;
She calmly plucks the flowers of life
Around her pathway spread,
And careth not for those to bloom,
Nor dreams of others dead.

The deep, delirious dreamings,
Whose wild, bewildering strife
Beguiles the heart from sober truths
And wearies it of life—
The sudden fits of mournfulness,
Of wild and fitful glee,
My sister's tranquil breast knows not,
As they are known to me.

There are many like my sister—
They who serenely glide,
Secure in tranquil cheerfulness,
Adown life's stormy tide.
'Tis strange to think how tranquilly
They brave the tempest's frown,
And calmly breast the troubled waves,
When other barks go down!

My fair and gentle sister!
How calmly glides her life—
No weariness to dim her brow,
No care or spirit-strife:
With happy heart she hears alone
The music of life's stream,
And all things seem to her as yet
A fair and *fairy dream!*

THE SEA-SHELL.

Sadly the murmur, stealing
Through the dim windings of the mazy shell,
Seemeth some ocean-mystery concealing
Within its cell.

And ever sadly breathing,
As with the tone of far-off waves at play,
That dreamy murmur through the sea-shell wreathing,
Ne'er dies away.

It is no faint replying
Of far-off melodies of wind and wave,
No echo of the ocean-billow, sighing
Through gem-lit cave.

It is no dim retaining
Of sounds that through the dim sea-caverns swell;
But some lone ocean-spirit's sad complaining
Within that cell.

"Where are the waters flowing?"
Thus breathes that ever-wailing spirit-tone;
"Where are the bright gems in their beauty glowing,
In cavern lone?

"I languish for the ocean—
I pine to view the billow's heaving crest;
I miss the music of its dreamlike motion,
That lulled to rest.

"Where are the bright waves playing?
Where sleeps the cavern's still and gem-lit gloom?
For there I know sweet tones, yet sad, are straying,
That call me home!"

In vain thy plaintive sighing,
Lone ocean-sprite! thy home is far away;
No ocean-music giveth sweet replying
Unto thy lay.

Far off the waves are gleaming;
Thy sisters deck with pearls their tresses fair,
And gem-light through the ocean-caves is streaming—
Thou art not there!

How like art thou, sad spirit,
To many a one, the lone ones of the earth!—
Who in the beauty of their souls inherit
A purer birth;

They who, for ever yearning,
Pine for the glory of their far-off home;
Unto its half-veiled beauty sadly turning,
From earthly gloom.

Whose tones, for ever swelling,
Pour forth the melody of burning thought;
From the sweet music of that far-off dwelling
An echo caught!

Like thine the restless sighing—
Like thine the melody their spirits own;
No kindred music to their own replying,
No answering tone!

They dream—they dream for ever!
They live in visions beautiful and vain;
And vain the spirit's passionate endeavor
To break their chain.

Yet thou, lone child of ocean,
Mayst never more behold thine ocean-foam
While they shall rest from each wild, sad emotion
And find their home!

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

Miss Rebecca S. Reed, now Mrs. Nichols, is a native of the little town of Greenwich, in New Jersey, where her father was a physician. When she was seventeen years of age, Dr. Reed removed to Kentucky, and a few months afterward she was married, in Louisville, to Mr. W. Nichols, of Homer, in New York. Her first appearance as an author was under the signature of "Ellen," in the Louisville News Letter, in 1839. In the same year Mr. Nichols removed to St. Louis, where he established The Pennant, a daily gazette, from which in a few months he withdrew and went to Cincinnati, where he has since resided.

In 1844, Mr. Nichols published a volume entitled Bernice, or the Curse of Minna, and other Poems, and she has since been a frequent contributor to the periodicals, under her proper signature and under that of "Kate Cleveland." Bernice is a romantic story, in three cantos. The scene is in Italy; and the poem contains some striking passages, but none that should add to the good reputation she has acquired by her minor pieces, many of which are evidently the offspring of real emotion, and bear to that the relation of experience to the fictitious passion of the stage. Some of her best pieces were first published in The Guest, a journal of which she was editress

TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

I gazed upon thee! Was it rigid Death
That sat enthroned upon thine icy brow?
Ah no! methought I saw the living breath
Of life expand thy heaving breast but now:
He sleeps! tread softly—wake him not; how bright
These dreams of heaven upon his spirit fall!
They fold it slumbering 'neath their wings of light,
And bear it up to Heaven's high festival—
The festival of dreams—where spirits hold
Their deep communings, when the seraph Sleep
Spreads his encircling wings, which softly fold
The earth to rest, and close the eyes that weep.

It was a fearful dream: methought ye said
That he—my boy—was of the earth no more!
That all the sentinels of life had fled,
And that pale Death their portals guarded o'er:
Ye deemed that I should weep—but not a tear
Burst from the frozen founts where they were pent,
Though dark, foreboding thought and bitter fear
Rushed to my heart, and bade my soul lament.
He is not dead—he sleeps: he could not die,
So loved, so beautiful! If Death should bear
His spirit hence, e'en to his native sky,
My voice would pierce the inner temples there!

He is not dead! Ah, how my spirit mocks
The vain delusion! Can I look on this, [locks?
And doubt whose hand each charmed vein now
I dare not claim what Death hath sealed as his:
And thus I gave thee, Arthur, to the tomb,
And saw the brow oft pillowed next my heart
Laid down amid the dust and darkling gloom,
To be, alas! too soon of dust a part!
I saw them heap the earth about thy form,
And press the light turf o'er thy peaceful breast,
Then leave thee to the cold and brooding worm,
As some young dove in a deserted nest.

I gazed: it was the autumn's golden light [home
That flung bright shadows o'er thy new-made
While through the trees that waved in colors bright,
I heard the low sweet winds thy dirges moan!
And there was one looked with me on that scene,
Who bade me know our bitter loss thy gain:
But ah! his cheek was pale as mine, I ween,
And from his eyes the hot tears fell like rain.
That eve, while gazing on the midnight sky,
One bright new star looked out from its lone sphere:
We knew no name to call the stranger by,
So gave it thine, and deemed that thou wert near.

The autumn passed: how desolate was earth!
How froze the lucid veins upon her brow!
While oft the spectre winds now wandered forth
Like unseen spirits, treading sad and slow:
Dark, hoary winter came, with piercing breath,
And gave to earth a passionless embrace—
Ah me! 'twas as the lip of white-browed Death
Had kissed with fondness some beloved face:
The dazzling snow-wreath garlanded thy tomb,
While each pale star, effulgent as the day,
Let forth its glittering beams amid the gloom,
And dimpled earth, where this white splendor lay.

I left thee: wooed to that rich southern clime
Where glows the orange and where blooms the
The land of passion, where the brow of time [rose;
Dims not, but with renewed splendor glows—
The joyous Spring on her triumphal car
Rode through the land in beauty and in light,
And on the young south wind flung wide and far
The odor of her flowers—her spirit's young delight.
I rested not, though all was bright and green,
For still I heard thy gentle voice's moan:
My spirit leaped the darkling space between,
And knelt, all breathless, by thy twilight home!

ne year hath flown—one little circling year—
A dim, faint shadow of the wing of Time;
or hath mine eye forgot the secret tear,
Or heart to weave the sad and mournful rhyme:
stand beside thee—and I quickly trace
The loving hand that hath been busy here.
Who gave such beauty to thy dwelling-place,
And bade the fresh green grass wave lightly there?
Iy heart is full, nor can I say farewell,
E'en to thy gentle shade, oh spirit bright!
Vithout one prayer for him who wove the spell
Of loveliness where all was rayless night.

Tot unremembered, then, thy narrow home
Within the city of the voiceless dead;
'or hither oft a kindred form would roam,
And place fresh turf above thy fair young head.
stand beside thee!—and again the dreams
Of olden time rise up before my view,
While lulling sounds, like to the voice of streams,
Float o'er my soul, soft as the morning dew:
Could prayers or tears of mine but win thee now
From thy high walk around the starry thrones,
So selfish this, my tears would cease to flow—
My voice refuse to falter forth the tones.

MY SISTER ELLEN.

Sister Ellen, I've been dreaming
Of a fair and happy time;
Gentle thoughts are round me gleaming,
Thoughts of sunny girlhood's prime:
Oh, the light, untutored fancies,
Images so quaint and bold—
Dim outlines of old romances,
Forming childhood's age of gold!
Eternal spring was then above us,
Sunshine cheered our every path;
None then knew us but to love us—
Winning ways sweet childhood hath.

Thou art little Nelly, looking
Up into my anxious face—
I thy childish caprice brooking,
As thy merry thoughts I trace:
See thy dreamy blue eyes glancing
From thy founts of light and glee,
And thy little feet go dancing
Like the waves upon the sea!
Tossing from thy snowy shoulder
Golden curls with witching grace,
Charming every new beholder
With thine arch, expressive face.

Sister Ellen! I've been dreaming
Of some lightsome summer eves,
When the harvest-moon was beaming
Softly through the dewy leaves—
How among the flowers we wandered,
Treading light as summer air;
Looking upward, how we pondered
On the dazzling glories there!
We were children then together,
Though I older was in years,
And life's dark and stormy weather
Seemed like April's smiles and tears.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

Hark! a solemn bell is pealing
From the far-off spirit clime;
Angel forms, expectant, kneeling
On the outer shores sublime,
Hither turn their eyes of splendor
Piercing through the mists of time!

Thou art faintly, sadly sighing,
Voyager through time with me;
Can it be, thou 'rt sinking—dying?
Can it be that I am free—
Free to drink in life immortal,
Unrestrained now by thee?

Yes! thine earthly days are numbered,
Yet thou 'rt clinging round me still;
Still my drooping wings are cumbered
By thy weak and fleshly will:
Gently thus I loose thy claspings,
Wishing thee no further ill.

Though I've often bent upon thee
A rebuking spirit's gaze,
When thy spell was fully on me,
In our early, youthful days,
Sad and loath I am to leave thee,
Treading Death's bewildering maze!

All of enmity is banished
As I hear thee moaning low,
Pride and beauty have so vanished,
Nothing can revive them now:
See the hand of death triumphing
In the dews upon thy brow!

Ah! thy heart is faintly tolling,
Like a closely muffled bell,
And the purple rivers rolling
'Neath thy bosom's gentle swell,
Flow like waters when receding
From a thirsty, springless well.

What a weight is on thy bosom—
What a palsy in thy hand!
Thus Death chilled fair Eden's blossom—
Thus, at his august command,
All of human birth and mixture
Shuddering in his presence stand!

Let me, through thine eyelids closing,
Look once more upon the earth;
There thou soon wilt be reposing,
Borne away from home and hearth,
Where thy footsteps once were greeted
With the noisy shout of mirth.

Hark! what organ tones are swelling
Through the spirit-realm on high;
Ransomed souls are sweetly telling
Of the joys beyond the sky:
Let me here no longer linger,
When the heavens are so nigh!

Life's companion! thus we sever—
Our short pilgrimage is done:
We shall reunite for ever,
Travel-stained and weary one,
When the voice of God Eternal
Wakes the dead with trumpet tone.

LAMENT OF THE OLD YEAR.

"I'm weary and old," said the dying Year,
As the sceptre fell from his shrunken hand;
"One foot on the earth, and one on the bier,
I go, with a wail for the beautiful here,
To the phantom years in the ghostly land.

Thought, like a river swift, sweeps o'er me now;
Backward I'm borne to the eve of my birth:
Smooth, then, my wrinkled cheek, spotless my brow;
Stood I, with steady hand, held to the plough,
Ready to furrow the beautiful earth!

Then, as I sped along, softly there came
One with a flowing robe, silken and green;
Sweet was her siren voice—Spring was her name:
Sunshine or shade, she was ever the same—
Dazzling in beauty, and graceful in mien.

Bride of my youthful days, gentle and fair,
Low lies thy grave at the portals of Time!
Wrapt in thy shroud of long sunshiny hair,
The hours upborne by the wings of the air,
Entombed thee in love, singing dirges sublime.

There on thy bosom wan, pulseless and cold,
Lay thy three doves at rest, which thou didst bear;
First-born of early love—lambs of our fold,
How, on their scented breath, Death feasted bold!
E'en May, the youngest one, fairest, was there.

Then, as I turned aside, weeping for thee,
Swift came another maid, laughing and bright;
She on my bosom hung, joyous and free,
And in her dulcet tones warbled to me—
Pouring her heart out in strains of delight.

Bride of my sober prime, faded and gone,
Thou wert to me as a beautiful dream!
Love in thy spirit dwelt, free on his throne,
Held by thy ravishing sweetness alone,
Till thou wert engulfed in oblivion's stream.

Sad, then, my spirit grew—lonely I sighed;
All that I loved on earth fled from my grasp:
Spring, in her beauty, first mournfully died—
Summer I buried, too, close by her side,
Wrenching the links of affection's strong clasp.

Thin grew my whitened beard—moistened my eye;
Faint was my voice's tone—languished my heart:
Then, in my dreary age, Autumn drew nigh,
Like a sweet angel of love from the sky,
Ready to act the Samaritan's part.

Oh, she with wisdom soothed! cheerful her voice,
Ringing at morn like a clear matin-bell;
Streams in my Summer's path seemed to rejoice;
Spring was my first and my earliest choice,
But Autumn I loved with a fervor as well.

Oft when the glowing stars—footprints of God—
Lit up the earth with a holier light,
We o'er each pleasant place falt'ringly trod,
Wailing the fate of the brown, fading sod,
That shrunk from our steps as if fearing a blight.

Down by a flashing rill, winding in shade,
Leaping to sunlight in gladness and mirth,
We, in a softened mood, pleasantly made
A couch, where the streamlet a monody played—
A death song for one of the brightest of earth!

Pale grew the berries red, close at our feet;
Wan looked the waning moon over our he
Then moaned the hollow winds, winged an
And Autumn unfolded her white winding-s
While Winter approached and enshroude
dead!

As I in voiceless grief over her hung,
Through her half-frozen lips broken words
Sweeter than all that the minstrel has sung.
The death-stricken accents that fell from her to
For even in death she was lisping my nam

Down by her yawning tomb, wrinkled with
Cheerless and lone I sat, stricken and old;
While my shrill piping voice poured on the
Tones like the voice of the spectre Despair,
Calling his flock to their desolate fold!

Then did I journey on, leaning the while
Faintly on Winter's staff, goaded by him:
Ne'er on my shrivelled lips glimmered a smi
Wearily travelled we many a mile,
The sun growing dark, and the stars shining

Through the old forests vast, leafless and bro
Fled we the sickle keen, wielded by Time:
Thus ever reapeth he what hath been sown,
Plucking the fruits which another hath grow
Golden sheaves binding in every clime.

Down by the blackened stream, flowing from D
Sit I, with folded hands, waiting my doom;
Numb are my aged limbs—frozen my breath
Soon shall the pearl-berried mistletoe wreath
Twine its green arms round the parted
tomb!"

Thus sighed the dying year, palsied and old
Feeble and few grew the words that he sp
Twelve had the bell with its iron tongue to
When Time, in his office grown fearless and
With sharp-whetted scythe cut him dow
stroke!

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

I MET thee in the Isle of Dreams,
Beloved of my soul—
I met thee on the silver sands,
Where Lethean rivers roll;
And by the flashing water-falls,
That lulled the hours asleep,
Thy spirit whispered unto mine
The vows it may not keep.....

I met thee in the Isle of Dreams—
No fairer land may bloom
Among the island-stars that crest
The midnight's heavy gloom:
The lilies blossomed in our path,
Wild roses on the spray,
And young birds from the wilderness
Sang each a dreamy lay.

Our steps fell lightly as we pressed
The green, enchanted ground,
For love was swelling in our hearts,
And in the air around:

All, all was sunshine, bliss, and light,
Beloved of my soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met,
Where Lethean rivers roll.....

Then tread again the sounding shores
That echo in my dreams,
And walk beneath the rosy sky
That through my vision gleams;
Oh meet me, meet me yet once more,
Belovéd of my soul,
Within the lovely Isle of Dreams,
Where Lethean rivers roll!

THE SHADOW.

Twice beside the crumbling well
Where the lichen clingeth fast—
Twice, the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past.
"Shines the moon this eve as brightly
As the harvest-moon may shine;
Stands each star, that glimmers nightly,
Like a saint within its shrine:
Whence the shade then, whence the shadow?
Canst thou tell, sweet lady mine?"

But the lady's cheek was pale,
And her lips were snowy white,
As she clasped her silken veil,
Floating in the silver light:
Like an angel's wing it glistened—
Like a sybil seemed the maid;
But in vain the lover listened,
Silence on her lips was laid!
Though they moved, no sound had broken
Through the stillness of the glade.

Brighter grew her burning eyes—
Wan and thin the rounded cheek:
Was it terror, or surprise,
That forbade the lips to speak?
To *his* heart, then, creeping slowly,
Came a strange and deadly fear;
Words and sounds profane, unholy,
Stole into his shrinking ear—
And the moon sunk sudden downward,
Leaving earth and heaven drear!

Slowly from the lady's lips
Burst a deep and heavy sigh—
As from some long, dark eclipse,
Rose the red moon in the sky:
Saw he then the lady leaning
Cold and fainting by the well;
Eyes once filled with tender meaning
Closed beneath some hidden spell:
What was heard he dared not whisper,
What he feared were death to tell!

The little hand was wondrous fair
Which to him so wildly clung—
Raven was the glossy hair
Then from off her forehead flung;
Much too fair that hand for staining
With a crime of darkest dye:
But the moon again is waning
In the pale and starless sky—
Hark! what words are slowly falling
On the breeze that swept them by?

"Touch her not!" the voice it said—
"Wrench thy mantle from her grasp!
Thus the disembodied dead
Warns from that polluting clasp.
Touch her not, but still look on her—
All an angel seemeth she;
Yet, the guilty stains upon her
Shame the Fiend's dark company!
But, her hideous crime is nameless
Under heaven's canopy."

Twice, beside the crumbling well,
Where the lichen clingeth fast—
Twice the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past:
Twice the voice's hollow warning
Pierced the haunted midnight air!
Then the golden light of morning
Streamed upon the lady there:
They who found her, stark and lonely,
Said the corse was very fair.

LITTLE NELL.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisped the words she could not master,
Vexed that she might speak no faster—
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Mischief all her joys enhancing—
Full of baby-mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet Little Nell!

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover—
Calling down the glittering showers,
Breathing on the buds and flowers—
Rivalling young pleasant May
In a generous holyday!
Smallest insects hummed a tune
Through the blessèd nights of June:
And the maiden sang her song
Through the days so bright and long—
Dear Little Nell!

Autumn came! the leaves were falling.
Death the little one was calling:
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she seemed still dearer
As the trial-hour drew nearer.
But she left us hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only:
And a little grave they made her,
In the churchyard cold they laid her—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—
Poor Little Nell!

THE LITTLE FLOCK.

"We were not many"—we who stood
In childhood round our mother's knee—
A laughing, wild, and wayward brood
Of many a changeful mind and mood,
And hearts as light as hearts could be.

"We were not many"—we who played,
When breathless came the scorching noon,
Out in the leafy, grassy shade,
The old and fragrant orchard made,
As lengthened shadows fell in June.

How sweetly smelled the upturned mould
Beneath the green and bending bough,
For there, when days were moist and cold,
The grass was sown ere spring was old—
I'd give the world to see it now!

"We were not many"—we who drew
At evening round the blazing hearth,
To read, how from the harebells blue
The tiny elves would drink the dew,
Ere fairy forms forsook the earth.

"We were not many"—we who heard,
From lips we loved at eve and morn,
The teachings of the holy word,
When youthful hearts to prayer were stirred,
And love of meek-eyed Faith was born.

"We were not many"—death has spared
A larger flock to mother's tears,
And when his icy arm was bared,
We scarcely thought that he had dared
To touch the one so young in years.

"We were not many"—we who wept
To see his star in swift decline:
Five golden autumns he has slept—
Five budding springs the moss has crept
Around his couch beneath the pine.

"We are not many"—when we stand
Where now he sleeps, at fall of dew;
When loving May, with breezes bland,
Has smoothed the turf with angel hand,
And decked it round with violets blue.

"We are not many"—we who press
With trembling lips Life's brimming cup:
One craving draughts of happiness—
Another, it may be, would bless
The wave that dashed death's waters up.

"We are not many"—doubts and fears,
And faded hopes of earth's renown,
And broken faith, and toil and tears,
Have, in the winepress of our years,
Been heaped, and crushed, and trodden down!

"We were not many"—we who stood
In childhood round our mother's knee:
But one from out the laughing brood
Has borne unto his solitude
The dreams he dreampt in infancy.

MUSINGS.

How like a conqueror the king of day
Folds back the curtains of his orient couch
Bestrides the fleecy clouds, and speeds his w
Through skies made brighter by his bu
touch;
For as a warrior from the tented field,
Victorious hastes his wearied limbs to rest,
So doth the sun his brazen sceptre yield,
And sink, fair night, upon thy gentle breast

All hail, sad Vesper! on thy girdled throne
Thou sitst a queen. Oh, twilight watcher
With gliding step thou comest forth alone,
Pale, dreamy dweller of the realms afar;
And when at eve's most holy, chastened hou
I watch each lesser star within its shrine,
How do I miss the strange, mysterious power
That chains my spirit to thine orb divine.

Fair Vesper! when thy golden tresses gleam
Amid the banners of the sunset sky,
Thy spirit floats on every radiant beam
That gilds with beauty thy sweet home on hi
Then hath my soul its hour of deepest bliss,
And gentle thoughts like angels round
throng,
Breathing of worlds (oh, how unlike to this!)
Where dwells eternal melody and song.

Star of the twilight! thou wert loved by one
Whose spirit late hath passed away from ear
Who parted from us when the wailing tone
Of some lone winds hushed gentle summ
mirth:
Yet, though we missed her at the eventide,
And eyes gazed sadly on the vacant chair,
Though from the hearth her music-tones h
died,
And gone glad laughter that resounded there

Still from her high and holy place above
None would recall her to this earthly sphere,
Or seek to win her from that home of love
To tread the paths of sin and sorrow here:
But clouds are gathering round fair Cynth
home,
And dark and heavy grows the sultry air,
While, one by one, the lights in yon vast dom
Fade and go out as Death were busy there.

And she, pale spirit of the midnight skies,
Whose tears of light were streaming o'er
heath,
Now seems, unto my wakeful, watching eyes,
Like some lone weeper in the house of death
The storm hath burst—the lightning's angry e
Glanceth around me, and the hoarse winds te
The raging tempest's might and majesty.
Bright thoughts have vanished—gentle star, fa
well!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mrs. Julia Howe is a daughter of the ate eminent banker Samuel Ward, and a sis-er of Samuel Ward, junior, one of our most ccomplished scholars. In the spring of 843 she was married to Dr. S. G. Howe, f Boston, so well known to his countrymen, nd indeed to mankind, as one of the most ctive and wise of living philanthropists. Mrs. Howe was educated by the best mas-ers, and her native intelligence rewarded a areful culture with fruits of grace and beau-y which detain the admiration of society. One of her teachers was the much-lamented Schlesinger, of whom an elegant memoir was published by Mr. Ward, at the close of which he observes: "Returning to New York from a visit to Boston, on the morning of the twelfth of June, the writer of this memoir was overpowered by the sad intelligence of the demise of Mr. Schlesinger — whom he loved as a brother, and of whose danger he had no suspicion. He gradually gathered from a pupil of the deceased, that he had died in the night of the eighth, and been bu ried, the Sunday after, in the Marble Ceme tery, whither his mortal remains were fol lowed by his friends and his Brothers of the 'Concordia,' who sang a requiem over his grave. When he asked her for further de tails, turning away to hide her tears, she handed him these lines." The pupil here referred to is Mrs. Howe, and the lines are the poem entitled The Burial of Schlesinger, which may be ranked among the finest productions of feminine genius.

Mrs. Julia Ward, the mother of Mrs. Howe, was a woman of taste and various acquirements, and her literary abilities are illustrated in many brilliant occasional poems, in English and French, of which some specimens are furnished in an earlier part of the present volume.

THE BURIAL OF SCHLESINGER.

Sad music breathes upon the air,
And steps come mournfully and slow;
Heavy is the load we bear,
Fellow-men our burthen share,
Death has laid our brother low.
Ye have heard our joyous strain,
Listen to our notes of wo!

Do ye not remember him
Whose finger, from the thrilling wire,
Now drew forth tears, now tones of fire?
Ah! that hand is cold for ever:
Gone is now life's fitful fever—
We sing his requiem.

We are singing him to rest—
He will rise a spirit blest.
Sing it softly, sing it slowly—
Let each note our sorrow tell,
For it is our last farewell,
And his grave is lone and lowly.

We sorrow for thee, brother!
We grieve that thou must lie
Far from the spot where thy fathers sleep;
Thou camest o'er the briny deep
In a stranger land to die.

We bear thee gently, brother,
To thy last resting-place;
Soon shall the earth above thee close,
And the dark veil of night repose
For ever on thy face.

We placed the last flowers, brother,
Upon thy senseless brow;
We kissed that brow before 't was hid,
We wept upon thy coffin-lid,
But all unmoved wert thou.

We've smoothed the green turf, brother,
Above thy lowly head;
Earth in her breast receive thee:
Oh, it is sad to leave thee,
Alone in thy narrow bed!

Thou art not with us, brother—
Yet, in yon blissful land,
Perhaps, thou still canst hear us—
Perhaps thou hoverest near us
And smilest as the choral band,
Which once obeyed thy master hand,
Now linger with their tears to leave
The sod that seals thy grave.

The sun is sinking, brother,
And with it our melody.
The dying cadence of our rite
Is mingled with the dying light.
Oh, brother! by that fading ray,
And by this mournful parting lay
We will remember thee.

The sculptor, in his chiselled stone,
The painter, in his colors blent,
The bard, in numbers all his own,
Raises himself his monument:
But he, whose every touch could wake
A passion, and a thought control,
He who, to bless the ear, did make
Music of his very soul;
Who bound for us, in golden chains,
The golden links of harmony—
Naught is left us of his strains,
Naught but their fleeting memory:
Then, while a trace of him remains,
Shall we not cherish it tenderly?

WORDSWORTH.

Bark of the unseen haven,
Mind of unearthly mood,
Like to the prophet's raven,
Thou bringest me heavenly food;
Or like some mild dove winging
Its way from cloudless skies,
Celestial odors bringing,
And in its glad soul singing
The songs of paradise.

Surely thou hast been nearer
The bounds of day and night—
Thy vision has been clearer,
And loftier thy flight,
And thou to God art dearer
Than many men of might.
Speak! for to thee we listen
As never to bard before,
And faded eyes shall glisten
That thought to be bright no more.

Oh, tell us of yonder heaven,
And the world that lies within;
Tell us of the happy spirits
To whom we are near of kin;
Tell of the songs of rapture,
Of the stars that never set;
Do the angels call us brothers—
Does our Father love us yet?

Speak, for our souls are thirsting
For the light of righteousness;
Speak, for our bosoms are bursting
With a desolate loneliness;
Our hearts are worn and weary,
Our robes are travel-soiled—
For through a desert dreary
Our wandering feet have toiled.

Those to whom life looks brighter
May ask an earthlier strain:
A gayer spell and a lighter
Shall hold them in its chain;
But to those who have drunk deepest
Of the cup of joy and grief,
The tuneful tears thou weepest
Do minister relief.

Speak, for the earth is throbbing
With a wild sense of pain;
The wintry winds are sobbing
The requiem of the slain;
Dimly our lamps are burning,
And gladly we list to thee,
With a strange and mystic y
Toward the home where w
Turn from the rhyme of wea
And sing of Eternity!

Tell of the sacred mountains
Where prophets in prayer l
Tell of the glorious fountains
That soon shall be unseale
Tell of the quiet regions
Where those we love are fl
Tell of the angel legions
That guard the blessed dea

Tell us of the sea of glass,
And of the icy river;
To those who its waves must
Thy message of love delive
Strike, strike thy harp of mar
And we will join the song of
To Him that sitteth upon the
Of life and love for ever!

WOMAN.

A vestal priestess, proudly p
But of a meek and quiet spi
With soul all dauntless to end
And mood so calm that naug
Save when a thought most dee
Her eyes with gentlest tears is
Which seem with her true wo
From the deep fountain at her

A mien that neither seeks nor
The homage scattered in her
A love that hath few favored o
And yet for all can work and
A smile wherein each mortal n
The very sympathy he needs;
An eye like to a mystic book
Of lays that bard or prophet
Which keepeth for the holiest l
Of holiest love its deepest th

A form to which a king had be
The fireside's dearest ornament
Known in the dwellings of the
Better than at the rich man's d
A life that ever onward goes,
Yet in itself has deep repose.

A vestal priestess, maid, or wif
Vestal, and vowed to offer u
The innocence of a holy life
To Him who gives the ming
With man its bitter sweets to s
To live and love, to do and dar
His prayer to breathe, his tears
Breaking to him the heavenly l
Of hopes which, all too high fo
Have yet in her a mortal birth.

This is the woman I have drea
And to my childish thought she
The woman I myself should be
Alas! I would that I were she.

TO A BEAUTIFUL STATUE.

I would there were a blush upon thy cheek,
That I might deem thee human, not divine!
I would those sweet yet silent lips might speak,
Even to say, "I never can be thine!"
I would thine eye might shun my ardent gaze,
Then timidly return it; 'neath the fold
Of the white vest thy heart beat to the praise
Responsive that thou heedest not. I hold
Thy slender hand in mine: oh, why is it so cold?

Statue! I call on thee! I bid thee wake
To life and love. The world is bright and fair;
The flowers of spring blush in each verdant brake;
The birds' sweet song makes glad the perfumed air,
And thou alone feel'st not its balmy breath.
Oh! by what spell, once dear, still unforgot,
Shall I release thee from this seeming death? [spot?
What prayer shall charm thee from yon haunted
Awake! I summon thee! In vain: she hears me not.

What power hath bound thee thus? Devoid of sense,
Buried in thine own beauty, speechless, pale—
What strange, stern destiny, what dire offence,
Hath drawn around thy living charms this veil?
Dost thou, like Niobe, behold the death
Of all thy loved ones? Did so sad a sight
Urge from thy bosom forth the panting breath,
Steal from thy tearful eye its liquid light,
And wrap thy fainting spirit in eternal night?

Or wert thou false, and merciless as fair—
And is it thus thy perfidy is wroken?
Didst thou with smiles the trusting soul ensnare,
And smile again to see it crushed and broken?
Oh, no! Heaven wished to rescue from the tomb
A form so faultless; and its mandate high
Arrested thee in youth's transcendent bloom,
Congealed in marble thy last parting sigh, [die.
Soothed thee to wakeless sleep, nor suffered thee to

For sure thou wert not always thus! The rush
Of life's warm stream hath lit thy vacant glance,
Tinting thy pallid cheek with maiden blush;
Those fairy limbs have sported in the dance,
Before they settled thus in quiet rest;
Thine ear the lyre's numbers hath received,
And told their import to the throbbing breast;
Thy heart hath hoped and feared, hath joyed and grieved,
Hath loved and trusted, and hath been deceived.

Sleep on! The memory of thy grief or wrongs
With the forgotten past have long since fled;
And pitying Fate thy slumber still prolongs,
Lest thou shouldst wake, to sorrow for the dead.
Oh, should thine eyes unclose again on earth,
To find thyself uncared for, and alone—
The mates of thy young days of laughing mirth,
And he, more dear than all, for ever gone—
With bitter tears thou 'dst ask again a heart of stone.

Sleep on in peace! thou shalt not sleep for ever:
Soon on thine echoing ear the voice shall thrill,
Whose well-known tone alone thy bonds may sever,
And bid thy spirit burst its cerements chill: [beam,
Thy frozen heart its pulses shall resume,
Thine eye with glistening tears of rapture swell,
Thou shalt arise in never-fading bloom!
The voice of deathless Love must break the spell:
Until that time shall come, sweet dreamer, fare thee well!

WANING.

The Moon looks dimly from the skies,
Of half her queenlike beauty shorn;
A sad and shrouded thing, she lies
Where she, scarce three weeks since, was born.

As from the darkness forth she sprang,
And it to her a cradle gave,
So on its bosom she must hang
Trembling, till it become her grave.

But while she sees the stars so bright,
The Moon can not her death deplore,
For all the heavens are sown with light,
Though from herself it come no more.

Pale Moon! and I like thee am sinking
Into my natural nothingness;
I who, like thee, from heaven was drinking
The godlike power to love and bless.

This shroud of night is dark and chill,
And yet I can not think to mourn;
The skies I filled are radiant still,
And will be bright when I am gone!

LEES FROM THE CUP OF LIFE.

Once I was sad, and well could weep,
Now I am wild, and I will laugh;
Pour out for me libations deep!
The blood of trampled grapes I'll quaff,
And mock at all who idly mourn,
And smite the beggar with his staff.

Oh! let us hold carousal dread
Over our early pleasures gone,
Youth is departed, love is dead;
Oh wo is me that I was born!
Yet fill the cup, pass round the jest—
Methinks I could laugh grief to scorn.

'Tis well to be a thing alone,
For whom no creature cares or grieves,
To build on desert sands a throne,
And spread a couch on wintry leaves,
Ruthless and hopeless, worn and wise—
The fool, the imbecile, believes!

Make me a song whose sturdy rhyme
Shall bid defiance bold to Wo.
Though caitiff wretch, come down to me,
See, at thy gate my trump I blow,
And, armed with rude indifference,
To thee thy scornful glove I throw!

Ah me! unequal, bootless fight!
Ah, cuiras, that betrays my trust!
Sorrow's stern angel bears a dart
Fatal to all of mortal dust;
He is a spirit, I of clay:
He can not die—alas, I must!

SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

Speak, for thy servant heareth;
Alone, in my lowly bed,
Before I laid me down to rest,
My nightly prayer was said;
And naught my spirit feareth,
In darkness or by day:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thine altar,
A child before thy might;
No breath within thy temple stirred
The dim and cloudy light;
And still I knew that thou wert there,
Teaching my heart to say—
"Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey."

O God, my flesh may tremble
When thou speakest to my soul;
But it can not shun thy presence blest,
Or shrink from thy control.
A joy my spirit cheereth
That can not pass away:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

Thou biddest me to utter
Words that I scarce may speak,
And mighty things are laid on me,
A helpless one and weak;
Darkly thy truth declareth
Its purpose and its way:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

And shouldst thou be a stranger
To that which thou hast made?
Oh! ever be about my path,
And hover near my bed.
Lead me in every step I take,
Teach me each word I say:
Speak, for thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

How hath thy glory lighted
My lonely place of rest;
How sacred now shall be to me
The spot which thou hast blest!
If aught of evil should draw nigh
To bring me shame and fear,
My steadfast soul shall make reply,
"Depart, for God is near!"

I bless thee that thou speakest
Thus to an humble child;
The God of Jacob calls to me
In gentle tones and mild;
Thine enemies before thy face
Are scattered in dismay:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

I've stood before thee all my days—
Have ministered to thee;
But in the hour of darkness first
Thou speakest unto me.
And now, the night appeareth
More beautiful than day:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth,
And heareth to obey.

A MOTHER'S FEARS.

I am one who holds a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
But I mar my heart's deep pleasure
With the fear it may be lost.

God gives not many mothers
So fair a child as thou,
And those he gives to others
In death are oft laid low.

I, too, might know that sorrow,
To stand by thy dying bed,
And wish each weary morrow
Only that I were dead.

Oh! would that I could bear thee,
As I bore thee 'neath my heart,
And every sorrow spare thee,
And bid each pain depart!

Tell me some act of merit
By which I may deserve
To hold the angel spirit,
And its sweet life preserve.

When I watch the little creature,
If tears of rapture flow—
If I worship each fair feature—
All mothers would do so.

And if I fain would shield her
From suffering, on my breast,
Strive every joy to yield her,
'Tis thus that I am blest.

Oh! for some heavenly token,
By which I may be sure
The vase shall not be broken—
Dispersed the essence pure!

Then spake the Angel of Mothers
To me, in gentle tone:
"Be kind to the children of others,
And thus deserve thine own."

AMELIA B. WELBY.

. WELBY, whose maiden name
ɛ, was born in the small town
l's, in Maryland, in 1821. When
it fourteen years of age, her fa-
l to Lexington and afterward to
ı Kentucky, where, in 1838, she
to Mr. George B. Welby, a mer-
city.

ɣ made herself known at a very
numerous poetical pieces print-
ɛ signature of "Amelia," in the
ɔurnal, which is edited by Mr.
rentice, (a gentleman deserving
utation for his literary abilities
t,) and has been a medium for
appearance of much of the best
ɛ West.

ɔollection of her poems appeared
tavo volume at Boston, and their
ıs been so great that it has since
gh four or five large editions.
must have surprised as much
l the amiable and modest poet,
to me in the summer of 1843,
in reference to a suggestion I
her — "My husband and friends
ire greatly to have a collection
ɔoems published, but really I am
re not worth it. Many of them were written when I was so very young, that at the sober age of twenty-two I can scarcely read them without a blush." With the same letter she sent me the manuscript of one of her longest poems, entitled Pulpit Eloquence. It is now before me, and though scarcely a believer in Mr. Poe's ingenious speculations upon "autography," I see in the elaborate neatness and distinctness of her round and regular handwriting an indication of the peculiar character of her genius, which delights in grace and repose, in forms of delicacy and finished elegance.

There are in the writings of Mrs. Welby few indications of creative power; she walks the Temple of the Muses with no children of the imagination; but her fancy is lively, discriminating, and informed by a minute and intelligent observation of nature, and she has introduced into poetry some new and beautiful imagery. Her sentiment has the relation to passion which her fancy sustains to the imagination. No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies; but her feelings are natural and genuine; and we are sure of the presence of a womanly spirit, reverencing the sanctities and immunities of life, and sympathizing with whatever addresses the sense of beauty.

THE RAINBOW.

ıave thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
y heart like the dew on the flowers,
took one bright afternoon
rt was as light as a blossom in June;
ıwas moist with the late fallen showers,
tered down and blew open the flowers,
e white cloud, to its haven of rest
wing of Peace, floated off in the west.

:k my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
l the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
ıe sky a fair rainbow unrolled
pinions of purple and gold.
ı a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
:d to the uttermost ends of the earth,
n angel, it floated as free,
on the earth and a wing on the sea.

s the ocean! how gentle its swell!
ı's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 't was suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.

And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The day was declining: the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill;
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the Noon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake bay,
While bathed in the moonlight the village was seen,
With the church in the distance that stood on the green,
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold,
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away [day;
From the spot where my footsteps had gambolled all
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll,
While, lightening my heart as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air,
And, drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng:
For a while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds and the winds that were singing without,
But birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures, that beamed from those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrows and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all:
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung [tongue.
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence
Enforced by each gesture it sank to the
Till it seemed that an angel had brightene
And brought to each bosom a message f

He spoke of the Savior: what pictures
The scene of his sufferings rose clear on
The cross, the rude cross where he suffered
The gush of bright crimson that flowed fro
The cup of his sorrows, the wormwood
The darkness that mantled the earth as
The garland of thorns, and the demon-li
Who knelt as they scoffed him—"Hail,
the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-l
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew
His tone so impassioned, so melting his
As, touched with compassion, he ended i
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs u
Still pleading for sins that were never hi
While that mouth, where such sweetness
clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on hi

O God! what emotions the speaker awo
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven
On earth—yet so closely connected with
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him
As he stood in that triumph of passion a
With his eyes closed in rapture, their transi
Made bright by the smiles that illumined

There's a charm in delivery, a magical
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to th
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-cho
By whose magic the depths of the spirit a
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startli
The eye's sweet expression, that melts whi
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical to
Oh such was the charm of that eloquen

The time is long past, yet how clearly d
That bay, church, and village, float up on
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders al
Leap up in their gladness and sing her
And I tread in the pathway half worn o'
By the feet that went up to the worship

The time is long past, yet what visions I
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more mid that hear
A vision floats up—'t is the theme of my
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair;
As I catch the same accents of sweetness
He whispers of Jesus, and points us abo

How sweet to my heart is the picture I'v
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost
Till Memory, the fond one, that sits in th
Took up the frail links, and connected th
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to th
As the scent to the rose, are those memori
Round the chords of my heart they have tre
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung

ING THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

y heart-blood curdles as we enter
gloom these shadowy realms about;
cene the round globe to its centre,
awful cave, seems hollowed out!
o mystic word hath yet been spoken
ntrance to this awful sphere—
prayer must be our watchword token,
ike that around us—peace unbroken
he passport here.

well, ye birds and blossoms tender,
g leaves by morning dews impearled,
ams that light with softened splendor
ing glories of yon outer world!
e pause these silent arches under,
yours a wild farewell we wave,
aps this awful spot may sunder
m all we love—this world of wonder
lay be our grave.

ell! the faint'y flickering torches
ne footsteps o'er the silent sod;
ail, ye everlasting arches,
inions of an unseen God!
ot for this sight the bliss surrender
auties of yon sunny sphere,
sweetest ties, however tender,
ness of the silent splendor
hat greets us here!

caves, ye high, o'erhanging arches,
nd we glide amid your gloom,
ss lips, and high, uplifted torches,
decked in cave-costume;
y's glad beams, and songs, and flowers,
with spell-touched hearts, ye countless
anted, for a few brief hours, [caves,
calm beauty of your awful bowers
nd o'er your waves!

! that all my soul entrances,
ne wonder of the West so long,
ate beyond my wildest fancies,
shrine you now as such in song!
in—the untaught child of Nature,
t the thoughts that through me flow,
less is graved thine every feature
l, imaginative creature
hat hails you now!
ture! with a poet's fancies
pictured thee in dreams of bliss,
scenes were given to my glances,
zed I on a scene like this!
h thine, what are the awful wonders
fathomless, unbounded sea!
loud whose lance of lightning sunders
!—or even thine awful thunders,
iagara!
e not those echoes ringing after
steps—my spirit faints with fear—
g tones, like subterranean laughter—
rain grow wild with wandering here!
spectres wild and forms appalling
ng eyes, where'er we rove, to greet—
ar their low, sad voices calling
, and far away the falling
f phantom feet.

The glittering dome, the arch, the towering column,
Are sights that greet us now on every hand,
And all so wild, so strange, so sweetly solemn—
So like one's fancies formed of fairy land!
And these, then, are your works, mysterious powers!
Your spells are o'er, around us, and beneath,
These opening aisles, these crystal fruits and flowers,
And glittering grots, and high-arched, beauteous [bowers,
As still as death!

But yet lead on; perhaps than this fair vision,
Some lovelier yet in darkling distance lies—
Some cave of beauty, like those realms Elysian
That ofttimes open on poetic eyes;
Some spot, where led by Fancy's sweet assistance
Our wandering feet o'er silvery sands may stray,
Where prattling waters urge with soft resistance
Their wavelets on, till lost in airy distance,
And far away.

Oft the lone Indian o'er these low-toned waters
Has bent perhaps his swarthy brow to lave!
It seems the requiem of their dark-eyed daughters,
Those sweet, wild notes that wander o'er the wave.
Hast thou no relic of their ancient glory,
No legend, lonely cavern! linked with thine?
No tale of love—no wild, romantic story
Of some warm heart whose dreams were transitory
And sweet as mine?

It must be so: the thought your spell enhances;
Yet why pursue this wild, romantic dream?
The heart, afloat upon its fluttering fancies,
Would lose itself in the bewildering theme.
And yet, ye waters! still I list your surging,
And ever and anon I seem to view,
In Fancy's eye, some Indian maid emerging
Through the deep gloom, and o'er your waters urging
Her light canoe.

Oh silent cave! amid the elevation
Of lofty thought could I abide with thee,
My soul's sad shrine, my heart's lone habitation,
For ever and for ever thou shouldst be:
Here into song my every thought I'd render,
And thou, and thou alone, shouldst be my theme,
Far from the weary world's delusive splendor,
Would not my lonely life be all one tender,
Delicious dream?

Yes, though no other form save mine might hover
In these lone halls, no other whisper roll
Along those airy domes that arch me over
Save gentle Echo's, sister of my soul, [me,
Yet 'neath these domes whose spell of beauty weighs
My heart would evermore in bliss abide—
No sorrow to depress, no hope to raise me,
Here would I ever dwell—with none to praise me,
And none to chide.

Region of caves and streams! and must I sever
My spirit from your spell? 'T were bliss to stray
The happy rover of your realms for ever,
And yet, farewell for ever and for aye!
I leave you now, yet many a sparkling token
Within your cool recesses I have sought
To treasure up with fancies still unspoken, [broken
Till from these quivering heartstrings Death hath
The thread of thought.

HOPELESS LOVE.

The trembling waves beneath the moonbeams quiver
Reflecting back the blue, unclouded skies;
The stars look down upon the still, bright river,
And smile to see themselves in paradise;
Sweet songs are heard to gush in joyous bosoms,
That lightly throb beneath the greenwood tree,
And glossy plumes float in amid the blossoms,
And all around are happy—all but me!

And yet, I come beneath the light, that trembles
O'er these dim paths, with listless steps to roam,
For here my bursting heart no more dissembles,
My sad lips quiver, and the tear-drops come;
I come once more to list the low-voiced turtle,
To watch the dreamy waters as they flow,
And lay me down beneath the fragrant myrtle,
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow.

Oh! there is one, on whose sweet face I ponder,
One angel-being mid the beauteous band,
Who in the evening's hush comes out to wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest where each light foot presses,
Her song is sweetest mid their songs of glee,
Smiles light her lips, and rosebuds, mid her tresses,
Look lightly up their dark redundancy.

Youth, wealth, and fame, are mine: all, that entrances
The youthful heart, on me their charms confer;
Sweet lips smile on me too, and melting glances
Flash up to mine—but not a glance from her!
Oh, I would give youth, beauty, fame, and splendor,
My all of bliss, my every hope resign,
To wake in that young heart one feeling tender—
To clasp that little hand, and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather
Hath called to life light shapes and fairy-elves,
The rosebuds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves;
The clear, faint starlight on the blue wave flushes,
And, filled with odors sweet, the south wind blows,
The purple clusters load the lilac-bushes,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple-boughs.

Yet, I am sick with love and melancholy,
My locks are heavy with the dropping dew,
Low murmurs haunt me—murmurs soft and holy,
And oh, my lips keep murmuring, murmuring too!
I hate the beauty of these calm, sweet bowers,
The bird's wild music, and the fountain's fall;
Oh, I am sick in this lone land of flowers,
My soul is weary—weary of them all!

Yet had I that sweet face, on which I ponder,
To bloom for me within this Eden-home,
That lip to sweetly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I come—
How sweet would glide my days in these lone bowers,
Far from the world and all its heartless throngs,
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers,
I'd make her home melodious with my songs!

Ah me! such blissful hopes once filled my bosom,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall,
And joy and bliss around me seemed to blossom;
But oh, these blissful hopes are blighted—all!
No smiling angel decks these Eden-bower
No springing footstep echoes mine in gle
Oh, I am weary in this land of flowers!
I sigh—I sigh amid them all—ah me!

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude! her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blu
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
As if to let its heavy throbbings through
In her dark eye a depth of softness swell
Deeper than that her careless girlhood w
And her cheek crimsons with the hue tha
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
Her soul hath turn'd from youth's luxuriant
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden h
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate t
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing fl
Once lightly sprang within her beaming
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours,
And yet she does not wish to wander b
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more t
Hope links her to the future—but the lin
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside
Though passionate worshippers before h
Like some pure planet in her lonely prid
She seems to soar and beam above them
Not that her heart is cold!—emotions n
And fresh as flowers are with her heartstri
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul a
To all that makes life beautiful and fair
Sweet Thoughts, like honey-bees, have m
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
Her soul hath learned to look beyond it
And now she hovers like a star between
Her deeds of love—her Savior on the c

Beneath the cares of earth she does not
Though she hath ofttimes drained its bi
But ever wanders on with heavenward b
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted u
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sp
Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its m
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heartstri
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enj
And then she dreams of love, and strives
With wild and passionate thoughts the cra
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half
Without a mate for the pure, lonely he
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

MELODIA.

I MET, once in my girlish hours,
A creature, soft and warm;
Her cottage bonnet, filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm;
Her voice was sweet as the voice of Love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay, like a snow-white dove,
In a nest of nut-brown curls;
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange, sweet name.

I never saw an eye so bright
And yet so soft as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seemed a beauty, set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes—
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed.

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one, for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.
But who can paint the spell, that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'T would take an angel from above
To paint the immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit, sparkling o'er her face.

Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To Love's delicious tone.
It dwelt within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze
Before it throws the leaves apart
And trembles, like the love-touched heart.

She was a creature, strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild—
Now laughing on the clear, bright air
As merry as a child,
Then, melting down, as soft as even
Beneath some new control,
She 'd throw her hazel eyes to heaven
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words.

Melodia! oh how soft thy darts,
How tender and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts
And drew them to thy feet;
And, as thy bright lips sang, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of thy lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.

Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is in my spirit set.
It is a something, shrined apart,
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart,
On which it lives, is dead—
Reminding me of brighter hours,
Of summer eves and summer flowers.

TO A SEA-SHELL.

SHELL of the bright sea-waves!
What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own?
Lute of the ocean-caves!

Or does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
Breathing for ever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem-swell?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere from the blue sky thou hadst heard the breeze
Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee:
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that brightly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea?

And say, oh lone sea-shell!
Are there not costly things and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs?
Hush thy low moan and tell.

But yet, and more than all—
Has not each foaming wave in fury tossed
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall!

'Tis vain—thou answerest not!
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead;
'T is ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforgot!

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, oh moaning shell!
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these-
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling forest, with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlit eves
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
Thou 'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Here, in this lonely bower where first I won thee,
I come, beloved, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To gaze once more through struggling tears upon
And then to bear my broken heart away. [thee,
I dare not linger near thee as a brother,
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I hope my passionate thoughts to smother,
While yielding all the sweetness to another,
That should be mine!

But Fate hath willed it; the decree is spoken;
Now life may lengthen out its weary chain;
For, reft of thee, its loveliest links are broken;
May we but clasp them all in heaven again!
Yes, thou wilt there be mine: in yon blue heaven
There are sweet meetings of the pure and fond;
Oh! joys unspeakable to such are given,
When the sweet ties of love, that here are riven,
Unite beyond.

A glorious charm from heaven thou dost inherit;
The gift of angels unto thee belongs;
Then breathe thy love in music, that thy spirit
May whisper to me thro' thine own sweet songs;
And though my coming life may soon resemble
The desert spots through which my steps will flee,
Though round thee then wild worshippers assemble,
My heart will triumph if thine own but tremble
Still true to me.

Yet, not when on our bower the light reposes
In golden glory, wilt thou sigh for me—
Not when the young bee seeks the crimson roses,
And the far sunbeams tremble o'er the sea;
But when at eve the tender heart grows fonder,
And the full soul with pensive love is fraught,
Then with wet lids o'er these sweet paths thou 'lt wander,
And, thrilled with love, upon my memory ponder
With tender thought.

And when at times thy birdlike voice entrances
The listening throng with some enchanting lay,
If I am near thee, let thy heavenly glances
One gentle message to my heart convey;
I ask but this—a happier one has taken
From my lone life the charm that made it dear;
I ask but this, and promise thee unshaken
To meet that look of love: but oh, 'twill awaken
Such raptures here!

And now farewell! farewell! I dare not lengthen
These sweet, sad moments out; to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony;
This is our last farewell, our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart;
My spirit gives thee, now, its last wild greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart.

Farewell! farewell! our dream of bliss is over—
All, save the memory of our plighted love;
I now must yield thee to thy happier lover,
Yet, oh remember, thou art mine above!
'Tis a sweet thought, and, when by distance parted,
'T will lie upon our hearts a holy spell;
But the sad tears beneath thy lids have started,
And I—alas! we both are broken-hearted—
Dearest, farewell!

MY SISTERS.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather
Ere strange, rude hands have parted them
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers;
She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
And we were severed far and near.

The floweret's stem, when broke or shattered
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet, round the buds, though widely scattered
The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken,
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
Sweet sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I can not trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round you throw
While, like a stream that wanders wildly,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind, that beareth
Sweet scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind! that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from everything;
It hath rich thoughts for ever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods:

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dewdrops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds, that ho
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over,
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But, sisters! those wild thoughts were never
Yours: ye would not love, like me,
To gaze upon the stars for ever,
To hear the wind's wild melody.

Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters! as the stars of even
Shrink from Day's golden-flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall we pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in heaven one mystic chain.

MUSINGS.

I WANDERED out one summer night,
'T was when my years were few,
The wind was singing in the light,
And I was singing too;
The sunshine lay upon the hill,
The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies;
I clapped my hands and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea
In bright and glittering bands;
Like little children, wild with glee,
They linked their dimpled hands—
They linked their hands, but, ere I caught
Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and, quick as thought,
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides
Her mirrored beauty gave,
And, as a bark at anchor rides,
She rode upon the wave;
The sea was like the heaven above,
As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirred,
Made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard
And answered with a prayer;
For 't was upon that dewy sod,
Beside the moaning seas,
I learned at first to worship God
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
Were bowed in slumber free
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where'er they chanced to be;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep
'Neath the blue eye of heaven!"

No costly robes upon them shone,
No jewels from the seas,
Yet Solomon upon his throne
Was ne'er arrayed like these;
And just as free from guilt and art
Were lovely human flowers,
Ere Sorrow set her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind—
How cool and moist they were!
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft, enchanting strain:
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay?
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine—
I'd give the world to melt one heart
As they have melted mine!

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

I HAVE a little step-son,
The loveliest thing alive:
A noble, sturdy boy is he,
And yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow,
His eyes are black as jet,
And his lips are like two rosebuds,
All tremulous and wet:
His days pass off in sunshine,
In laughter, and in song,
As careless as a summer rill,
That sings itself along;
For like a pretty fairy tale,
That's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one
That's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch
Before the day grows dark,
He's up with morning's rosy ray
A-singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest,
Where'er the grass is green,
With light locks waving on the wind
His fairy form is seen,

Amid the whistling March winds,
Amid the April showers;
He warbles with the singing birds
And blossoms with the flowers;
He cares not for the summer heat,
He cares not for the cold—
My sturdy little step-son,
That's only five years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp
His dimpled hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face
With reverential air!
How simple is his eloquence,
How soft his accents fall,
When pleading with the King of kings
To love and bless us all!
And when from prayer he bounds away
In innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God
Goes with the sinless boy;
A little lambkin of the flock,
Within the Savior's fold,
Is he my lovely step-son,
That's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home,
That in the summer hours
Stands in its simple modesty
Half hid among the flowers;
I have not said a single word
About our mines of wealth—
Our treasures are this little boy,
Contentment, peace, and health;
For even a lordly hall to us
Would be a voiceless place
Without the gush of his glad voice,
The gleams of his bright face:
And many a courtly pair, I ween,
Would give their gems and gold
For a noble, happy boy, like ours,
Some four or five years old.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

O Thou, who flingst so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their trembling folds are lightly furled,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For thou, the God of love, art there.

The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Upspringing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
At every step thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall, or cot;
Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot!
Within their pure, ambrosial bells,
In odors sweet, thy Spirit dwells;
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis thine, O God! for thou art there.

List! from yon casement low and dim
What sounds are these that fill the breeze!
It is the peasant's evening hymn
Arrests the fisher on the seas:
The old man leans his silver hairs
Upon his light-suspended oar,
Until those soft, delicious airs
Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is filled with peace and prayer,
For thou, O God! art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms
Pour forth to thee their strains of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
They leave the earth and soar above;
We hear their sweet, familiar airs
Where'er a sunny spot is found;
How lovely is a life like theirs,
Diffusing sweetness all around!
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll,
Till, melting on the realms of air,
Thy still, small voice seems whispering the

The stars, those floating isles of light,
Round which the clouds unfurl their sai
Pure as a woman's robe of white
That trembles round the form it veils,
They touch the heart as with a spell,
Yet, set the soaring fancy free,
And oh how sweet the tales they tell!
They tell of peace, of love, and thee!
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy gale that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair,
They speak of thee, for thou art there,

The spirit oft oppressed with doubt,
May strive to cast thee from its thought
But who can shut thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsoug
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts, where'er we be,
Still magnet-like the heart revolves,
And points, all trembling, up to thee;
We can not shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blest,
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For thou the living God art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring Fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where thou hast said
The pure of heart shall enter in;
In those far realms so calmly bright
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in living light
That sparkles from thy radiant throne!
There souls, once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing mid fadeless flowers;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For thou, the God of peace, art there.

CATHERINE WARFIELD AND ELEANOR LEE.

CATHERINE ANN WARE and ELEANOR PERCY WARE, daughters of the Hon. Nathaniel Ware, of Mississippi, were born near the city of Natchez. After studying several years in the best seminaries of their native state, they completed their education in one of the most fashionable schools of Philadelphia, after leaving which they passed some time in travel, and became known in many brilliant circles for the vivacious grace of their manners and their fine intelligence. Their home beside the "Father of Waters" was exchanged for one in Cincinnati, and during the residence of Judge Ware in that city they were married: the eldest to Mr. Warfield, of Lexington, Kentucky, and the other to Mr. Lee, then of Vicksburg, and now of a place called Bachelor's Bend, about twelve miles from the Mississippi river.

Their first appearance in the literary world was in a volume entitled The Wife of Leon, and other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West, printed in New York in 1843. It consisted principally of fruits of desultory repose from the excitements of society—short pieces, written to wile away time, and gratify a taste for composition—without a thought that they would ever meet the eyes of strangers; and it was not until urged to do so by several friends distinguished for their abilities in literature, that they consented to the wishes of their father in giving them to the press.

The reception of these poems vindicated their publication. They were reviewed with many expressions of approval in the most critical journals, and with especial praise in The New York Evening Post and The New Mirror, conducted by two poets, of very different characters, but both destined to places among the standard authors of the age and country. A second edition of this volume appeared, under the names of the authors, in Cincinnati, in the autumn of 1848.

In 1846 Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee published a new collection of their writings, under the title of The Indian Chamber and other Poems, in which there is evinced a very decided advancement in reflection, feeling and art. They exhibit more readiness of epithet and imagery, from the observation of nature and the experience of life, and have more meaning and earnestness.

We have in neither volume any intimation of the respective shares of the authors in its production, but it would not have escaped the detection of the most careless readers that the poems are by different hands, of very different though perhaps not very unequal powers. Among them are many specimens of ingenious and happy fancy, of bold and distinct painting, and of tasteful, harmonious, and sometimes sparkling versification; but not a few of them would have been much better if the authors had recollected that the word "thing" can never be properly applied to a human intelligence except in expression of contempt, and that "redolent," "fraught," "glee," and some half dozen other pet phrases of poetasters, convenient enough for rhyming and filling out lines, have, from the manner in which they are commonly applied, become offensive, unless used sparingly and with the most exact propriety. Illustrations of the fault to which we refer—a fault by no means peculiar to the "Two Sisters of the West,"—may be found in that line of The Bird of Washington, in which the soul is styled

A proud, triumphant *thing*:

and in Remorse, where the word "adored," which is as sacred to one purpose as the Hebrew characters that syllabled the highest name of the Creator, and which expresses no possible extravagance of feeling toward a human being, is used for *loved*, or—though this would be in very bad taste—for *worshipped*.

The two volumes that have been referred to do not comprise all nor perhaps the best of the compositions of their authors. They are both experienced and successful writers of prose, and Mrs. Warfield has written a novel, that, if published under her real name, would surprise those who have formed the most favorable estimates of her powers, by its fine description, genial wit, and criticism of society and manners.

REMORSE.

THE day had died in splendor royally,
Mid draperies of purple and of gold,
And crimson banners waving o'er its bier;
And the last yellow tints were fading fast
From earth and sea, and paling in the west
Into that vague, gray shadow which comes down
Over the breast of Nature, as deep thought
Upon the human spirit. Strangely linked
With all the deeper yearnings of the soul—
The secrets of the inner fane—art thou,
Mysterious Twilight! thou, who didst prevail
O'er Chaos with a drear and brooding weight,
And hadst a name ere night and day began.
Still, in thine ancient guise, thou walkst the earth,
Thou shadow of the Almighty! and callst up
Conscience, and Thought, and Memory, that sleep
Through the glad, busy day and dreaming night,
In long and sad array. There lives not one
O'er whom thine influence falls not mournfully;
Thou art prophetic to the few who boast
A happy past, and with thy shadowy hand
Seemest to lift a corner of the veil
That shuts their present from futurity.
And to the mourning spirit thou revealest
Pale, haunting faces—lost, yet loved not less
Than when they knew no better home than earth,
And wore a human guise. But in the soul
Where lies a hidden sting of pain and wrong,
Of vain regret, or, darker still, remorse—
Thou bringst, O shadowy Twilight, brooding gloom,
And dearth, and restlessness, and agony!

Within a southern garden, where the breath
Of flowers went up like incense, and the plash
Of falling fountains made a murmuring voice
Of music sweet, yet same, there paced a man
Restlessly to and fro: the lingering light
Fell on his features, pale and beautiful
As those of the old statues, and with much
Of the ideal tenderness that breathed
Around the marble, till it rivalled life—
Yet with a latent sternness, lurking still
About the august, high forehead, and the lip,
And the fine, sweeping profile, that recalled
Yet more a statue's strong similitude.
But wild and stormy changes now o'ercast
Those noble features—sick and wringing pain,
Then shuddering shame, anxiety, despair:
These, plainly as my hand hath traced the words,
Were written on his aspect; and a prayer—
Which, in its brief and utter desolateness,
Bears more of misery than any boon
A human heart may crave—oft left his lip,
Unconscious of its utterance: "Oh, my God,
Let me forget—or suffer me to die!"

A step was near him. Suddenly he turned,
And bent a long, sad gaze on one whose touch
Had broken the dark spell; whose white hand lay
Yet on his arm in tenderness; whose eyes
Were raised with such intensity of love. [down,
They touched the springs of tears. Then he bowed
And veiling in his hand his quivering face,
Wept silently and long; while mournfully
Watched over him that angel minister,
Whose love alone poured balm into his wou
And shone a star o'er the dark waste of life
Still in that southern garden lingered the
The pale and suffering man, and she who s
The genius of his fate. The stars were m
In starry conclave in their halls above,
And the moon, in the deep and quiet heave
Rose high amid a maze of fleecy clouds,
Toward the noon of night. Beneath a bow
Where breathed the odorous jessamine, the
Communing of the irrevocable past.
His voice was lifted in the solemn night
In passionate remorse: he, who had stood
At morn within the crowded council-hall,
Pouring abroad a gush of eloquence
That stirred the heart as with a trumpet-not
That called up Feeling from its inmost cell,
And followed Motive to its hidden source,
And touched the electric chain of Memory,
Until the mighty mass became as one
Sentient and breathing soul beneath his spe
He, the adored, the proud, the eloquent,
The stateliest amid men, now filled the hus
Of night with dark bewailings, while each
Of that sad, thrilling voice, was filled by to
Unutterably musical and soft,
Urging Love's fondest prayer:

"Be calm, mine
The strife was not thy seeking: thou didst
(Thou, who art fearless as an eagle plumed,
With saintlike meekness, much of taunt and w
Much scorn and injury, ere they could urge
Thy hand against the man thou lovest so w
Ay, with a brother's tenderness. Be firm;
Turn from such memories." He arose, and
The moonlight bower with folded arms, and
Bowed to his breast. "They haunt me yet," h
"That manly form, those large, dark, joyous
The stately step, the sweet, fresh, ringing la
(Marion! it was a sound that had no peer,
Save at a fountain, at its freshest source,
Gushing through mountain clefts.) these, these
Darkly and terribly. These haunt me still.

"I would forgetfulness were mine! full o
That old wild tale of oriental lands
Comes back with all its witchery to my brai
Fresh as when o'er its page I hung entrance
In my glad boyhood, 'neath the summer bou
The waters of oblivion! where are they,
Those crystal waters in their marble font?
For one deep draught I would surrender all
The eloquence, the power, the wealth, the fi
That I have made mine own—all, all, save
And go with toiling hands and hopeful heart
Forth on the waste of life! Forgetfulness—
I ask but this!" He paused, and choking b
A tide of agony, went on once more
In calmer tones: "It is not oft, mine own—
Believe me—oh! not often that my soul
Opens her prison chambers, and gives forth
Her captive anguish. Even in solitude
My habit is not this; and thou hast known,
Hitherto, from some gloomy mood alone,
Some sad, fantastic humor, some wild dream
Whose mutterings startled thee from midnight

To fearful watches—something of the spell
That binds me, as the serpent binds the bird
Helplessly in its strong and poisonous coils.
But there are times when, armed with fearful strength,
Burst from their stony cells those prisoners pale,
Those memories that may not, will not die,
Those agonies that keep a quenchless flame
Burning within their dungeons, as of old
The virgins of the Sun fed, day and night,
Their fire for ages. These arise to daunt,
To taunt me wildly, and I leave the halls,
The haunts of men—even from thy presence flee,
Often to the dark forest, or the brink
Of the deep-moaning and unresting sea,
To battle with the fiend!"

Again that voice,
Clear as a silver lute, and redolent
With love and hope, filled the deep hush of pain:
"Thy virtues, thy profound humility,
Thy charity for all, thy tenderness,
Thy genius, which on eagles' wings ascends
Above the arrows of thine enemies,
A star for men, a light for after-times—
Ay, more than these, thy deep and stern remorse:
Shall not these prove atonement at the shrine
Of God, for that one deed—not all thine own,
But forced upon thee by fatality;
A sorrow, not a crime!"

"It is in vain"—
He spoke as one in utter hopelessness—
"Marion! thy gentle sophistry is vain;
I have essayed that specious reasoning
That would wipe out, from hands imbrued in blood,
The dark, the gory stain. Much have I striven
To call up all my wrongs, and these array
Against the moment when my hand unloosed
A spirit from its tenement of clay.
I have remembered all my injuries,
Lived o'er again our feuds; recalled his wild
And insolent insults—nay, the very blow
That maddened me.

Yet have all these failed,
As mists before the red, uprising sun,
Compared to that brief instant. I would give
Life, that once more those lips were here to heap
Their bitterest imprecations on my head;
That hand again, a portion of our mould,
That smote me, harshly, undeservedly;
That haughty heart still beating high with wrath,
O'er which the sod now presses heavily—
Or that I lay beside him in the grave!
I am not self-deluded. I am borne
By some invisible agency along
To power, to fame; and inspiration hangs
About my lips that startles *me* at times,
Even as the crowd is startled; and I feel
That I am changed—that with intensity
Of thought and passion, genius was aroused,
Born, like the wondrous bird of Araby,
From ashes, desolation, and from death.
A giant earthquake hath thrown up to light
The gems that sparkled in the secret mine,
But overwhelmed the blossoms that made fair
Earth's bosom. Never, never more
The earnestness, the loveliness of life,
Shall shine on me! Its fitful glare alone
Illumines my ill-ordered destiny;
And in the wild excitement of the crowd,
The clamor of the multitude, the voice
Of adulation, and the strife for fame,
I lose alone the memory of my doom.
The torchlight of existence still remains;
Its sunlight hath departed, and as flame
Consumes the aliment that feeds its life,
And self-destroyed expires—so must my soul
Perish amid its ashes.

Nay! the time
Is near, my Marion, when this voice shall cease
To pour its bitter plainings on thine ear;
A sickness and a weariness have crept
Of late across my spirit, and a vague
And dreamy craving for reality—
For all things seem like shadows. Men move by
As forms we dimly see in midnight dreams;
And the vast crowd, with all its upcast heads,
Seems often a phantasma to mine eyes.
All but the sense of one great agony,
And that is like the sea, unslumbering—
And that is like the stars, unchangeable—
Ay, deep and constant as my love for thee,
Is that remorse!"

She clung to him, she bathed
His brow with tears. She did not speak, she knew
How vain the task to soothe such agony.
But mutely in her bleeding heart she prayed
The mood might pass, or that the oblivious grave
Might close o'er both.

They rose at last, and traced
Through a dim, intricate path, where orange-boughs
Made sweet the earth beneath their feet, the way
To their majestic home; and through its halls
And colonnades of marble, where up sprang
Many a low-voiced fountain, many a shaft
Of porphyry, and marble bearing up
Vases of antique splendor, filled with flowers,
They passed in silence and in gloom of soul,
Even as those shapes that move, a restless throng,
Within the halls of Eblis.—Peace be theirs!

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.

It was a morn of autumn: wide, and vast,
And boundless, to the eyes of those who gazed
Upon its waste of verdure, as the sea,
The prairie stretched away; and through its long
Luxuriant grass the breath of morning crept,
Swaying its flexile blades, until they rose
And fell in masses like the ocean-waves,
And rendered, like those billows of the deep,
The sunbeam's splendor back, for yet the dews
Were on their mobile surface.

In this wide
Monotony of beauty there appeared
One landmark only for the weary eye,
And that was but a wreathing cloud of smoke,
Uprising from the fires of those who made
A temporary sojourn on that waste
Of verdure. They had paused where burst a spring

Up from the very sod, and made its way
Quietly through the grass; a silver stream,
Narrow and winding, and almost unseen
At a few paces from its humble source.
Here had they sadly rested, for the sake
Of one whose weariness of heart and limb
Demanded such repose, and whose parched lips
Drank eagerly and gratefully their last
Refreshment from the waters of the wild.
She lay upon the rude and hasty couch
Which kindly hands had framed, that dying girl,
And gazed upon the blue, autumnal sky,
With something half ecstatic in her pale
And parted lips, and in her large blue eyes,
And in the folding of her wan, slight hands,
Clasped as in prayer.
She had besought them not
To raise between her and the firmament
Shelter or shade. It was her dying wish
To feel the breeze, the sunlight, on her brow;
For she was one, though lowly of descent,
Imbued with fine perceptions, and the high
And spiritual love of Nature long
Had made its home and altar in her heart:
She seemed not of the mould of those who hung
In watchful love around her.
It may be
That Death, the chastener, from her lineaments
Had banished all the dross of earthly thought,
And stamped the impress of the angel there.
The loveliness of that seraphic face
No marble might surpass—nor in the halls
Of princely dwellings, where the beautiful
Wear the fine delicacy of the flower,
Hath eye beheld a brow more beautiful
Than hers, the daughter of the emigrant.
The deep solemnity of hopeless grief
Reigned o'er the band of kindred wayfarers—
A silence only broken by the low
And pleading voice of one who knelt beside
The perishing girl, and clasped her chilling hands,
And wiped the dews from her transparent brow
With the devoted tenderness of despair.
Silent and stern, with folded arms, and lips
Compressed in agony, the father stood,
And gazed upon the lily of his race
Broken and crushed; and the strong, swarthy lines
Of his embrowned and manly countenance
Seemed deeper ploughed by that short space of grief
Than all its years of toil, of change, of pain.
And silent, too, the brothers grouped around,
Yet shaken in their stillness, as the pines
That bow their stately crests before the winds;
And prone on earth her youthful sister lay,
With hidden face, and low, convulsive sobs.
But, to the last, the mother faltered not:
She who had cherished to idolatry
That young, frail creature, and divided her
With an impassible devotedness
From all things else on earth. She who had erred
In the injustice of her tenderness,
And poured the vials of maternal love
A thousand-fold on one—she faltered not,
But with a bursting heart put back the tide
Of anguish and despair, and lifted up
Her soul with that already plumed for heav
And strove to smoothe the bitterness of dea
With words of consolation, peace, and pray
And holy inspiration.
"Sing to me,
Kind mother; sing to me that old sweet hy
Which in our village church so solemnly
Welcomed each sabbath day: I well believ
That, even mid the harmonies of saints,
It will return to me."
'T was difficult
To take from agony a voice for song;
Yet the devoted mother poured the strain
Of holy beauty on the dying ear,
That seemed to drink its melody with joy,
And stifled the deep groans that often strove
To pass her lips. Hers was heroic love.
Unheeded by the mourning band, a child—
A bright-haired boy—had wandered from thei
To gather prairie-flowers, and now returned
With a rich store of fragrance and of bloom
And with the impulse of a loving heart
Showered the rich blossoms on his sister's br
She turned her face to his, illumined with
A smile of most benignant tenderness,
And clasping in her own his rosy hands,
She gave into his trust a solemn charge:
"Be true to man, to God; be staff and stay
To our beloved parents; falter not
In the good path—and we shall meet again!
Simple those words, and few: yet shall they
Upon his brain while Memory holds her seat
And with their serious tenderness and truth
Charm, like a talisman, his soul from wrong.
The hours wore on, and gradually the fac
Of the departing maiden more and more
Revealed the hand of the victorious king.
The strife was almost over—if, indeed,
Strife might be called that ebbing of the tide
Of pain, of consciousness, of life away.
Yet still there was a duty unfulfilled—
A prayer unuttered—and it was the last
That left the wan lips of the fainting girl,
Breathed on a mother's ear:
"When I am go
Take from my breast a curl of raven hair,
And mingle with it one long braid of mine—
Then send them home to *him*; and say I di
Peacefully—trusting he would turn away
From his dark course of passion and of sin,
And meet me there!"
She raised her hand on l
It fell a lifeless thing—a tremor shook
Her delicate frame, as the breeze shakes the fl
And life was gone!
They broke the sod of flo
And made her virgin grave beside the spring
Which laved her dying brow, and went thei
Across the wilderness.
Nor is there aught
To mark her lone and distant resting-place;
The human eye might seek in vain to trace
The vestige of her last repose, amid
The long, rank grass that shadows all the ea
But angels know the spot, and guard it wel

D OF THE INDIAN CHAMBER.

I.

! set my house in order,
vhen I return to-day,
ring with me a stranger,
ing on his homeward way.
ng the Indian Chamber,
he arras free from mould;
rray a goodly banquet,
as cheered my sires of old—
from chase or war returning,
s and princes of my line,
e evening till the morning,
the cup and drained the wine."

, in thy lordly castle
are many halls of pride,
no damps the walls encumber—
e no spells of gloom abide.
allery of the Titans,
hall of Count Lothaire,
rand saloon of columns,
had ye banquet there.
dreary Indian Chamber,
bethink you, master mine—
ave slept, in mortal slumber,
e princes of your line.

the mourners ever gather,
to bear the noble dead—
ou saw your stately father,
our noble brother laid;
ave in these times of anguish,
, since my life began,
in a ray of sunlight,
e step of mortal man.
sounds of mystic meaning—
r! need I speak of these!—
from that lone eastern chamber
the ear—the spirit freeze!"

brow of haughty pallor,
ht the baron turned away,
rnful accent saying,
my mandate, slave!—obey."
haste, with gloomy aspect,
he went upon his steed,
headlong on his pathway,
an evil spirit freed.
h sad and stricken spirit,
watched his lord depart,
dark and evil omen,
e-like, pressed upon his heart.

lingered at the portal,
d as with a gloomy dream;
looked upon the landscape,
h before him ceased to seem;
vith low and prayerful mutterings,
ing oft his tresses gray,
g oft his withered fingers,
went upon his way.
he up the ancient stairway,
ed he through the echoing aisle,
to seek the olden chapel,
ad passed a kingly file.

Climbed he the remotest turret
Of that castle grand and vast,
And before the Indian Chamber
Wearily he paused at last:
Yes, a moment there he faltered,
He who oft had stood the shock
Of the hottest, fiercest battle,
Firm as a primeval rock.
On the bolt his fingers trembled,
Scarcely could their strength unclose
The immense and ponderous fastening,
Rusted by its long repose.

Yet a moment—yet a moment,
Ere the door was open flung,
Paused the old and awe-struck Basil,
Fervent *avés* on his tongue.
As if Heaven his prayer had answered,
Peace and comfort round him stole,
And a calm and lofty courage
Nerved his hand and filled his soul.
With a slight, yet sudden effort,
Back the oaken door he threw,
And upon the darkened threshold
Stood the fearful place to view.

Dark and dreary was that chamber,
Which in lengthened gloom appeared,
With its dark and mystic arras,
Wrought in symbols wild and weird.
Lifelike were the gorgeous figures,
Giantlike they seemed to loom
In the dim, imperfect twilight
Of that long-forsaken room.
Warily the old man entered:
With a solemn step he trod
Through the drear and dark apartment,
Trusting to his fathers' God.

In the ample hearth he kindled
Brands that, in departed days,
Quenched and blackened, had been left there—
Strange and ghostly seemed their blaze.
And upon the marble table
Ranged the regal store of plate,
And arrayed the goodly banquet,
As became his master's state:
Urn, and vase, and chalice, brimming
With the floods of ruby wine,
As beseemed the dukes and princes
Of that mighty Norman line.

Then he silently betook him
To his first-appointed task—
Wiping from the ancient arras
Many a spot of mould and mask.
But the dark and loathing horror,
It befits me not to speak,
Which, while still his task pursuing,
Shook his hand, and blanched his cheek:
For he could not but remember
How, in long-departed years,
Woven was that wondrous fabric
By the spells of Indian seers.

Wrought with themes of Hindoo story,
Lifelike, in their coloring bold,
Yemen's fall, and Vishnu's glory,
Was that arras quaint and old

Juggernaut's remorseless chariot,
Funeral pyre, and temple proud,
Bungalow, and rajah's palace,
With their strange and motley crowd;
Jungle low, and flower-crowned river,
Dancing-girls, with anklets bright—
These, like gorgeous dreams of fever,
Crowded on the gazer's sight.

And the long and twisting serpents,
And the tigers crouching grim,
Seemed the dark and fearful guardians
Of that Indian Chamber dim.
To the simple, earnest spirit
Of the old and faithful man,
For a Christian hand to touch them,
Was to merit Christian ban.
Saint and martyr inly calling,
Still he wrought his master's will,
When a terror more appalling
Caused his very veins to chill.

In that dreary Indian Chamber,
Strangely grand and desolate,
With its long and hearse-like hangings,
Stood a plumed bed of state.
Closed around with solemn mystery
As a kingly purple pall,
High it towered, a silent history
Of departed funeral.
And with eyes amazed—distended
By their dread and spell-bound look—
Basil gazed in stony horror:
Lo! the trailing curtains shook.

And a groan of hollow anguish
From the close-drawn hangings broke,
As if one for ages sleeping
Suddenly to torture woke.
God of terror!—slowly parted
By a wan and spectral hand,
Back were drawn the purple curtains—
Back, as with a spirit wand:
And a face of ghostly beauty,
With its dark and streaming hair,
And its eyes of ghoul-like brightness,
Seemed upon his sense to glare.

How in that terrific moment
Basil's senses kept their throne,
Is alone to God and angels
In its wondrous mystery known.
How he gathered faith and firmness
To uplift his aged hand,
And address the disembodied,
Man may never understand:
Save that in the ghostly features
Still a semblance he descried
To the high and lovely lady
Who had been his master's bride.

"In the name of God the Father,
In the name of God the Son,
In the name of all good angels,
Speak to me, unearthly one!
Answer why, from wave returning,
Mournest thou in anguish here;
Surely for some holy purpose
Thou art suffered to appear.
If for evil I defy thee,
By the cross upon my breast,
By my faith in life eternal,
And my yearning hope for rest."

Then with moveless lips the phantom
Spake in low and hollow tones,
As if shaped to words and meaning
Were the night-wind's hollow moans
"Basil! darkly was I murdered
Sailing on the river Rhine,
By thy harsh and ruthless master,
Last of an illustrious line.
False the tale his lips have uttered,
False the tears his eyes have shed—
I was hurled upon the water
With the marks of murder red!

"Basil! thou art good and faithful:
Thee I charge, by hopes divine,
With a hundred chanted masses
Shrive my soul by Mary's shrine.
None shall stay thy holy fervor,
None forbid the sacred rite;
For thy master's life is destined
To expire in crime to-night!"
Fixed in awe, the aged Basil
Gazing on the spectre stood;
But not with the waning phantom
Passed away his icy mood.

Long in that drear Indian Chamber,
Like a form of sculptured stone,
Kept the old and awe-struck servant
Vigil terrible and lone;
Till the sound of coming footsteps,
And of voices loud and clear,
And of ringing spur and sabre,
Smote upon his spell-bound ear:
And in haste the door was opened,
And with high and plumed crest
Entered in the noble baron,
Ushering in a foreign guest.

"Basil! all is dark and sombre;
Cast fresh fagots on the hearth,
And illume the silver sconces
To preside above our mirth.
Let the chamber glow like sunlight;
Ill this gloom befits our glee."
Then loud laughed the stately baron—
Seldom, seldom so laughed he.
'Twas a sound that chilled with terror
All that knew his nature well:
'Twas the heaven's electric flashing
Ere the bolt of lightning fell.

II.

Now the chamber glowed like sunlight—
Strange and wondrous in that glare
Was the weird and ancient arras,
Were the figures woven there;
Wavering with the flickering torches
Seemed the motley multitude;
Twisting serpent, rolling chariot,
All with ghostly life imbued;

Crouching tiger—hideous idol—
All that grand and splendid masque,
Mixture strange of truth and fable,
As in sunshine seemed to bask.
"Long have I sojourned in India,"
Thus the lofty stranger said;
"There, for wealth and idle treasure,
Health, and youth, and blood, I shed.
And I feel like one who dreameth,
As I on these walls survey
All those objects so familiar,
Year by year and day by day."
All in strange and blended splendor,
Like a vision of the night—
Never yet on earthly fabric
Glowed a scene so rich and bright.
Fixed upon the spell-wrought arras
Was the eastern stranger's gaze;
With his head and heart averted,
There he dreamed of other days:
When, with eyes of watchful terror,
Basil saw his master glide,
And within the golden chalice
Brimming with its purple tide,
With a stealthy, glancing motion,
As a conjuror works his spell,
Cast a drop of ruby liquid
From a tiny rose-lipped shell.
"Hither turn, thou eastern dreamer:
Pledge me in this golden cup;
'Tis our old and feudal custom—
He who tastes must quaff it up.
Why that brow of gloom and pallor?
Answer, why that sudden start?"
Low the eastern stranger muttered
Of the spells that chilled his heart:
"No! my eyes have not deceived me,
As I fondly dreamed erewhile;
See the victim's bride descending
From the rajah's funeral pile.
"See, she cometh!—wildly streaming
Are her robes—her raven hair:
See, she cometh; darkly gleaming
From her eyes their fell despair!
Now she stands beside the altar,
In the Bramin's sacred shrine;
Now a jewelled cup she seizes—
Flames within it seem to shine;
Now, O God! she leaves the arras—
Steps upon the chamber floor:
We are lost—the prey of demons;
Baron, I will gaze no more!"
Turned away the soul-sick stranger,
Traversed he the chamber high,
When the baron's awful aspect
Chained his step and fixed his eye.
Never from his memory perished
Through long years of after-life
In the camp, the court, the battle,
That remorseful face of strife.
Rooted as a senseless statue,
In his hand the cup of gold;
Lips apart and eyes distended,
Stood the Norman baron bold!
High her cup the phantom lifted,
Flames within it seemed to roll;
Then alone these words she uttered—
"Pledge me in thy feudal bowl!"
Chained and speechless, guest and servant
Saw the baron drain the draught;
Saw him fall convulsed and blackened
As the deadly bowl he quaffed;
Saw the phantom bending o'er him,
As libation on his head
Slowly, and with mien exulting,
From the cup of flames she shed.

Then a shriek of smothered anguish
Rang the Indian Chamber through,
While a gust of icy bleakness
From the waving arras blew.
In its breath the watchers shuddered,
And the portals open rung,
And the ample hearth was darkened,
As if ice was on it flung;
And the lofty torches warring
For a moment in the blast,
In their sconces were extinguished,
Leaving darkness o'er the past!

SHE COMES TO ME.

She comes to me in robes of snow,
The friend of all my sinless years—
Even as I saw her long ago,
Before she left this vale of tears.

She comes to me in robes of snow—
She walks the chambers of my rest,
With soundless footsteps, sad and slow,
That wake no echo in my breast.

I see her in my visions yet,
I see her in my waking hours;
Upon her pale, pure brow is set
A crown of azure hyacinth flowers.

Her golden hair waves round her face,
And o'er her shoulders gently falls:
Each ringlet hath the nameless grace
My spirit yet on earth recalls.

And, bending o'er my lowly bed,
She murmurs—"Oh, fear not to die!
For thee an angel's tears are shed,
An angel's feast is spread on high.

"Come, then, and meet the joy divine
That features of the spirits wear:
A fleeting pleasure here is thine—
An angel's crown awaits thee there.

"Listen! it is a choral hymn"—
And, gliding softly from my couch,
Her spirit-face waxed faint and dim,
Her white robes vanished at my touch

She leaves me with her robes of snow—
Hushed is the voice that used to thrill
Around the couch of pain and wo—
She leaves me to my darkness still.

I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
They compass me around;
I hear a low and startling voice
In every passing sound;
I meet in every gleaming star,
On which at eve I gaze,
A deep and glorious eye, to fill
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
The very air I breathe
Is filled with visions wild and free,
That round my spirit wreathe;
A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,
A low and whispered tone—
These have a language to my brain,
A language deep and lone.

I walk in dreams of poetry,
And in my spirit bow
Unto a lone and distant shrine,
That none around me know.
From every heath and hill I bring
A garland rich and rare,
Of flowery thought and murmuring sigh,
To wreathe mine altar fair.

I walk in dreams of poetry:
Strange spells are on me shed;
I have a world within my soul
Where no one else may tread—
A deep and wide-spread universe,
Where spirit-sound and sight
Mine inward vision ever greet
With fair and radiant light.

My footsteps tread the earth below,
While soars my soul to heaven:
Small is my portion here—yet there
Bright realms to me are given.
I clasp my kindred's greeting hands,
Walk calmly by their side,
And yet I feel between us stands
A barrier deep and wide.

I watch their deep and household joy
Around the evening hearth,
When the children stand beside each knee
With laugh and shout of mirth.
But oh! I feel unto my soul
A deeper joy is brought—
To rush, with eagle wings and strong,
Up in a heaven of thought.

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,
When, with their spirits tossed,
I hear them wail with bitter cries
Their earthly prospects crossed;
I feel that I have sorrows wild
In my heart buried deep—
Immortal griefs, that none may share
With me—nor eyes can weep.

And strange it is: I can not say
If it is wo or weal,
That thus unto my heart can flow
Fountains so few may feel;
The gift that can my spirit raise
The cold, dark earth above,
Has flung a bar between my soul
And many a heart I love.

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry,
And would not change that path,
Though on it from a darkened sky
Were poured a tempest's wrath.
Its flowers are mine, its deathless bloom
I know not yet the thorn;
I dream not of the evening glooms
In this my radiant morn.

Oh! still in dreams of poetry
Let me for ever tread,
With earth a temple, where divine,
Bright oracles are shed:
They soften down the earthly ills
From which they can not save;
They make a romance of our life;
They glorify the grave.

REGRET.

No voice hath breathed upon mine ear
Thy name since last we met;
No sound disturbed the silence drear,
Where sleep entombed from year to year
Thy memory, my regret.

It was not just, it was not meet,
For one so loved as I,
To coldly hear thy parting feet,
To lose for aye thine accents sweet,
Nor feel a wish to die.

Oh, no! such heartless calm was not
The doom deserved by thee;
Thou whose devotedness was bought
By years of gloom, an alien's lot,
A grave beyond the sea.

I deemed not then that time at last
Should link with tears thy name;
And from the ashes of the past,
That Sorrow, with its bitter blast,
Should wake the avenging flame.

I deemed not then that when the grave
Had made thee long its own,
My soul with yearnings deep should crave
The truth, the fervent love that gave
Thy heart its passionate tone.

And yield to olden memories
The boon it once denied,
When, with calm brow and tearless eyes,
I saw thy faded energies,
I mocked thy broken pride.

All this is past; thou art at rest,
And now the strife is mine:
In turn I bear the weary breast,
The restless heart, the brain oppressed,
That in those years were thine.

And all too late, the consciousness
Of thy perfections rare,
Thy deep, thy fervent tenderness,
Thy true, thy strong devotedness,
Have waked me to despair.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

SONG.

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as on the silent sea;

And soars, from worldly chains unbound,
A proud, triumphant thing,
To claim its kindred with the sky,
And feel its latent deity.

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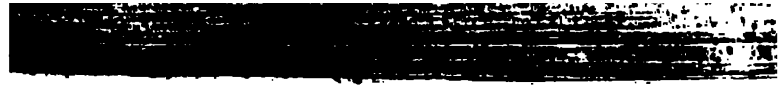
In wild, in sick, in deadly strife,
Didst yield thy glorious mountain life!

Then falling from thine eyry lone,
Where oft with proud, unquailing eye,
Thou didst survey the noonday sun,



SONG.

I NEVER knew how dear thou wert,
Till I was on the silent sea;
And then my lone and musing heart
Sent back its passionate thoughts to thee.
When the wind slept on ocean's breast,
And the moon smiled above the deep,
I longed thus o'er thy spirit's rest
A vigil like yon moon to keep.

When the gales rose, and, tempest-tossed,
Our struggling ship was sore beset,
Our topsails rent, our bearing lost,
And fear in every spirit met—
Oh! then, amid the midnight storm,
Peace on my soul thy memory shed:
The floating image of thy form
Made strong my heart amid its dread.

Yes! on the dark and troubled sea,
I strove my spirit's depths to know,
And found its deep, deep love for thee,
Fathomless as the gulfs below.
The waters bore me on my way—
Yet, oh! more swift than rushing streams,
To thee flew back, from day to day,
My clinging love—my burning dreams.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN AUDUBON

ABOVE that dark, romantic stream,
Gray rocks and gloomy forests tower,
And o'er its sullen floods the dream
Of Lethe seems to lower;
Low, shadowed by its frowning steeps,
The deep and turbid river sweeps.

It sweeps along through many a cleft
And chasm in the mountains gray,
Which in forgotten years were reft
To give its waters way;
And far above, in martial lines,
Like warriors, stand the pluméd pines.

Erect and firm they lift on high
Their pointed tops and funeral spires,
And seem to pierce the sunset sky,
And bask amid its fires;
And when the mountain-winds are loud,
Their branches swell the anthem proud.

Few steps have dared those rugged ways—
The precipice is steep and stern;
And those who on its ramparts gaze
From the drear aspect turn,
With little heart to tempt the path
Bared by the storm and lightning's wrath.

But those who love the awful might
Of Nature's dreariest solitude,
May find on that repulsive height
A scene to match their mood;
And from its summit look abroad
On the primeval works of God.

There, in that loneliness profound,
The soul puts forth a stronger wing,
And soars, from worldly chains unbound,
A proud, triumphant thing,
To claim its kindred with the sky,
And feel its latent deity.

'Twas there that, at the set of sun,
A traveller watched an eagle's flight—
Now lost amid the vapors dun
That ushered in the night,
Now wheeling through the vault of space,
In wild intricacies of grace.

And as declined the crimson gleam
Behind the mountain's purple crest,
He saw him sink, with sudden scream,
Upon his rocky nest;
Then, clambering up the rugged way,
The traveller sought his kingly prey.

Through bush and brake, o'er loosehed rock,
That, sliding from his footsteps slow,
Went plunging with a sudden shock
Into the wave below;
O'er fallen tree, and serpents' brood,
He sought the eagle's solitude.

Emerging from the coppice dark
That crowned the frowning precipice,
He stood in silent awe to mark
The fathomless abyss
Which yawned beneath him deep and stern,
And barred him from the eagle's cairn.

A deer, half maddened by the chase,
Had once in safety leaped across:
Such was the legend of the place—
Yet difficult it was
For those who heard to comprehend
How fear itself such strength could lend.

And thus divided from his prey,
The traveller watched that mountain king,
As, gazing on the dying day,
He sat with folded wing,
And looked the fable of the Greek—
The bird with thunder in his beak.

So calm, so full of quiet might
He seemed upon his craggy throne;
In his dark eye so much of light,
Of mind, of meaning shone,
That for a moment hand and heart
Refused to do their deadly part.

Exulting creature! thee no more
The sunlight summoned from thy rest,
On wild and warring wing to soar,
With tempest on thy crest;
No more the glorious day's decline
Brought calm repose to heart of thine

Whelmed in the life-stream of thy breast,
Thine eaglets perished in their lair,
And thou, upon thy crag-perched nest,
In impotent despair,
In wild, in sick, in deadly strife,
Didst yield thy glorious mountain life!

Then falling from thine eyry lone,
Where oft with proud, unquailing eye,
Thou didst survey the noonday sun,

To worship or defy;
Where oft thy voice outshrieked the blast—
The stream received his lord at last.

But, eagle! no ungenerous foe
Was he who snatched thee from the wave,
And watched thy last, expiring throe
With sighs for one so brave:
He gave thee, monarch of the river,
A name that bids thee live for ever!

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Round that house, deserted lying,
Wearily the winds are sighing
Evermore with sound undying
Through the empty window-pane;
As if with its wails distressing
It could call each earthly blessing
From the sods above them pressing,
Back to live and breathe again.

There the cuckoo sits complaining;
All night long her voice is straining,
And the empoisoned oak-vine training,
Hangs its tendrils on the wall.
Once within those chambers dreaming,
Gentle looks of love were gleaming,
Gentle tones with deep love teeming
Did unto each other call.

Far above the roof-tree failing,
See the hoary vulture sailing;
Marketh she the serpent trailing
Underneath the threshold-stone.
Heaven's bright messengers resembling,
Ringdoves here of old were trembling,
As round some fair hand assembling,
They were fed by her alone.

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Softly on the dark floor lying,
See the ghostly moonlight, flying
Through the untrodden gloom.
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Stealing, flitting to their places,
In that long-forsaken room!

Where the darkened stairway windeth,
There her brood the eagle mindeth,
And with chains Arachné bindeth
Balustrade to balustrade.
Once so lightly upward bounding
Fairy steps were heard resounding,
While sweet laughter wild, astounding,
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Once were gladsome children playing,
O'er the grass plots lightly straying,
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By yon gnarled oak's curious twisting,
Here was once a lover's trysting,
Fondly to each other listing,
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Some indeed have said that, creeping,
Nightly from the window peeping,
Lightly from the casement leaping,
They a ghostly maid have seen.
On the broken gate she swingeth,
And her wanlike hands she wringeth,
And with garments white she wingeth
O'er the grassy plain so green.

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Round its trunk she wildly roameth,
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This sad mansion did inherit
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Underneath the rods decaying,
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Sleep the owners of the spot;
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Making sad the lightest-hearted,
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By the world, save me, forgot.

SUSAN PINDAR.

This clever young poet was born at Pindar's Vale, an estate near Wolfert's Roost, the seat of Mr. Irving, on the Hudson. Her father, who had been engaged in commerce, failing in some important speculations, went to New Orleans to retrieve his fortunes, and died there; and Miss Pindar was soon after deprived of all near kindred by the decease of her brothers. Her poems have been published chiefly in The Knickerbocker Magazine. Some of them are distinguished for a graceful play of fancy and womanly feeling, and others for a happy vein of wit and humor. She seems to write with much facility, and the elegance of her compositions indicates the careful mental discipline, without which no degree of genius has yet enabled an author to win a desirable reputation.

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With a mysterious power:
While eyes of dreamy tenderness
Seem gazing into mine,
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Sweet mother, are they thine?

Is thine the blessed influence
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Loved she him?—what soft commotion
Stirred within her breast,
Wakening each fond emotion
With a sweet unrest.

Pride all tender ties doth sever—
And they met no more.
Could she wed a minstrel?—never!
Left he then his home for ever—
Haughty Leonore!

Now his image sadly keeping
Shrined within her heart,
Dimmed her eyes with ceaseless weeping,
Smiles for aye depart:
Love with fond resistless yearning
Bids her him restore;
While the beacon-light is burning,
Waiteth she his glad returning,
Tender Leonore!

Wildly now the tempest rushing
On its fearful path,
Every fated object crushing
In its furious wrath.
List!—that shriek of wo despairing,
Rising mid the roar;
To her heart what anguish bearing,
Where she stands the storm-king daring,
Faithful Leonore!

Soon the early dawn is breaking,
Glorious and serene,
And the sun, in splendor waking,
Smiles upon the scene.
A maiden clasps her lifeless lover
On the wreck-strewn shore:
Moaning surges break above her—
But for her all storms are over,
Hapless Leonore!

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

With slow and solemn tread,
Through aisles where warrior-figures grim
Stand forth in shadowy gloom,
While loudly peals the funeral hymn,
And censors waft perfume,
Bring they the kingly dead.

They bear him to his rest,
Around whose lofty deeds is cast
The panoply of fame;
Who gave his war-cry to the blast,
And left a conqueror's mighty name
His nation's proud bequest.

Around his royal bier
The chieftains stand, in reverence bowed,
Amid a hush profound;
When from the vast assembled crowd
A solemn voice, with warning sound,
Rung on each startled ear.

"Forbear!" it cried, "forbear!
This ground mine heritage I claim;
Here bloomed our household vine,
Until this dread despoiler came,
And crushed its roots to raise this shrine,
In mockery of prayer!

"By all your hopes of earth,
As ye before the throne of Heaven
In judgment shall appear,
As ye would pray your sins forgiven,
Lay not the tyrant's ashes here
Upon my father's hearth!"

Mute stood those warriors bold,
Each swarthy cheek grew red with shame
That ne'er with fear had paled;
And for his dust, before whose name
The bravest hearts in terror quailed,
They bought a grave with gold.

Oh, Victory, veil thy brow!
What are thy pageants of an hour—
Thy wreath, when stained with crime!
Oh, fame, ambition, haughty power!
Ye bubbles on the stream of time,
Where are your glories now?

LAURALIE.

Lighter than the sunbeam's ray,
Dawning on the sea,
Graceful as a moonlight fay,
Was she who won all hearts away—
Lauralie!

Tresses bright of golden hair,
Flowing wild and free,
Down her cheek beyond compare,
Nestling in her bosom fair—
Lauralie!

By the heaven within her eyes,
Plainly might you see,
She had stolen their glorious dyes
From the laughing summer skies—
Lauralie!

Less beautiful than good and kind,
Pure as snow was she;
All gentle thoughts dwelt in her mind,
By innocence and truth refined—
Lauralie!

A tall knight came, with bearing bold,
And tender vows breathed he;
Alas! a tale too often told,
He won her heart, his love waned cold—
Lauralie!

He brought a fair and haughty bride
From o'er the sea;
And as he feasted at her side,
A maiden sought his feet and died—
Lauralie!

Now doth the broken-hearted sleep
Beneath the linden tree;
Above the sod the wild vines creep,
And maidens seek the spot to weep:
Lauralie!

But he—the false one!—knows not rest
Dishonored now is he;
His faithless bride has left his breast:
Oh, well are all thy wrongs redressed,
Lauralie!

A maniac wild, he smiles no more,
But wanders by the sea,
And mutters, mid the tempest's roar,
The name he traces on the shore—
Lauralie!

GREENWOOD.

a spot far in the green still wood,
ıture reigns in majesty alone,
tall trees for countless years have stood,
s have bloomed and faded all unknown;
·less birds soar through the morning skies,
e air with varied melodies,
the water's breast dark shadows brood,
ıe clustering boughs, a glorious solitude!

place, so calm and still,
d in shades of peaceful quietude:
awe the inmost soul doth thrill,
the spirit to a higher mood,
he precincts of that sacred spot
:ares of life are all forgot.
ɔot-fall, with irreverent sound,
echoes of the hallowed ground.

re with us, where green branches wave,
the pine boughs cast a deeper gloom;
ose-tree marks an early grave,
ıroud manhood sleeps beneath the tomb;
high heart with vague, bright dreamings
ır earth, yet haply now fulfilled, [filled,
perchance by his who knew not rest,
amp sod pressed his aching breast.

t not seem meet,
earth's weary pilgrims should repose,
ıe hurrying tread of eager feet,
last sunbeams at the daylight's close
golden harpstrings mid the trees,
ı a spirit's touch the evening breeze
requiem for the sleepers there,
·e's every breath seems fraught with
·er!

the twilight, in her robe of gray,
the earth a veil of mystic light,
ıe glow of even melts away,
bove grow more intensely bright,
: promise that our God has given,
· hopes on earth, so grow they bright in
·en:
ot deem them holy spirit-eyes,
keeping in the silent skies?

s city of the mighty dead!
mute, yet are thy annals fraught
ın teachings, and thy broad page spread
ch lore of soul-awakening thought;
the wanderer on the future shores
ts hidden mysteries to explore,
ed shades, with spirit-voices rife,
im onward to the gates of life.

THOUGHTS IN SPRING-TIME.

Far in some still, sequestered nook,
Removed from worldly strife,
How calmly, like a placid brook,
Would glide the stream of life!

How sweet in temples God has made
To raise the voice of prayer,
While songsters from the leafy glade
With music fill the air!

Does not the spirit seem to spurn
The fettered thoughts of earth,
And with a holier impulse turn
To things of higher birth?

When in the forests' vast arcade,
Where man has seldom trod,
Amid the works that he has made,
We stand alone with God?

When gazing on fair Nature's face,
Untouched by hand of art,
In every leaf his love we trace,
What feelings thrill the heart!

The diamond dew-drop on the spray,
Each early-fading flower,
The glittering insects of a day—
All show God's wondrous power:

And teach us by their helplessness
Of his unwearied care,
Who gives the lily's vestal dress,
And bids us not despair.

When in the fading light of day
The forest trees grow dim,
And evening comes in sober gray,
How turn our souls to him!

There is no sound upon the air,
All living things are still—
A solemn hush as if of prayer,
Is brooding o'er the hill:

While far above, like spirit-eyes,
The stars their vigils keep,
And smile on the fair stream that lies
Upon earth's breast, asleep.

There is a spell that binds the heart
At this most hallowed hour,
And bids all earth-born thoughts depart,
Beneath its holy power.

And when to all created things
A voice of praise is given,
The spirit seems on angel wings
To soar aloft to Heaven.

CAROLINE MAY.

Miss Caroline May, a daughter of the Rev. Edward Harrison May, minister of one of the Reformed Dutch churches in the city of New York, is the author of many very graceful and striking poems; and during the present year she has published, in P delphia, a volume entitled Specimens o American Female Poets. Miss May has g few of her compositions to the public, an following, except one, are now first pri

THE SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

It is the sabbath of the year;
And if ye 'll walk abroad,
A holy sermon ye shall hear,
Full worthy of record.
Autumn the preacher is; and look—
As other preachers do,
He takes a text from the one Great Book,
A text both sad and true.

With a deep, earnest voice, he saith—
A voice of gentle grief,
Fitting the minister of Death—
"Ye all fade as a leaf;
And your iniquities, like the wind,
Have taken you away;
Ye fading flutterers, weak and blind,
Repent, return, and pray."

And then the Wind ariseth slow,
And giveth out a psalm—
And the organ-pipes begin to blow,
Within the forest calm;
Then all the Trees lift up their hands,
And lift their voices higher,
And sing the notes of spirit bands
In full and glorious choir.

Yes! 'tis the sabbath of the year!
And it doth surely seem,
(But words of reverence and fear
Should speak of such a theme,)
That the corn is gathered for the bread,
And the berries for the wine,
And a sacramental feast is spread,
Like the Christian's pardon sign.

And the Year, with sighs of penitence,
The holy feast bends o'er;
For she must die, and go out hence—
Die, and be seen no more.
Then are the choir and organ still,
The psalm melts in the air,
The Wind bows down beside the hill,
And all are hushed in prayer.

Then comes the Sunset in the west,
Like a patriarch of old,
Or like a saint who hath won his rest,
His robes, and his crown of gold;
And forth his arms he stretcheth wide,
And with solemn tone and clear
He blesseth, in the eventide,
The sabbath of the year.

TO A STUDENT.

Give thyself to the beauty
Of this September day!
And let it be thy duty
To treasure every ray
Of the sweet light that streams abroad,
An emblem of its Maker, God!

Oh! put away the learning
Of science and of art;
And stifle not the yearning
That swells within thy heart,
To look upon, and love, and bless,
Departing Summer's loveliness!

Go out into the garden,
And taste the sweetness there—
(Thy books will surely pardon
A pause from studious care)—
Of the still lavish mignonette,
And the few flowers that linger yet.

Go, feel the sweet caressing
Of the south wind on thy cheek—
Kind as the breathed-out blessing
Of one too sad to speak;
And mournful in its music low
As the dim thoughts of long ago.

Lift up thy face in gladness
To the sky so soft and warm,
And watch the frolic madness
Of the changeful clouds, that form
A mimic shape, in every change,
Of something beautiful and strange.

Or go, if thou wouldst rather,
To the distant woods, and see
How surely thou wilt gather
From forest harmony
Sweet themes for present songs of praise
And hoards of thought for future lays.

Oh! it will make thee better,
More wise, and glad, and kind,
To throw off every fetter,
And go with pliant mind—
Like a free, open-hearted child,
To wander in the forests wild.

The love of Nature heightens
Our love to God and man;
And a spirit, Love enlightens,
Farther than others can,
Pierces with clear and steady eyes
Into the land where true thought lies!

SONNETS.

. ON A WARM NOVEMBER DAY.

ovember! It must surely be
me sweet May day, like a merry girl
/e of laughing blue, and golden curl,
ceas of her light-hearted glee,
ı too far from home, and lost her way;
· she trembles, while upon the air
ıe rainbow ribands of her hair,
warm breath comes quick, for fear her play
ıto danger her wild footsteps bring!
s herself upon the barren heath
happily, November slumbereth:
ould he wake, and find her trespassing!
ep not, wanderer! for I know ere night
lt be home again laughing with safe delight.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

ıes the herald of stern Winter. Hear
ıt of his loud trumpet through the air,
collected families prepare
erce king, without delay or fear;
ıal fires alone, or cordial cheer
rous wine, or raiment thick and warm,
these may make the bleak and boisterous
for the eye, and music for the ear; [storm
of kindness, simple and sincere,
forbearance, and sweet cheerfulness,
ıtle charity that loves to bless—
ıll faults as soon as they appear.
: such stores, bought by no golden price,
may freeze the human blood to ice!

III. THOUGHT.

faithfully, my heart is thine,
ought, that when I am debarred from thee
ain tumult of vain company;
n it seems to be the fixed design
ss hearts, who never can incline
ves to seek thy rich though hidden charms,
me daily from thy outstretched arms—
inks faint within me, and I pine
pines when from his love apart,
r having been long loved, long sought,
h has given to his persuasive art
ous soul with hope and fear full fraught:
ı 'rt the honored mistress of my heart,
et, bountiful, belovéd Thought!

IV. HOPE.

glad skylark, who each early morn
from his shady nest of weeds or flowers,
ther stormy clouds, or bright, are born,
he realm of sunshine and of showers;
untiring wing and steady eye,
er ceasing song, (so loud and sweet,
f trusting love, that it is meet
be poured forth at heaven's portals high,)
p his sacrifice of gratitude:
—the one, the only Hope—spreads out
gs from the heart's tearful solitude,
d too oft with weeds,) quivers about
The cloudy caves of earth, till sudden strength is given
To dart above them all, and soar with songs to heaven.

V. MEMORY.

Like the full-hearted nightingale,
Who careth not to sing her sad, sweet strain
To open Daylight; but when pale
And thoughtful Evening sheds o'er plain,
And hill, and vale, a quiet sense
Of loneliness unbroken, then she gives
Her soul to the deep influence
Of silence and of shade, and lives
A life of mournful melody
In one short night: so Memory,
Shrinking from daylight's glare and noise,
Reserves her melancholy joys
For the dark stillness of the holy night,
And then she pours them forth till dawning light.

LILIES.

Every flower is sweet to me—
The rose and violet,
The pink, the daisy, and sweet pea,
Heart's-ease and mignonette,
And hyacinths and daffodillies:
But sweetest are the spotless lilies.

I know not what the lilies were
That grew in ancient times—
When Jesus walked with children fair,
Through groves of eastern climes,
And made each flower, as he passed by it,
A type of faith, content, and quiet.

But they were not more pure and bright
Than those our gardens show;
Or those that shed their silver light,
Where the dark waters flow;
Or those that hide in woodland alley,
The fragrant lilies of the valley.

And I, in each of them, would see
Some lesson for my youth:
The loveliness of purity,
The stateliness of truth,
Whene'er I look upon the lustre
Of those that in the garden cluster.

Patience and hope, that keep the soul
Unruffled and secure,
Though floods of grief beneath it roll,
I learn, when calm and pure
I see the floating water-lily,
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly

And when the fragrance that ascends,
Shows where its lovely face
The lily of the valley bends,
I think of that sweet grace,
Which sheds within the spirit lowly,
A rest, like heaven's, so safe and holy.

TO NATURE.

Rocks, and woods, and water,
I am now with ye!
What a grateful daughter
Ought I not to be!
Alone with Nature—oh, what bliss,
What a privilege is this!

Give me now a blessing,
Help my tongue to speak
The feelings that are pressing
Till my heart grows weak—
Faint with the strange influence
Of this wild magnificence.

I shut my eyes a minute,
Listening to the sound:
Music is there in it,
Stirring and profound!
Wild-voiced waters, babbling breeze,
Telling tales of aged trees:

And the echoes—hearken!
There they chiefly dwell,
Where those huge rocks darken
That green woody dell:
Hearken with what joy they spring,
When the village church bells ring!

Up I look, and follow
With my eyes the sound,
Fading in the hollow
Of the hills around;
Then I clasp my hands and sigh,
That so soon the echoes die.

And I think how fleetly
Pleasures that we prize,
Like the echoes, sweetly
Fade before our eyes:
But 'tis well, 'tis well for me,
Prone to earth idolatry.

Oh! ye kingly mountains,
With your cedar woods;
Closing diamond fountains
In their solitudes:
In my very soul ye dwell—
Can I love ye then too well?

Oh! ye clouds of glory,
That your crimson throw
On the old rocks hoary,
While the stream below
Sleeps in an unbroken shade:
Can too much of ye be made?

Can I love to linger
In this quiet nook,
Tracing Nature's finger
Reading Nature's book,
Till such lingering be wrong—
Reading, tracing there too long?

If so, 'tis no pity;
For too soon, alas!
To the imprisoning city
From these haunts I pass,
And this quiet nook will be
Seen alone in memory.

Rocks, and woods, and water,
Now I am with ye,
And a grateful daughter
Ever will I be—
Loving ye, e'en when ye are
From my loving heart afar.

THE SUN.

When the bounteous summer-time
Threw the riches of its prime,
Corn and grass, and fruit and flowers,
Upon meadows, fields, and bowers;
When the teeming earth below
Seemed to quiver in the glow
Of the sky, intensely bright
With luxuriant, melting light—
Then we ever tried to shun
The advances of the sun:
Flying from his burning glance,
If he looked at us by chance:
Shutting out his beams, if they
Ever boldly dared to stray
To our dark and fragrant room,
Rendered cool by quiet gloom.
Now the summer time is gone,
And the winds begin to mourn;
Now the yellow leaves fall down,
And the grass is turning brown,
And the flowers are dying fast;
Now the chill, destroying blast,
Seems to whisper in the vine
A sad warning of decline—
We invoke the sun's warm ray,
And we bless it all the day;
Looking up, as to a friend,
When its beams on us descend;
And we watch it down the west,
As it early sinks to rest:
Then, with sorrow at our hearts,
Sigh, "How soon the sun departs!"
So, in brightest summer tide
Of prosperity and pride,
When our friends are kind and warm,
And we dream not of the storm—
Then we hide in our recess
From the Sun of Righteousness,
Closing up our soul and sight
To his strong and piercing light.
But when the autumn blast
Of desertion sweepeth past,
Then we cry—by grief made bold—
"We are desolate and cold!
Let thy beams descend, and heal
The soul-smarting wounds we feel;
Shine upon us, Christ our Sun—
Without thee we are undone!"

EMILY NEAL.

LY BRADLEY, a native of the city n New York, was married in 1846 Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, nd a man who will be regretted of his acquaintances are living. ducated at a boarding-school in shire, and was known as a wri- spirited compositions, chiefly in shed under the signature of "Al- ice G. Lee." Since the death of Mr. Neal, in the summer of 1847, Mrs. Neal has continued, in Philadelphia, with much tact and ability, the popular journal of which he was the editor, called Neal's Saturday Evening Gazette. There has been no collection of the writings of Mrs. Neal, and they are scattered through several of the popular literary miscellanies to which she has been a contributor.

BRIDE'S CONFESSION.

thrill passed through my heart,
id intense—yet not of pain—
quell quick-bounding throbs,
nned the sentence o'er again.
ave been full idly penned
whose thoughts from love were free,
s if entranced, I read—
art most beautiful to me."

t not whisper I was loved;
ere no gleams of tenderness,
my trembling heart would hope
reless sentence might express.
the blinding tears fell fast,
e words I scarce could see,
ne, as through a wreathing mist—
art most beautiful to me."

–I cared not for all eyes,
s beautiful in thine!
ır, my faint, sad beams
y path alone should shine.
was praise, save from thy lips?
e should all unheeded be,
hear thy blessed voice
'hou art beautiful to me."

e heard those very words—
g beneath thine earnest gaze—
ou perchance hadst quite forgot
id been said in bygone days:
ipped hand and circling arm
ew me nearer still to thee,
oice breathed upon mine ear—
love, art beautiful to me."

st, though thine eyes alone
in me a single grace,
so thou e'er canst find
n sweetness in my face.
years and cares steal on,
at lingering light must flee,
ter, if from thee I hear—
art still beautiful to me!"

MIDNIGHT AND DAYBREAK.

I HAD been tossing through the restless night,
Sleep banished from my pillow, and my brain
Weary with sense of dull and stifling pain,
Yearning and praying for the blessèd light.
My lips moaned thy dear name, belovèd one!
Yet I have seen thee lying stiff and cold,
Thy form bound only by the shroud's pure fold,
For life with all its suffering was done.
Then agony of loneliness o'ercame
My widowed heart; night would fit emblem seem
For the evanishing of that bright dream:
The heavens were dark, my life henceforth the same;
No hope—its pulse within my breast was dead.

Once more I sought the casement. Lo! a ray,
Faint and uncertain, struggled through the gloom,
And shed a misty twilight on the room;
Long watched-for herald of the coming day!
It brought a thrill of gladness to my breast.
With claspèd hands and streaming eyes I prayed,
Thanking my God for light, though long delayed;
And gentle calm stole o'er my wild unrest.
"Oh soul!" I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all;
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again: though drear the night,
Earth may be darkness, Heav'n will give thee light."

THE CHURCH.

CLAD in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride with timid step comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwrapped, she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look but on the unconscious ground.
So should the Church, the bride elect of Heaven—
Remembering Whom she goeth forth to meet

And with a truth that can not brook deceit
Holding the faith which unto her is given—
Pass through this world, which claims her for awhile,
Nor cast about her longing look, nor smile.

BLIND!

I.

"The hand of the operator wavered—the instrument glanced aside—in a moment she was blind for life."

Blind, said you? Blind for life!
'T is but a jest—no, no, it can not be
That I no more the blessèd light may see!
Oh, what a fearful strife
Of horrid thought is raging in my mind!
I did not hear aright—"For ever blind!"

Mother, you would not speak
Aught but the truth to me, your stricken child:
Tell me I do but dream; my brain is wild,
And yet my heart is weak.
Oh, mother! fold me in a close embrace—
Bend down to me that dear, that gentle face.

I can not hear your voice!
Speak louder, mother. Speak to me, and say
This frightful dream will quickly pass away.
Have I no hope, no choice?
O Heaven! with light has sound, too, from me fled?
Call, shout aloud, as if to wake the dead!

Thank God! I hear you now:
I hear the beating of your troubled heart;
With every wo of mine it has a part.
Upon my upturned brow
The hot tears fall from those dear eyes for me:
Once more, oh is it true I may not see?

This silence chills my blood.
Had you one word of comfort, all my fears
Were quickly banished: faster still the tears,
A bitter, burning flood,
Fall on my face, and now one trembling word
Confirms the dreadful truth my ears have heard!

Why weep you?—I am calm:
My wan lip quivers not—my heart is still.
My swollen temples—see, they do not thrill!
That word was as a charm;
Tell me the worst: all, all I now can bear;
I have a fearful strength—that of despair.

What is it to be blind?—
To be shut out for ever from the skies—
To see no more the "light of loving eyes"—
And, as years pass, to find
My lot unvaried by one passing gleam
Of the bright woodland or the flashing stream?

To feel the breath of Spring,
Yet not to view one of the tiny flowers
That come from out the earth with her soft showers;
To hear the bright birds sing,
And feel, while listening to their joyous strain,
My heart can ne'er know happiness again!

Then in the solemn night
To lie alone, while all anear me sleep,
And fancy fearful forms about me creep:
Starting in wild affright,
To know, if true, I could not have the pow
To ward off danger in that lonely hour.

And as my breath came thick
To feel the hideous darkness round me pres
Adding new terror to my loneliness;
While every pulse leaped quick
To clutch and grasp at the black, stifling air
Then sink in stupor from my wild despair.

It comes upon me now!
I can not breathe; my heart grows quick and
Oh, mother, are your arms about me still—
Still o'er me do you bow?
And yet I care not: better all alone—
No one to heed my weakness should I moan

Again! I will not live.
Death is no worse than this eternal night—
Those resting in the grave heed not the ligh
Small comfort can ye give.
Yes, Death is welcome as my only friend;
In the calm grave my sorrows will have end

Talk not to me of hope!
Have you not told me it is all in vain—
That while I live I may not see again?
That earth, and the broad scope
Of the blue heaven—that all things glad an
Henceforth are hidden—tell of hope to me!

It is not hard to lie
Calmly and silently in that long sleep;
No fear can wake me from that slumber dee
So, mother, let me die:
I shall be happier in the gentle rest
Than living with this grief to fill my breast.

II.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—Sterne.

Thank God that yet I live!
In tender mercy, heeding not the prayer
I boldly uttered in my first despair,
He would not rashly give
The punishment an erring spirit braved.
From sudden death in kindness I was saved.

It was a fearful thought
That this fair earth had not one pleasure left
I was at once of sight and hope bereft.
My soul was not yet taught
To bow submissive to the sudden stroke;
Its crushing weight my heart had well-nigh b

Words are not that can tell
The horrid thought that burned upon my bra
That came and went with madness still the san
A black and icy spell
That froze my life-blood, stopp'd my fluttering br
Was laid upon me—even "life in death."

Long, weary months crept by,
And I refused all comfort; turned aside,
Wishing that in my weakness I had died.
I uttered no reply,
But without ceasing wept and moaned, and pr
The hand of Death no longer might be staye

I shunned the gaze of all:
I knew that pity dwelt in every look;
Pity e'en then my proud heart could not bro

Though darkness as a pall
d me round, each mournful eye *I felt*
for a moment on my features dwelt.

You, dearest mother, know
ink in sullenness from your caress;
your kisses added to distress,
For burning tears would flow
ou bent o'er me, whispering, "Be calm,
ho hath wounded holds for thee a balm."

He did not seem a friend:
med in wrath the sudden blow was sent
a strong arm that never might relent;
That pain alone would end
life—for, mother, then it seem to me
long and dreamless would death's slumber be.

That blessed illness came:
eakened pulse now bounded wild and strong,
e soon a raging fever burned along
My worn, exhausted frame;
for the time all knowledge passed away—
ttered not that hidden was the day.

The odor of sweet flowers
stealing through the casement when I woke,
n the wild fever-spell at last was broke;
And yet for many hours
in dreamy stillness, till your tone
d back the life that seemed for ever flown.

You, mother, knelt in prayer;
e one dear hand was resting on my head,
sobbing voice, how fervently you plead
For a strong heart, to bear
parting which you feared—"Or, if she live,
fort, O Father, to the stricken give!

"Take from her wandering mind
heavy load which it so long hath borne,
ch even unto death her frame hath worn:
Let her in mercy find,
though the earth she may no longer see,
spirit still can look to Heaven and thee."

A low sob from me stole:
ment more, your arms about me wound,
ead upon your breast a pillow found;
And through my weary soul
ly calm came stealing from on high:
prayer was answered—I was not to die.

Then when the bell's faint chime
floating gently on the burdened air,
eart went up to God in fervent prayer.
And, mother, from that time
rild thoughts left me, hope returned once more:
that happiness was yet in store.

Daily new strength was given:
he first time since darkness on me fell,
ed with more of joy than words can tell
Under the free, blue heaven;
I bathed my brow in the cool, gushing spring:
How much of life those bright drops seemed to bring!

I crushed the dewy leaves
Of the pale violets, and drank their breath—
Though I had heard that at each floweret's death
A sister blossom grieves.
I did not care to see their glorious hues,
Fearing the richer perfume I might lose.

Then in the dim old wood
I laid me down beneath a bending tree,
And dreamed, dear mother, waking dreams of thee.
I thought how just and good
The Power that had so gently sealed mine eyes,
Yet bade new pleasures and new hopes arise.

For now in truth I find
My Father all his promises hath kept:
He comforts those who here in sadness wept.
"Eyes to the blind"
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.

A MEMORY.

Slowly fades the misty twilight
O'er the thronged and noisy town;
Storms are gathered in the distance,
And the clouds above it frown.
Yet before me leaves sway lightly
In the hushed and drowsy air,
And the trees new-clothed in verdure
Have no summer of despair.

I have gazed into the darkness,
Seeking in the busy crowd
For a form once passing onward
With a step as firm and proud;
For a face upturned in gladness
To the window where I leaned,
Smiling with an eager welcome,
Though a step but intervened.

Even now my cheek is flushing
With the rapture of that gaze,
And my heart as then beats wildly.
Oh, the memory of those days
As a dear, dear dream it cometh,
Swiftly as a dream it flies!
No one springeth now unto me,
Smiling with such earnest eyes—

No one hastens home at twilight,
Watching for my hand to wave:
For the form I seek so vainly
Sleepeth in the silent grave;
And the eyes have smiled in dying
Blessing me with latest life—
Oh, my friend! above the discord
Of the last, wild, earthly strife.

CAROLINE H. CHANDLER.

THE maiden name of this fine writer was HIESKILL. She was married several years ago to Mr. M. T. W. Chandler, a son of the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, which is her native city. Her poems have appeared from time to time in the United States Gazette, and in the Philadelphia magazines.

TO MY BROTHER.

"The love where Death hath set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."—*Byron.*

WELCOME, O brother, to our household meeting,
Welcome again from o'er the distant sea;
Long have we looked for thy familiar greeting.
Long have we yearned to gaze once more on thee.
Daily and nightly for thy safe returning
Have prayers ascended from our watchful hearts,
When, as before a shrine, for ever burning,
The lamp of love its holy light imparts.

How have we missed thee in our joy and sorrow!
How have we daily marked thy vacant place!
How have we fondly sighed for the fair morrow,
That should restore to us thine own dear face!
The chain of love hath lost a link without thee—
And all too slowly runs the golden sand
Till that sweet time when, circled round about thee,
Safe in our midst, we may behold thee stand.

Yet with our welcome mingle strains of sadness
Unheard before amidst our household mirth;
Hushed are the wonted tones of joy and gladness,
For ever quenched the light upon our hearth.
The star is hidden from our earnest gazing,
Silent the music in the troubled air,
Yet do we surely know, to heaven upraising
Our eyes all dim with tears, that she is there.

The Father hath received her into glory—
The lamb hath refuge found within the fold;
And though her life be as an untold story,
Her death is writ in characters of gold.
Oh! little darling, with the tears fast raining,
And the sick heart a mother only knows—
I think of thy most patient uncomplaining,
Submissive ever, till thy sweet life's close;

Of all the wealth of thy young heart's devotion—
Of the last mortal sickness, faint unrest—
And oh, dread thought, the little hand's last motion,
Which even in death would clasp me to thy breast!
Each censure passed in chastening correction
Upon thy childish faults, so few and light—
Each look, each hasty word, with vain reflection,
Comes pressing hard upon my heart to-night.

Once more, my solitary vigil keeping,
I watch beside thee in that silent room;
Counting thy pulse, as the hot blood runs leaping
Through those young veins, soon quiet in the tomb.
Once more I mark the dimpled cheek's deep flushing,
Seen by the dim night-lamp; once more thy cry
Of mortal pain sends with a mighty rushing
The awful thought that thou must surely die!

These are most dread and fearful recollections,
Ne'er to be blotted out till life hath fled;
Yet are there holy, comforting reflections,
Which bloom like flowers around the early dead.
Oh! to believe, with meekness uncomplaining,
In the dear mercy of God's loving sway—
That our sore loss is her eternal gaining—
That darkness leadeth but to perfect day.

Ye find us not the same as when we parted,
Oh, brother mine! but weary and way-worn—
Ye find us not the same as when we started
On the dark road of life, in youth's fair morn.
Then, with a holy and a meek confiding,
And a fond trust, too lovely to endure,
We dreamed not of the evil here abiding,
For to the heart of youth all things are pure.

The world no longer wears the same gay seeming
That shone around it once in life's first years,
And we have learned to mock its idle dreamings,
And bathe its brightest hopes with bitter tears.
Oh! dreary is that first most sad awaking
From the sweet confidence of early truth,
To find Hope's rosy glass, in fragments breaking,
Reflects no more the visions of our youth!

Ah! many hearts have changed since we two parted,
And many grown apart, as time hath sped—
Till we have almost deemed that the true-hearted
Abided only with the faithful dead.
And some we trusted with a fond believing,
Have turned and stung us to the bosom's core;
And life hath seemed but as a vain deceiving,
From which we turn aside, heartsick and sore.

Oh, brother! this is but a mournful greeting
With which to hail the wanderer's return;
My lay, responsive to my heart's sad beating,
Tells but of death—the ashes and the urn.
Yet must we wait, God's own good time abiding,
And faithful labor at the task below—
Till his just hand, the good and ill dividing,
Shall change to future joy our present wo.

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

Miss Sproat is a native and a resident of Philadelphia. She is the author of many graceful and brilliant poems, of which a few have recently been printed in literary miscellanies. She has wit, delicacy, and a pleasing vein of sentiment.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

The dull, chill prison building,
Oh, what a gloomy sight!
It wears in boldest morning
The coward scowl of Night.
The warm, fresh Light approaches,
And shuddering turns away:
Within its shadow looming foul
No joysome thing will stay.
Yet there's a light within my cell,
A lovely light its walls enclose;
My happy child—my daughter pure—
My wild, wild rose.

The prison sounds are dreary
To one who hears them long;
The murderer talking to himself—
The drunkard's crazy song.
My prison-door grates harshly,
It bodes the jailer's scowl;
The jailer's dog sleeps all the day,
To wake at night and howl.
Yet there is music in my cell,
And Joy's own voice its walls enclose;
My heaven-bird—my gladsome girl—
My wild, wild rose.

Her mellow, golden accents
O'erflow the air around,
As if the joyous sunshine
Resolved itself to sound.
She carols clear at morning,
And prattles sweet at noon;
She sings to rest the weary sun,
And ringeth up the moon;
And when in sleep she visits home,
(My daughter knows the angels well,)
She 'll fearless rouse the awful night,
Her happy dreams to tell.

Oh, some have many treasures,
But other I have none;
The dear Creator gave me
My blessings all in one.
The wealth of many jewels
Is garnered in her eyes;
The worth of many loving hearts
Within her bosom lies;
She 's more to me than daily bread,
And more to me than night's repose:
My staff, my flower, my praise, my prayer—
My wild, wild rose.

A FEW STRAY SUNBEAMS.

Little dainty Sunbeams!
Listen when you please,
You 'll not hear their tiny feet
Dancing in the trees:
All so light and delicate
Is their golden tread,
Not a single flower-leaf
Such a step may dread.

Merry, laughing Sunbeams,
Playing here and there,
Passing through the rose-leaves,
Flashing everywhere;
Through the cottage window,
In the cottage door,
Past the green, entangled vines,
On the cottage floor.

Lovely little Sunbeams,
Laughing as they played
Through the flying ringlets
Of the cottage maid;
Staying but to flush her cheek,
Darting in their glee
Down the darkened forest-path,
O'er the open lea,
Through the castle window
Where, in curtained gloom,
Sat its lovely mistress
In her splendid bloom!

Oh ye saucy Sunbeams!
Could ye dare to spy
Time's annoying footmarks
Near a lady's eye?
Dare ye flash around her,
Every line to see,
Lighting each stray wrinkle up
In your cruel glee?

See! the witching Sunbeams
With the wand they hold,
Turn the earth to emerald,
And the skies to gold;
All the streams are silver
'Neath their magic rare,
All the black tears Night hath shed,
Gems for kings to wear.

Beautiful is moonlight,
Like to Nature's mind,

Purely white and bril'iant,
Coldly, calmly kind:
Beautiful thy burning stars,
Like to Nature's soul,
Rapturous that ever gaze,
Heavenward as they roll.
But oh! the human sunlight,
Flooding earth in glee,
Nature's living, laughing, loving,
Gladsome *heart* for me!

GUONARE.

Wherero shall I liken thee,
Holy Guonare?
To the waves that leap so free,
Or the flowers that smile so fair?—
Fearless as the bounding wave,
Meek as any little flower,
God to woman never gave
More of love with more of power.

Thou art not a violet,
Feeble, shrinking, sweet, and frail;
Wrongful scorn could never yet
Cause thy heart to quail.
Thou art not a sunbright rose,
Tossing bold her lovely form
With each breeze that comes and goes—
Laughing, gaudy, flushed, and warm.

Thou art like a lily, standing
Near the rose's gaudy form:
Like a pure, cool lily, bending
Near the rose all flushed and warm.
Thou art like a great, bright star,
Shining clearly, calmly forth,
Through some chasm in a cloud
Darkly shrouding all the earth.

Thou art like a rainbow fair,
Gleaning brightness still from sorrow,
Turning tears to hope-gems rare,
Showing still a glad to-morrow.
Thou hast looked upon the stars
Till thine eyes are darkly bright,
Beaming forth in broadest day
Strange and holy light.

Thou art all a mystery,
Wondrous Guonare!
I could almost fancy thee
(Looking on thine eys so rare)
Some mistaken spirit, landing
On this shore of care and cark—
One of God's white angels, standing
In a world of dark.

Maiden, dost thou never blush?
Woman, dost thou never weep?
Hold sad talks with Night and Care,
While God's happy sleep?
Dost thou never teach thy brow
A wreath of glowing smiles to wear,
To hide the crown of thorns below,
Calm-eyed Guonare?

Passion hath no charm
To lure thy heavenward eye;
Care and Sin but look on thee,
And pass in wonder by.
Thou hast surely brought to earth
Charms to keep thee passion-free—
Memories of thy heaven-birth
And thine immortality.

Or, mayhap the angels fair,
Sporting in their raptured glee,
When thy soul to earth was lent,
Then forgot to proffer thee
Drink from that dim, awful river,
Alway since to mortals given,
Where the earth-doomed soul for ever
Loses sight of heaven.

HARRIET LISZT.

Miss Harriet Winslow, a native of Portland, in Maine, was married in 1848 to Mr. Charles Liszt, of Pennsylvania, and they have since resided in Boston. Mrs. Liszt is the thor of a few beautiful poems, the greater n ber of which have been printed in the annu

WHY THIS LONGING?

Why this longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far off, unattained, and dim;
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still:
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee, are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or wo;
If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause
Not by works that give thee world-renown
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal cro
Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

Miss Juliet H. Lewis, now Mrs. Campbell, is a daughter of the Hon. Ellis Lewis, president of the second judicial district of Pennsylvania. At an early age she distinguished herself as a writer of poetry; and since her marriage, to Mr. James H. Campbell, a member of the bar of Pottsville, on the seventh of June, 1843, she has been a frequent contributor, of both prose and verse, to the magazines and annuals. During many years of her maiden life she was an only child, and, without companions of her own age, was in constant association with her parents. She frequently accompanied her father on his professional and judicial journeys; and I remember meeting her at West Point, in her fourteenth or fifteenth year, while Judge Lewis was discharging the duties of an official visiter to the Military Academy there. She had then a reputation for genius, and a few exhibitions of her precocious powers had caused her to be ranked with the Davidsons, who were then subjects of much conversation. Judge Lewis is a student of

"The old and antique rhyme,"

and a poet of no mean powers; and to the peculiar nature of her filial relations, and her consequent intimacy with many persons of eminent abilities and dignified character, she owes the early development of her capacities and her accurate knowledge of the world.

DREAMS.

Many, oh man! are the wild dreams beguiling
Thy spirit of its restlessness, and ever
Thou rushest onward, some new prize pursuing,
Like the mad waves of a relentless river.
First love, the morning sun of thy existence,
Enchants thy path with glories and with bliss:
Oh linger! for the shadowy hereafter
Hath naught to offer that can equal this.

Linger, and revel in thy first young dreaming,
The holiest that can thrill thy yearning heart—
Husband the precious moments, the brief feeling
Of youthful ecstasy will soon depart.
Seek not to win too soon that which thou lovest,
When winning will but break the magic spell:
Love on, but seek not, strive not—the attainment
Will cloy thy fickle heart, thy dream dispel.

Vain is the warning! Death as soon will listen
To the beseechings of his stricken prey;
Or Time will tarry when the cowering nations
Shrink from their desolating destiny!
Thou art as fierce as Fate in thy pursuing—
Thou art impetuous as the flight of Time;
And didst thou love a star, thy mad presuming
Would seek to grasp it, though thou thus shouldst break th' eternal chime.

And now Ambition, like a radiant angel,
Attracts thy vision and enchains thy thought:
Ambition is thy god, and thou art laying
Thy all before the insatiate Juggernaut;
The health, the strength, which crowned thy youth with glory,
The friends who loved thee in thy early day,
The clinging love which once thy bosom cherished—
All these are cast, like worthless weeds, away.

Take now the prize for which thou 'st madly bartered,
Thy first, best treasures; and in lonely grief
Enjoy Fame's emptiness, and, broken hearted,
Feed on the poison of thy laurel leaf;
Then, sated, turn in bitter disappointment
From the applause of Flattery's fawning troop,
And curse, within thy cheated heart's recesses,
Ambition's demon, and thyself his dupe!

These are the visions of thy youth and manhood:
With disappointment wilt thou grow more sage?
Alas, more grovelling yet, and more degrading,
Is avarice, the sordid dream of age!
When all the joys of summer have departed,
And life is stripped alike of birds and bloom,
'T is sad to see Age, in his dotage, treasure
The withered leaves beside his yawning tomb!

Yes, many are thy dreams, while gentle woman
Hath but one vision, and it is of thee!
Faith, hope, and charity, (most Christian graces,)
In her meek bosom dwell, a trinity
Combined in unit; and an earthly godhead,
Whose name is Love, demands her worshipping:
And she, e'en as the Hindoo to his idol,
The blind devotion of her heart doth bring;
And when her god of clay hath disappointed,
Earth can enchant no more—she looks above,
Laying her crushed heart on her Savior's bosom:
Love was her heaven, now Heaven is her love.

NIGHT-BLOOMING FLOWERS.

Fair buds! I've wandered day by day
To this sequestered spot,
That I might catch your earliest smiles,
And yet ye open not.
The morning mists are scattered now,
No cloud is in the sky;
The sun, like a benignant king,
Smiles from his throne on high,
While birds, in gushing melody,
Are offering homage up;
And sister flowers, beneath his gaze,
Ope wide each fragile cup:
Why shut ye then your incense in,
And hide your loveliness,
As though you may not share their joy
Beneath the sun's caress?

Now wake ye! 'tis the sunset hour,
The day king has gone down—
Yet still upon the mountain's top
Is seen his brilliant crown·
Awake ye! if its gleaming gems,
Its bands of glittering gold,
Its glorious, lifelike radiance,
Departing, ye'd behold.
The river's touched with glowing light,
And rolls a crimson flood,
While heaven's blush has lent its hues
Unto the leafy wood:
Still are you folded to your dreams?
Bright must those visions be,
If they surpass the gorgeousness
Of heaven's pageantry?

Good night! the stars are gemming heaven,
And seem like angels' eyes,
Resuming now their silent watch
Within the far-off skies;
They nightly on their burning thrones,
Like guardian spirits keep
Familiar vigil o'er the world,
Wrapt in its solemn sleep;
And tenderly they gaze on us,
Those children of the air,
While every ray they send to you
Some message seems to bear,
That stirs you to the inmost core:
You thrill beneath their beams,
And start and tremble wildly, like
Ambition in his dreams.

Now, lo! ye burst your emerald bonds,
And ope your languid eyes,
And spread your loveliness before
Those dwellers of the skies;
While incense from your grateful hearts
Like prayer ascends to heaven,
And kindly dew and starry light
Are answering blessings given.
"Ask and ye shall receive," you seem
To whisper to my heart,
And move me in your worshipping
To take an active part.
Sweet teachers! 'tis an hour for prayer,
When hushed are sounds of mirth,
And slumber rests his balmy wing
Upon the weary earth;
When all the ties that bind the soul
To worldliness are riven—
Then heartfelt prayers, like loosened bi
Will wing their way to heaven.

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

Where the old cathedral towers,
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my belovéd home;
When the summer morn is breaking
Glorious, with its golden beams,
Through my open latticed window
Matin music wildly streams.
Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with ringing sound—
Not the voice of singing maiden
Sighing softer music round;
Long ere these have hailed the morning,
Is the mystic anthem heard,
Wildly, fervently, outpouring
From the bosom of a bird.
Every morn he takes his station
On the cross which crowns the spire,
And with heaven-born inspiration,
Vents in voice his bosom's fire;
Every morn when light and shadow,
Struggling, blend their gold and gray,
From the cross, midway to heaven,
Streams his holy melody.
Like the summons from the turrets
Of an eastern mosque it seems:
"Come to prayer, to prayer, ye faithful!
Echoes through my morning dreams.
Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo! I join in meek devotion
With so lone a worshipper.
And a gushing, glad thanksgiving
From my inmost heart doth thrill,
To our Ever Friend in heaven,
As our blent glad voices trill.
Then the boy who rests beside me
Softly opes his starry eyes,
Tosses back his streaming ringlets,
Gazes round in sweet surprise.
He, though sleeping, felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtained gloo
Heard the wild, harmonious hymning
Break the stillness of my room:
These deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the heaven of which I've told him
On his childish vision gleams.
Guardian seraphs, viewless spirits,
Brooding o'er the enchanted air,
Pause, with folded wings, to listen
To the lispings of his prayer;
Up, to the recording angel,
When their ward on earth is done,
They will bear the guileless accents
Of my infant's orison!

ELISE JUSTINE BAYARD.

Miss Bayard, a daughter of one of the few old historical families of New York who still preserve fortune and position, has, by a few brilliant lyrics published in the magazines, revived attention to a name which figures in the early provincial annals of her native state, and which in later times was prominent among the commercial notabilities of the city of her birth. A lady of leisure, fortune, and general accomplishment, is not likely to bestow any very severe study upon the art of poetry; but the amateur votary in this instance has shown a vigor of thought, emotion, and expression, in some of her productions, which gives the highest promise of what she may accomplish, should she devote her fine intelligence to literature.

The following poems were first printed in the Literary World, and Miss Bayard has published a few more in the Knickerbocker Magazine and in other miscellanies. Among her compositions that have been circulated in manuscript are some, of a more ambitious character, that would vindicate higher encomiums than will here be adventured upon her abilities.

A FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,
But serene:
And it saith, "What have I given,
That hath brought thee nearer Heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee, or worse,
That I have been?"

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
The midnight shades that fall—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom:
And the misty vapors crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin:
But the vaults of human souls,
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear-besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep,
With a mourning still and deep,
For her loss:
The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble;
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful, mystic moaning;
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crowned cross!

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train,
When the queen hath ceased to reign!
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow,
All invested with a halo?
With a splendor transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory;
And the pæan of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along—
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread,
Tramping forward with the dead,
Who come last?
Lingering with their faces groundward,
Though their feet are marching onward,
They are shrieking—they are calling
On the rocks in tones appalling:
But Earth waves them from her view,
And the God-light dazzles through—
And they shiver, as spars do,
Before the blast!

'Tis the death night of the solemn Old Year!
We are parted from our place
In her motherly embrace,
And are alone!
For the infant and the stranger,
It is sorrowful to change her:
She hath cheered the night of mourning
With a promise of the dawning;
She hath shared in our delight
With a gladness true and bright:
Oh! we need her joy to-night—
But she is gone!

ON FINDING THE KEY OF AN OLD PIANO.

Unlock, unlock the shrines of memory,
And bid her many keys their voices send
Up in the silent hour unto me.
Speak! that the tones of other years may lend
Their vanished harmonies and lost romance
To days immersed in gloom and dissonance.

Thou, who the while unconscious played thy part,
And called fair music from her silent cell
To echo murmurs from the gushing heart,
Come! wake once more the departed spell:
I fain would hear of things and thoughts again,
Which mingled often with the stealing strain.

Hark! it comes creeping on: it is an air
Full of strange wailing—mournfully profound;
Some music-spirit moaning in despair,
Prisoned in that sweet barrier of sound:
And yet, methinks "might I a captive be,
If thus environed in captivity!"

And shadowy forms around the instrument
Come closely pressing, whispering low words
That keep time with the music, redolent
Of deep vibrations in the hidden chords
That round the heart their hurried measure keep,
And sway its pulses with resistless sweep.

Voice of the voiceless! Graves give up their dead,
And at thy word departed echoes ring,
Familiar carols from the lips that fled
Long weary years ago, with fatal wing,
Unto the silent regions of the tomb,
And died away there in its hollow gloom.

Hush! other instruments are creeping in
To perfect the concordance of the whole,
And well remembered voices now begin
To bear on wings invisible my soul.
My own! amongst them I can hear my own—
Alas! 'tis almost a forgotten tone!

Was it eve dark'ning o'er the pleasant room,
When the soft breezes of the summer night
Breathed through its atmosphere a faint perfume,
Or when the autumn's crimson fire-light
Glowed upon every brow—thou still wert there,
Wreck of departed days, with many an air.

Joyous or sorrowful—profound or wild—
Swiftly thy sweeping chords gave out their tones,
Light as the laughter of a sinless child—
Deep as the anguish told in captive moans—
Smooth as the flow of rivers to the sea—
Irregular as dark insanity.

There have been hands that are beneath the mould,
(I seem to feel their chillness in thy touch)—
Eyes, wept the while they moved, that now are cold
As this impassive metal: yet are such
The things that bind us nearest, move us most,
And leave a hopeless voice when they are lost.

Now, stranger hands across those keys will run,
And other walls for other groups surround,
And stranger eyes look lovingly upon
The unconscious mover of the realm of sound:
That realm, once sacred, my sweet home, to
And ever sacred to my memory.

But thou, impassive thing, thus severed wid
From thy sole wealth in those harmonious v
Another empire be thine own beside:
Be thou the pass-key to the spirit caves,
Thou the deliverer of their captive throng,
The portal spirit of the gates of song.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It haunts my vision now:
The genius radiating
From the dazzling marble brow—
The high and saintly fervor,
The meek and childlike faith,
The trusting glance, which sayeth
More than mortal accent saith:
They haunt me when the night-winds sw
And daylight can not break their spell.

I see the blue eye shining
Through the lashes as they fall,
An inward glory speaking
To the inward life of all—
A ray that was illumined
At the far celestial light,
And burns through mist and shadow,
A beacon ever bright,
Serene, seraphic, and sublime,
And changeless with the flight of time.

A faint, transparent rose-light
Is trembling on the cheek,
And lingering on the pale lip—
A glow that seems to speak:
It wavers like the taper
Dim lit at forest shrine,
When night-winds whisper to it:
It breathes of the Divine,
With its ethereal mystery,
Too fragile of the earth to be.

Her grace is as a shadow—
As undefinable;
Wedded to every motion thus,
And rarely beautiful.
Untaught, and all unconscious,
It hath a voice to me
Which eloquently speaketh
Of inward harmony:
Of Soul and Sense together swayed—
To the First Soul an offering made.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It seemed an inward thing—
A spiritual vision—
A chaste imagining:
Not all in form or feature
The fairy phantom dwelt,
But, like the air of heaven,
Was yet less seen than felt—
A presence the true heart to move
To praise, and prayer, and holy love.

THE SEA AND THE SOVEREIGN.

It is said that after the death of Prince William, eldest son of Henry I., king of England, who was wrecked off the coast of Normandy, the monarch was never seen to smile more.

Open, ye ruthless waves!
Open the mouths of your uncounted graves,
To swallow up a king!
It is no common thing:
A kingdom in one man incarnated
Goes down to hold his court among your dead!

Jewels lie fathoms down
To glisten, set in crystal, on his crown;
A coral carcanet
An insect realm may set
(A bauble that a king were proud to wear)
Upon his marble throat, all stiff and bare.

Build him an amber throne,
And deck it well with many a burning stone;
And let his footstool be
The lapis lazuli;
And hang his hall with stalactites, whose sheen
May make a daylight in the submarine.

An argosy of pearls
May glisten in his waving yellow curls:
I ween no wealthier prince
Hath swayed a kingdom, since
The silver was as dust in Judah's street,
Trodden by Solomon's imperial feet.

Out bursts the ancient Sea
With bitter merriment in mockery:
"Take thou," she saith, "the gem
To deck thy diadem—
The hidden riches of my caves be thine;
I have thy treasure—pay thyself in mine!

"The pomp is bootless now,
A gemmed tiara for that fleshless brow!
There is no need of thrones
For those enamelled bones;
Of daylight for those hollow, sightless eyes!
I rob not: take thou booty for my prize."

There is a broken groan,
A wail of sorrow from a kingly throne;
There is a human heart
Of which he was a part
Whom thou hast swallowed, thou devouring Sea!
A father's heart and cry of agony!

For him thy gifts are brought—
For him thine ores with cunning skill are wrought.
He only cries aloud:
"I crave but for a shroud!
Oh Ocean, pitiless, relentless one!
Thy riches keep: give back, give back my son!

"Could I but see my child
In death, my bitter anguish were more mild;
His buried form unseen
Stands day and me between—
My vision blinds, my soul, my reason warps;
Ocean! I would but once behold his corpse!"

Day laughs out on the sky
With the glad brightness of her waking eye;
In the all-blessèd Spring
Earth is a happy thing;
Yea, on her face the false and murderous Sea
Wears smiles of peace: but never smileth HE!

The altar shows the bride
Full of meek gladness by her lover's side;
And childhood's sweet caress
Betokens happiness;
Nay, weary age in infant purity
Finds cause for smiles: but never smileth he!

Folly forgets her chime,
Awed by that sorrow reverend and sublime;
Forgets Joy to be glad;
Forgets Grief to be sad;
Smiles tell him, "Gone!" and at his coming flee.
What lip dare smile—for never smileth he!

The dead man all the while
Lies with the horrid semblance of a smile
Parting his hollow skull;
And glad and beautiful
His angel in a new felicity
Smiles from the skies: but never smileth he!

WORSHIP.

Love! for the true heart's sacred love is its Creator's will!
His glorious law of sympathy it labors to fulfil:
So work out in its smaller sphere, with faithful diligence,
The mighty, universal schemes of his omnipotence.
Love! if ye can not learn to love your brother whom ye see,
How shall ye grow in faith toward the unseen Deity?
A true heart's love is worship. Indirectly it is praise,
And prayer: for piety is not to cultivate one phase
Of this anomalous being, with its wide capacity—
Its vast illimitable range of power and fantasy:
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth, of this which we call man,
God hath made this to worship him, as nothing narrow can:
Universality of gifts upon one creature shed,
And to the Benefactor's praise shall all save one be dead?
Mind, soul, heart, strength, all else of good, of rich and beautiful,
Lavished upon the human frame, yet every sense be dull
Save one! one only live to him of all this glorious tower?—
Forbid it, Honor, Truth! No! work is piety of power;
Genius is piety of mind; Love piety of heart;
Religion piety of soul. It will not serve to part
These elements of worship, and then blasphemously give
The mutilated corpse to Him through whom the whole must live.

LUCY LARCOM.

Miss Larcom is a native of Massachusetts, and was for several years employed in one of the factories at Lowell. She has been a frequent contributor to the Lowell Offering, for the early volumes of which she wrote a series of parables that attracted much attention. She is now a teacher in Illinois, but continues to write for this interesting periodical, which illustrates so beautifully the character, taste, and abilities, of the New England operatives. Mr. Whittier, in referring to some of her poems, observes: "That they were written by a young woman whose life has been no long holyday of leisure, but one of toil and privation, does not indeed enhance their intrinsic merit, but it lends them an interest in the eyes of those who, like ourselves, long to see the cords of caste broken, and the poor niceties of aristocratic exclusiveness, irrational and unchristian everywhere, but in addition ridiculous in a country like ours, vanish before the true nobility of mind — the natural graces of a good heart and a useful life — the self-sustained dignity of a spirit superior to the folly of accounting labor degradation, and usefulness a calamity, and which can not count as common and unclean the duties which God has sanctified."

ELISHA AND THE ANGELS.

The cheerful sunbeams hastened up the east,
Chasing the gray mists to the mountain-tops,
And morning burst upon Gilboa's hills.
The playful kids were leaping o'er the crags;
The little happy birds, that all night long
In the dry clefts had found a nestling-place,
Were flying sunward, singing hymns of praise;
And from the green, awakening vales arose
The sound of bleating herds and lowing kine.
Elisha's servant, issuing early forth
To the day's needful toil, with vigorous step
Trod a worn path that wound among the rocks.
He paused to gaze upon the enlivening scene,
And hear the harmony of Nature's joy,
And bless the God of morning.

Suddenly
A flash of light unusual struck his eye:
Half doubting, he beheld a line of spears
And burnished shields, that from a neighboring hill
In mocking splendor threw the sunlight back;
And saw, stretched far around, a circle wide
Of rich war-chariots, while horsemen armed
Crowded each mountain-pass and deep defile.
Too well he knew the terrible array—
The Assyrian host, his master's foes and his!
Fear, like an inward demon, blanched his cheek,
Stared from his eye, and shook his nerveless limbs.
Poor, feeble man! why, e'en the little birds,
That sung so blithely o'er the frightful chasms,
Had taught him stronger confidence than this.
Yet, weak as he, how often we forget
That in our great All-seeing Father's sight
We are worth more than sparrows!

Back he turned
Unto the prophet's dwelling, nor did rest
Till, faint with terror, at his feet he fell.
The man of God upon his threshold stood,
His forehead bared unto the streaming light,
And inspiration beaming from his eye.
Doth he not tremble? Nay; the cedar-tree,
That stands in unmoved grandeur at his side,
Is not more firm than he. Calmly he scans
The panoply of war before him spread,
As 't were a flock reposing in the shade.
He hears his prostrate servant's stifled cry—
"Alas, my master! how shall we escape?"
How foolish must such fright have seemed to him
Whose eyes the Lord had opened! Should he deign
To speak a soothing word, and lull his fears?
If man might e'er be proud, 't was surely he,
Who had been singled out from common men
To be an oracle unto his kind.
His was the dignity sublime of one
Who feels divinity within him burn, [God:
And thinks the thoughts and speaks the words of
But haughtiness belongs to narrow souls,
And wisdom is too godlike to be proud.
Elisha owned himself of kindred dust
With that frail trembler. Mildly he replied:
"Fear thou no more; for lo! a mightier force
Than all yon heathen host, is on our side."—
"But where?" the servant's doubtful glance inquires.
The prophet answered not, but clasped his hands,
Looked up to heaven, and prayed in tones subdued,
"Lord, open thou his eyes, that he may see!"
How changed the scene! these rocks, that lately lay
Opaque and dull beneath the azure sky,
Are robed in glory that outshines the sun.
Embattled legions gird the prophet round
With blazoned banners and heaven-tempered spears,
Horses and chariots, in whose fiery sheen

mp of Syria's army but appears
dim candle in the noonday blaze:
)unt is full of angels!
Blest were we,
every earthly prospect is shut in,
our mortal helpers disappear,
Faith's eye undimmed and opened wide,
ght behold the blessed angel-troop
God, our God, has promised shall encamp
hose who fear his name. Our sickly doubts,
t like foul night-ravens o'er our souls,
hush their screams and fly before the dawn;
should learn to fear no evil thing,
Adversity's grim gaze could smile.
times, when wandering in a labyrinth
e we can find no clue, and all is dark,
nder why our spirits do not die.
s in secret bowed, some holy soul
or us the prophet's kind request;
, though dimly, are allowed to see
nts of angels' feet along the road;
r hearts, beating lightly, follow on
e steps that sound before, albeit
in whose they are, though we are sure
fe outlet from the tangled way.
er of Spirits! Savior of our souls!
venly guides go with us down life's way;
en we come unto that river's brink
hose other bank in light and love
ll be as the angels—then we know
ilt be near us, though this earthborn clay,
ng in mortal terror from the plunge
shall release its tenant unto bliss,
th foreboding clouds obscure our faith
e thy presence. Oh! hear now one prayer
then our hearts may be too faint to breathe:
open thou our eyes, that we may see!"

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

NIGHT throws her dusky mantle
er the boundless, grassy sea;
e and there, like ships at anchor,
the moonlight stands a tree;
ile the stars that nightly travel
'er the highway of the skies,
d upon earth's weary pilgrims
till and clear their earnest eyes.

v the constellations brighten:
ike a stern and warlike lord,
ht Orion leads the pageant—
e of gleaming belt and sword.
is wake glide forth the Pleiads;
y the pole-star leaps the Bear;
n the star-paved road in silence
ides the Lady in her Chair!

But behold! an earthly glimmer
Rises 'neath the starry beam;
Far along the prairie's border
How the ruddy fringes stream!
See the red flames darting forward,
Sparkling through the withered grass,
While the lurid smoke uprolling
Stains the azure as they pass.

Who the distant blaze enkindled?
Can it be some savage clan
Flinging out the wingéd wildfire
To affright the pale-faced man?
Nay: for Mississippi's water
Speeds no sachem's light canoe,
And beside the dark Missouri
Are the Indians' wigwams few.

'Tis the farmer's mighty besom:
Thus he sweeps the fertile plain—
Lays it bare unto the baptism
Of the softening vernal rains
Where the billowy flame is rolling,
Shall a warmer sun behold
Verdant pastures richly laden,
Harvests tinged with wavy gold.

Brighter visions burst upon me;
For the dear enchantress, Hope,
Bids me look into the future
Through her magic telescope.
Lo! a glorious blaze ascending—
Purer, loftier doth it grow,
Every ridge and swell revealing,
Softened in the mellow glow.

'Tis the central fire of Freedom,
Lighted on the nation's heart:
Cynosure of happy millions,
Fadeless peace its rays impart;
Truth and Love, their white wings waving,
Sit and fan it all day long,
And to meet its warmth and brightness
Ever pours a grateful throng.

Let it blaze! The Pilgrim's watch-fire,
Kindled first on Plymouth rock,
Must not die upon the prairies,
Nor with fitful flickerings mock.
Every lowly cabin window
Shall reflect its steady light,
And beyond the red horizon
It shall make the country bright.

Then the gazers of the nations,
And the watchers of the skies,
Looking through the coming ages
Shall behold, with joyful eyes,
In the fiery track of Freedom
Fall the mild baptismal rain,
And the ashes of old Evil
Feed the Future's golden grain.

"EDITH MAY."

"Edith May" is a name bestowed, I believe, by Mr. N. P. Willis, upon one of the most brilliant of our younger poets. She is a native and until recently was a resident of Philadelphia; but for three or four years her home has been in "the most secluded part of Pennsylvania, on the borders of a small lake, in one of that state's most romantic neighborhoods." The character of her genius will be seen in her Count Julio, which was written when she was but seventeen years of age; and the critical reader will feel as much hope as pleasure as he sees in its splendid blossoming promise of future fruits with which few of the productions of female genius can be compared.

Her dramatic power, observation of life, imagination, fancy, and the easy and natural flow of her verse, which is nowhere marred by any blemish of imperfect taste, entitle this very youthful poet to a place in the common estimation inferior to none occupied by writers of her years. And there are scattered through her poems gleams of an intelligence which they do not fully disclose, and felicities of expression betraying a latent power greater than is exerted, so that we are not authorized to receive what she has accomplished, brilliant as it is, as a demonstration of the entire character and force of her faculties.

COUNT JULIO.

Mid piles beneath whose fretted cornices
Echo still babbles of a glorious past,
Dwelt Julio, the miser. Nobly born,
Reared amid palaces, and trained from youth
To the gay vices of a liberal age,
How came it now, that year on year sped on
To leave the proud count in his silent halls,
Hoarding the gold once lavished? Young and fair,
The haughtiest noble of the Roman court,
The stateliest of the highborn throng that graced
Its princely revels, he had left the feast,
Bidding the bright wine that he quaffed in parting,
Be to him thence accurs d. Nevermore
Checked he his courser by the Tiber's bank,
Nor struck the sweet chords of his lute, nor trod
Glad measures with the bright-lipped Roman dames;
And from the lintels of his banquet-hall
The spider balanced on its gossamer thread,
Dust heaped the silken couches, and where swept
Golden-fringed curtains to the chequered floor,
The rat gnawed silently, and gray moths fed
On the rich produce of the Asian loom.
Men shunned his threshold, and his palace doors
Creaked on their rusty hinges. Prince and peasant
Alike turned coldly at his coming step;
The very beggar, that at noontide lay
Basking 'neath sunlight in the quiet street,
Stretched not his hand forth as the miser passed.
He cared not for their scorn. Man's breath to him
Was like the wind that sweeps the scathed oak
And finds no leaf to flutter! Fate had left
Only two things on earth for him to love—
The gold he heaped, and the fair, motherless child,
Who by his side grew up to womanhood:
And these he worshipped, loathing all things else.
His couch was ruder than a cloistered monk's—
Bianca's head was pillowed upon down;
His fare was scanty and his raiment coarse,
But she was clad like princes, and her board
Heaped with the costliest viands. From the world
He shrank abhorrent, but Bianca shone
Proudest and fairest in a brilliant court.
Her youth had been most lonely. By his side
To watch the piling of the golden heaps
He told so greedily; to play alone
In gardens where no hand had put aside
The flowers and weeds, that in one tangled woof
Hung o'er the fountain's dusty bed, and crept
Round the tall porticoes; perchance to sit
Hour after hour all silent at his feet,
Twining her small arms and her baby throat
With the rare treasures that his caskets held—
Rubies, and pearls, and flashing carcanets,
Her costly playthings—all companionless,
These were her childish pastimes. Years wore on,
Till the close dawn of perfect womanhood
Flushed in her cheek and brightened in her eye—
And the girl learned to know how fair the face
Those dingy walls had cloistered from the sun;
To bear her head more proudly, and to step,
If not so lightly, with a gracelier tread.
Love-songs were framed for her; her midnight rest
Was broken by the sound of silver lutes,
And the young gallants caracoled their steeds
Gayly at eve beneath her balcony.
She went forth to the world, and careless lips
Told her the shame that was her heritage,
And scornful fingers pointed as she passed
To the rare jewels and the broidered robes

ecked the miser's daughter; envious tongues
anew the half-forgotten tale,
became the marvel of all Rome:
till the diadem of gems and gold
l on her white brow like a circling flame,
ıe went writhing home, to weep—to loathe
ırdid parent who had brought this blight
the joyous promise of her youth!
as the still noon of a summer night,
the young countess from her father's roof
-with a noble of the Roman court.
:ame, and through the empty corridors,
ılconies, the gardens, the wide halls,
i they sought her. Noon passed by, and then
uth was guessed, not spoken! Silently
Julio trod the marble staircases,
ausing by the door that once was hers,
a brief moment, and then, pressing on,
d through the quiet chamber. All was still,
g no traces of her recent flight.
ay a slipper, here a silken robe,
ere a lute thrown down, with a white glove
carelessly beside it. Still the air
ed of the delicate perfumes she had loved.
glanced but once around the empty room,
from the mirrored and silk-draperied walls
is eye downward o'er his shrunken form,
:agre garments. Few the words he spake,
ıuttered low: but in them came a curse,
sphemous, so hideous in its depth
potent rage, that they who at his side
ood in lingering pity, with blanched lips
d to the threshold, and crept shuddering forth.
breathed his sorrow to no human ear,
ft it channelled in his heart, to breed
ıtion there. None knew how wearily
ours passed on beneath those lonely walls;
saw him, when by midnight still a watcher
ooded o'er his anguish, pale and faint,
ıg and trembling, as inconstantly
ight winds swayed the curtains to and fro,
ing the rustle of her silken robe,
otfall on the staircase! Time sped on
ike the dulled bloom from his cheek, and sere
ıul that once had queened it on his brow.
t and wan old man, upon whose breast
the neglected masses of his beard—
tremulous hands, habitually clinched
e sharp nails wore furrows in the palms—
stole he forth at even, and with eyes
ı the golden future of his dreams, [ing.
l through the busy crowds unmarked, unheed-
:e had he looked upon Bianca's face—
had she knelt before him, with her child
ıg upon her breast, and prayed for succor.
swept victim of a drunken brawl,
ırd had fallen, and the palace walls
ıwned her mistress were deserted now.
ad braved fear and hunger, till her babe
d dying on her bosom, and so urged—
shame, forgotten in a mother's love—
: to his knees for pardon. But in vain:
rsed her as she knelt—bade her go forth,
nid the loathsome suppliants that unveil
se and suffering to the eye of wealth,
Bare, too, her anguish to the glance of Pity;
Then, as she lingered, spurned her from his feet
With words that chilled her agony to dread,
And drove her thence in horror!

From that day
His very blood seemed charged with bitterness.
Miser and usurer both, upon the wrecks
Of others' happiness he built his own;
His name became accursed in the land,
And with his withering soul his body grew
Scarce human in its ghastly hideousness.
The bulb enshrouds the lily; and within
The most unsightly form may folded lie
The white wings of an angel. But in him
Seemed all the sweet humanities of life
Coldly encharnelled; and no hand divine
Rolled from his breast the weary weight of sin,
To bid them go forth unto suffering man
Like gracious ministers.

And she, alas!
Whom he had madly driven forth to ruin—
Earth hath no words to tell how dark the change
That clothed her fallen spirit. O'er the waste
Of want and horror that engulfed her fortunes,
She had sent forth the white dove, Purity,
And it returned no more. The Roman dames
Took not her name upon their scornful lips.
Her form became a model for the artist;
And her rare face went down to future ages,
Limned on his canvass. Ye may mark it yet,
In the long galleries of the Vatican,
Varied but still the same: now robed in pride,
As monarchs in their garbs of Syrian purple;
Now with a Magdalen's blue mantle drawn
Over the bending forehead. As the marble
Sleeps in unsullied whiteness on the tomb,
Taking no taint from the foul thing it covers,
Her beauty bore no blight from guilt, but lived
A monument that made her name immortal.
Night had uprisen, clothed with storms and gloom;
No taper lit the solitary hall,
And to and fro, with feeble steps, its lord [then,
Paced through the darkness. Midnight came, and
Pausing beside the groaning door, that weighed
Its rusty hinge, Count Julio, crouching, peered
Into the gloom without; for stealthy feet,
Whose echo struck upon his wary ear,
Had passed the lower halls, and slowly now
Trod the great staircase.

'T was no robber's step:
Faint, slow, and halting, ever and anon,
As though in weariness. His sharpened sense
Caught, mid the fitful pauses of the wind,
The headlong dashing of the driven rain,
A sound of painful breathing—nay, of sobs—
Bursting, and then as suddenly suppressed.
Shuddering he stood; and as the storm's red bolt
Leaped through the windows, lighting as it passed,
A dusky shape, that cowered at the flash,
He shrank within the chamber, and once more
Listened in silence.

Nearer came the sound:
A tall form crossed the threshold, and threw back
What seemed a heavy mantle. Then again
Glanced the pale lightning, and Count Julio knew,

By the long hair that swept her garments' hem,
Bianca!—
They who through that night of fear
Kept watch with storm and terror till the dawn,
Bore its dark memories even to the tomb:
For shrieks and cries seemed mingled with the wind;
And voices, as of warring fiends, prevailed
O'er its low mutterings. Morn awoke at last;
And with its earliest gleam Count Julio crept
Out through his palace gardens. Swollen drops
Hung from the curved roofs of the porticoes;
His footsteps dashed them from the earth-bowed
And from the tangles of the matted grass; [leaves,
But over-head the day broke gloriously.
Where once a fountain to the sunlight leaped,
A marble naiad, by its weedy bed,
Stood on her pedestal. With hand outstretched
She grasped a hollowed shell, now brimming o'er;
While a green vine that round her arm had crept,
Rose, serpent-like, and in the chalice dipped
Its curling tendrils. Thither turned his eye
Just as the red uprising of the morn
Flushed the pale statue, and crept brightening down,
Even to its very base. Mantled and prone,
A heap that scarcely seemed a human form,
Crouched in the shadow, and with tottering feet
The old man hurried onward. Motionless,
It stirred not at his footsteps: nearer still— [hands
He marked a white face, upward turned, clinched
Locked in the hair that swept its ghastly brow!
Shading his weak eyes from the blinding sun,
Cowering in trembling horror to the earth,
Still on he crept; then bending softly down,
Spake in a smothered voice—"Hist, hist, Bianca!"
Oh, mockery! Her ear that he had filled
With curses, woke not to the tones of love; [not
The breast that he had spurned from him, heaved
At his wild anguish. Death had done its work:
The tempest had been merciless as the parent
That drove her forth to meet it; and the flash
Of its red eye more withering than his scorn!
Shunned, both in penitence and guilt; forsaken
By those who only prized her for the beauty
Time and perchance remorse had touch'd with blight;
Drenched with the rain; all breathless with the storm;
Homeless and hopeless—she had crept to him
Once more a suppliant: spurned rudely forth,
Here had lain down despairing, and so perished.

STORM AT TWILIGHT.

The roar of a chafed lion, in his lair
Begirt by levelled spears. A sudden flash,
Intense, yet wavering, like a beast's fierce eye
Searching the darkness. The wild bay of winds
Sweeps the burnt plains of heaven, and from afar
Linked clouds are riding up like eager horsemen,
Javelin in hand. From the north wings of twilight
There falls unwonted shadow, and strange gloom
Cloisters the unwilling stars. The sky is roofed
With tempest, and the moon's scant rays fall through
Like light let dimly through the fissured rock
Vaulting a cavern. To the horizon
The green sea of the forest hath rolled back
Its levelled billows, and where mastlike trees
Sway to its bosom, here and there a vine, [
Braced to some pine's bare shaft, clings—ro
Like a bold mariner. There is no bough
But lifteth its appealing arm to Heaven.
The scudding grass is shivering as it flies,
And herbs and flowers crouch to their mother e
Like frightened children. 'T is more terrible
When the hoar thunder speaks, and the fleet
Stops, like a steed that knows his rider's voic
For oh! the rush that follows is the calm
Of a despairing heart; and as a maniac
Loses his grief in raving, the mad storm,
Weeping hot tears, awakens with a sob
From its blank desolation, and shrieks on!

JULIETTE.

Where the rough crags lift, and the sea mews
Yet stands Earl Hubert's castle tall:
Close at the base of its western wall
The chafed waves stand at bay;
And the May-rose twined in its banquet hall
Dips to the circling spray.
For the May-rose springs, and the ivy clings,
And the wallflower flaunts in the ruined bo
And the sea-bird foldeth her weary wings
Up in the stone-gray tower.
Scaling an arch of the postern rude,
A wild vine dips to the ocean's flow;
Deep in the niches the blind owls brood,
And the fringing moss hangs low
Where stout Earl Hubert's banner stood
Five hundred years ago!
Out from the castle's western wall
Jutteth a tower round and tall,
And leading up to the parapet
By a winding turret-stair:
Over the sea there looketh yet
A chamber small and square,
Where the faint daylight comes in alone
Through a narrow slit in the solid stone;
And here, old records say,
Earl Hubert bore his wayward child
From courts and gallants gay—
That, guarded by the billows wild,
And cloistered from her lover's arms,
Here might she mourn her wasted charms,
Here weep her youth away.
"One—two!" said the sentinel,
Pacing his rounds by the eastern tower.
Up in the turret a solemn knell
Tolled for the parting hour;
Over the ocean its echo fell—
"One! two!"—like a silver bell
Chiming afar in the sea-nymph's bower.
Shrill and loud was the sea-bird's cry,
The watch-dog bayed as the moon rose high
The great waves swelled below;
And the measured plash of a dipping oar
Broke softly through their constant roar,
And paused beneath the shade
Flung westward by that turret hoar
Where slept the prisoned maid.
The sentinel paced to and fro

Under the castle parapet,
But, in her chamber, Juliette
Heard not the tramp of his clanging foot,
Nor the watchdog baying near—
Only the sound of a low toned lute
Stole to her dreaming ear.

The moon rode up as the night wore on,
Looking down with a blinding glare
Into that chamber still and lone,
Touching the rough-hewn cross of stone
And the prayer-beads glittering there—
The loosened waves of the sleeper's hair,
And the curve of her shoulder, white and bare!

She dreamed! she dreamed! that dreary keep
Melted away in the calm moonbeams;
The deep bell's call and the wave's hoarse sweep
Changed for the lull of a forest deep,
And the pleasant voice of streams.
She seemed to sit by a mossy stone,
To watch the blood-red sun go down
And hang on the verge of the horizon
Like a ruby set in a golden ring;
To hear the wild birds sing
Up in the larch-boughs, loud and sweet,
Over a surf where the soft waves beat
With a sound like a naiad's dancing feet.
For here and there on its winding way
Down by dingle and shady nook,
Under the white thorn's dropping spray
Glittered the thread of a slender brook;
And scarce a roebuck's leap beyond,
Close at the brink of its grassy bound,
She heard her lover's chiding hound,
His bugle's merry play.
Oh! it was sweet again to be
Under the free blue skies!
She turned on her pillow restlessly,
And the tears to her sleeping eyes
Came welling up as the full drops start
With Spring's first smile from a fountain's heart.

Up rose the maid in her dreamy rest,
And flung a robe o'er her shoulders bare,
And gathered the threads of her floating hair,
Ere with a foot on the turret stair
She paused, then onward pressed,
As the tones of a soft lute broke again
Through the deeper chords of the voiceful main.
Steep and rude was the perilous way;
Through loopholes square and small
The night looked into the turret gray,
And over the massive wall
In blocks of light the moonbeams lay;
But the changeful ghosts of the showering spray
And the mirrored play of the waters dim
Rippled and glanced on the ceiling grim.

The moon looked into her sleeping eyes,
The night wind stirred her hair,
And wandering blindly, Juliette,
Close on the verge of the parapet,
Stood without in the open air.
Under the blue arch of the skies,
Save for the pacing sentinel,
Save for the ocean's constant swell,
There seemed astir no earthly thing.

Below, the great waves rose and fell,
Scaling ever their craggy bound,
But scarce a zephyr's dipping wing
Broke the silver crust of the sea beyond:
And in her lifelike dream
The maiden now had wandered on
To the brink of the slender stream;
Then pausing, stayed her eager foot,
For with the brook's sweet monotone
Mingled the soft voice of a lute;
And, where the levelled moonbeams played
Over the lap of a turfy glade,
A hound lay sleeping in the shade.

Rocked by the light waves to and fro,
Scarcely an arrow's flight from shore,
Her lover in his bark below
Paused, resting on the oar,
Watching the foam-wreaths bead and fall
Like shattered stars from the castle wall.
And higher yet he raised his eyes—
Jesu! he started with affright!
For painted on the dusky skies
Seemed hovering in the tremulous light
A figure small and angel white!
Against the last lay far and dim,
Touched by the moon's uncertain ray,
The airy form of the turret grim.
Doubtful he gazed a moment's space,
Then rowed toward the castle's base,
But checked his oar midway,
And gazing up at the parapet,
Shouted the one word, "Juliette!"

Lute, baying hound, and restless deep,
Each gave the clue bewildered Thought
Had followed through the maze of sleep,
And by her lulled ear faintly caught
Her lover's voice its echo wrought.
She heard him call, she saw him stand,
With smiling lip and beckoning hand;
And closer pressed, and dreaming yet,
From the green border of the stream—
From the o'erhanging parapet
Sprang forward with a scream!
Then once again the deep bell tolled
Up in the turret gray and old,
And, mingled with its lingering knell,
The echoed cry, half won, half lost,
Startled the weary sentinel,
Now slumbering at his post:
Yet, wakened from his dreamful rest,
He deemed the sound some wandering ghost
Haunting the caves of Sleep,
For like a bird upon its nest
The hushed air brooded o'er the deep;
And to his drowsy ear there crept
Only the voice of the choral waves—
Only the drip of the spray that wept,
And the ripples that sang through the weedy caves
Nor marked he, ere again he slept,
The muffled stroke of a hasty oar,
A steed's quick tramp along the shore.
When morning came, a shallop's keel
Grated the edge of the pebbly strand—
A maid's small foot and a knight's armed heel
Lay traced upon the sand!

SUMMER.

The early Spring hath gone: I see her stand
Afar off, on the hills—white clouds, like doves,
Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,
And at her feet a lion and a lamb
Couched side by side. Irresolute Spring hath gone,
And Summer comes, like Psyche, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.
She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long;
But she hath come, oh, joy! for I have heard
Her many chorded harp the livelong day
Sounding from plains and meadows, where of late
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poised leaves
Are platformed for the Zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things. The Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loved song
At morn outsoars his pinion, and when waves
Put on Night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping; she hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love; she hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed; and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside, like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews;
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.
Priestess! queen!
Amid the ruined temples of the wood
She hath rebuilt her altars, and called back
The scattered choristers, and over aisles
Where the slant sunshine, like a curious stranger,
Glided through arches and bare chairs, hath spread
A roof magnificent. She hath awaked
Her oracle, that, dumb and paralyzed,
Slept with the torpid serpents of the lightning,
Bidding his dread voice—Nature's mightiest—
Speak mystically of all hidden things
To the attentive spirit.
There is laid
No knife upon her sacrificial altar,
And from her lips there comes no pealing triumph.
But to those crystal halls, where Silence sits
Enchanted, hath arisen a mingled strain
Of music, delicate as the breath of buds;
And on her shrine the virgin Hours lay
Odors and exquisite dyes, like gifts that kings
Send from the spicy gardens of the East.

A FOREST SCENE.

I know a forest vast and old—
A shade so deep, so darkly green,
That Morning sends her shaft of gold
In vain to pierce its leafy screen:
I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's repos
For noon, with all the calm of dawn,
Lies hushed beneath those dewy boughs

Oh! proudly then the forest kings
Their banners lift o'er vale and mount;
And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
There, o'er the fair, leaf-laden rill
The laurel sheds her clustered bloom,
And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

No huntsman's call, no baying hound,
Scares from his rest the light-limbed stag
But following faint his airy bound,
Glad Echo leaps from crag to crag.
From morn till eve the wood-birds sing,
And, by the wild wave's glittering play,
The pheasant plumes her glossy wing,
The doe lies couched at close of day.

From slippery ledge, from moss-grown rock
Dash the swift waters at a bound;
And from the foam that veils the shock,
Floats every wavelet sparkle-crowned;
Through brake, and dell, and lawny glade,
O'er gnarléd root and mossy stone,
Beneath the forest's emerald shade
The stream winds murmuring, sparkling c

Far floating o'er its limpid breast
The lily sends her petals fair—
And, couched beneath her regal crest,
The balm-flower scents the drowsy air;
From spray and vine, o'er rocky ledge,
Hang blossoms wild of crimson dye;
And on the curved and sanded edge
The pink-lined shells, wave-polished, lie.

There wakes no tone of idle mirth
Amid those shadows vast and dim,
But from the gentle lips of Earth
How soft and low her forest hymn!
How soft and low, where stirs the wind
Through the dark arches of the wood,
Where, gray with moss, the boughs entwine
Hang whispering o'er the chiming flood!

When twilight skies look faintly down,
When noon lies hushed on leaf and spra
When midnight casts her silver crown
Before the throne of godlike day—
There, still, to earth's perpetual choir,
The same sweet harmony is given:
For angels wake her sacred lyre,
And every chord is strung by Heaven.

A POET'S LOVE.

The stag leaps free in the forest's heart,
But thy step is lighter, my love, my bride!
Light as the quick-footed breezes that part
The plumy ferns on the mountain-side.
Swift as the zephyrs that come and pass
O er the waveless lake and the billowy grass;
I hear thy voice where the white spray gleams,
In the one-toned bells of the rippled streams,
In the shivering boughs of the aspen tree,
In the wind that stirreth the silvery pine,
In the shell that moans of the distant sea—
Never was voice so sweet as thine!
Never a sound through the even dim
Came half so soft as thy vesper hymn.

I have followed fast from the lark's low nest
Thy breezy step to the mountain crest;
The livelong day I have wandered on,
Till the stars were up, the twilight gone;
Ever unwearied where thou hast roved,
Fairest, and purest, and best beloved!
I have felt thy kiss in the leafy aisle,
And thy breath astir in my waving hair,
I have met the light of thy haunting smile
In the deep, still woods, and the sunny air,
For thou lookest down from the bending skies,
And the earth is glad with thy laughing eyes.

When my heart is sad and my pulse beats low,
Whose touch so light on my burning brow?
Who cometh in dreams to my midnight sleep?
Who bendeth over my noonday rest?
Who singeth me songs in the forest deep,
Laying my head to her gentle breast?
When life grows dim to my weary eye,
When joy departeth and sorrow is nigh,
Who, 'neath the track of the stars, save thee,
Speaketh or singeth of hope to me?

There comes a time when the morn shall rise,
Yet charm no smile to thy filmed eyes;
There comes a time when thou liest low,
With the roses dead on thy frozen brow,
With a pall hung over thy trancèd rest,
And the pulse asleep in thy silent breast.
There shall come a dirge through the valleys drear,
And a white-robed priest to thine icy bier:
His lip is cold, but his dim eyes weep, [deep.
And he maketh thy grave where the snow falls

Wo is me when I watch and pray
For the lightest tread of thy coming foot,
For the softest note of thy summer lay,
For the faintest chord of thy vine-strung lute!
Wo is me when the storms sweep by,
And the mocking winds are my sole reply!

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

Frighten the bird from the tasselled pine,
Where he sings like a hope in a gloomy breast;
Tread down the blossoms that cling to the vine,
Winnow the blooms from the mountain's crest;
Let the balm-flower sleep where the small brooks twine,
And the golden-rod treasure the yellow sunshine.
Muffle the bells of the faint-lipped waves;
Let the red leaves fall; let the brown fawn leap
Through the golden fern; in the weedy caves
Let the snake coil up for his winter sleep.
Let the ringed snake coil where the earth is drear,
Like a grief that grows cold as the heart grows sere.

Pluck down the rainbow; make steadfast the throne
Of the star that was faint in the summer night;
Let the white daughters of wave and sun
Weep as they cloister the pale, pale light; [rills,
Let the mist-wreaths brood o'er the valley-bound
And the sky trail its mantle far over the hills.

Plunder the wrecks of the forest, and blind
The waters that picture its ruinous dome.
Wildly, oh wildly, most sorrowful wind!
Chant, like a prophet of terror to come—
Like a Niobe stricken with infinite dread,
Leave the spirit of Beauty alone with her dead.

Throne the white Naiad that filleth her urn
At the fount of the sun; on the curtain of night
Paint wild Auroras like visions that burn,
Rosy Auroras, like dreams of delight.
Mantle the earth, fold the robe on her breast,
While the sky, like a seraph, hangs over her rest.

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

Down from a mountain's craggy brow,
His homeward way the hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below,
At the side of a leaping brook.
Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broidered moccasin;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And an empty horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward: soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood
Slanting over the wooded vale;
And the weary hunter stood,
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far, through the forest wide,
Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep cry;
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely woke, as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side—
Over the valleys the echo died;
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood,
With her trembling fawn, by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled, as the bay of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell loudly on her ear;
And pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by;
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry:
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched by the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound;
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
Came on the exulting hound—
Yet, baffled, stopped to bay and glare,
Far from the torrent's bound:
For the weeping fawn, still crouching there,
Shrank not, nor fled, but closer pressed,
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

FRANCES A. AND METTA V. FULLER.

Miss Frances A. Fuller, and her sister, Miss Metta Victoria Fuller, have recently published many poems and prose compositions, which have been commended by the critical editors of the Home Journal, as evincing "unquestionable signs of true genius." The latter has generally written under signature of "Singing Sybil." The Mi Fuller are both very young, the oldest hav been born about the year 1826. They re in the pleasant village of Monroeville, in northern part of Ohio.

FRANCES A. FULLER.

A REVERY.

Not from Fancy's land of wonders
Come the dreams that haunt my brain;
But from out the Past's dim chambers
Glide along the shadowy train.
On each pale and solemn visage
Is some old remembrance pressed,
Some dear memory that hath lingered
Ever fadeless in my breast.

And as troop on troop of visions
Through Thought's silent halls defile,
Like the ancient ghosts that wander
Through some lone cathedral aisle,
New-born fancies mix and mingle
With the old familiar throng,
And the Past and Present meeting,
Swell the river-tide of song.

Dreams of Present have no power
And no grandeur like the Past:
Glory borrows its enchantment
From the distance it is cast.
But the Present is the wizard
That can break Oblivion's seal,
And the "dead Past's dead," unburied,
By a magic word reveal.

Life has many hidden currents,
Like the cave-streams of the earth,
Flowing deep and strong in secret,
Ne'er betraying bourne or birth.
And the flood in darkness wandering,
With no flower upon its way,
Has its course with richer treasures
Than have met the glare of day.

Light that sometimes shines upon it,
Finds it deep, and pure, and cold;
And the starry gleam reflected
Leaves no bosom secret told.
In its deepest bed are hidden
Treasures gathered from all life;
Pearls of thought and gold of feeling,
Moveless in the current's strife.

In life's lively panorama,
Looking for what is to be,
We forget to note the Present,
Ere its changing phantoms flee;
But as clouds by tempests driven
Scatter rain-drops as they fly,
Many golden sands have fallen
Where they must for ever lie.

Of the dreams that throng around me
"In the Spirit's pictured hall,"
Know I none whose shadowy presence
I would choose not to recall.
Come they to me by the midnight,
Come they to me by the day,
Memory's thousand silver pennons
Float above their host alway.

In my heart the plaintive treble
Of the broken notes of song
Make no discord in the music,
As it flows in waves along:
For the spirit of my dreaming
Sings me all the missing notes;
And the strain, to you so broken,
Perfect to my hearing floats.

THE OLD MAN'S FAVORITE

Do you ask where she has fled—
  Fanny, with the laughing eyes?
Should I tell you "She is dead,"
  You would mimic tears and sighs,
  And affect a sad surprise.

Yester-week, when you were here,
  She was sitting on your knee,
Whispering stories in your ear
  With an air of mystery,
  And a roguish glance at me.

Fanny's heart was always light—
  Light and free as plumed bird;
When she glanced within our sight,
  Or her merry voice we heard,
  Music in our hearts was stirred.

Do you ask where Fanny hides?
  I will tell you by-and-by;
Look you where the river glides,
  In whose depths the shadows lie
  Mingled of the earth and sky:

Fanny always loved that spot;
  There her favorite flowers grew—
Violet, forget-me-not,
  And the iris gold and blue,
  With its pearly beads of dew.

Oft on the old rustic bridge,
  Made of supple boughs entwined,
Hanging from each margin's ridge
  Like a hammock in the wind,
  Fanny fearlessly reclined.

And she's told me, while her eyes
  Filled with tears of childish bliss,
That she could see paradise
  From her rocking resting-place,
  Mirrored in the river's face.

That she saw the tall trees wave,
  Bright-winged birds among their bowers,
And a river that did lave
  Banks o'ergrown with fairest flowers,
  And a sky more blue than ours.

Then she asked, with such a smile
  As an angel-face might wear,
If she watched a long, long while,
  She could see her mother there,
  Walking in the groves so fair.

When, to soothe the child, I said
  She should see mamma in heaven,
To that frail old bridge she sped
  As if wings to her were given;
  And—but look! you see 'tis riven!

Ha! you start—your looks are wild!
  Calm yourself, old man, I pray;
Fanny was an angel-child,
  And 'tis well she's gone away
  To her paradise so gay.

METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

THE POSTBOY'S SONG.

The night is dark and the way is long,
  And the clouds are flying fast,
The night-wind sings a dreary song,
  And the trees creak in the blast;
The moon is down in the tossing sea,
  And the stars shed not a ray;
The lightning flashes frightfully,
  But I must on my way.

Full many a hundred times have I
  Gone o'er it in the dark,
Till my faithful steeds can well descry
  Each long familiar mark:
Withal, should peril come to-night,
  God have us in his care!
For without help and without light,
  The boldest may beware.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of Fate,
  Forward and back I go,
Bearing a thread to the desolate
  To darken their web of wo;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
  And a mingled one to all,
But the dark and the light I can not part,
  Nor alter their hues at all.

On, on my steeds! the lightning's flash
  An instant gilds our way—
But steady! by that fearful crash
  The heavens seemed rent away!
Soho! now comes the blast anew,
  And a pelting flood of rain:
Steady—a sea seems bursting through
  A rift in some upper main!

'Tis a terrible night—a dreary hour—
  Yet who will remember to pray,
That the care of the storm-controlling Power
  May be over the postboy's way!
The wayward wanderer from his home,
  The sailor upon the sea,
Have prayers to bless them where they roam—
  Who thinketh to pray for me?

But the storm abates—uprides the moon
  Like a ship upon the sea:
Now on, my steeds! this glorious moon
  Of a night so dark shall be
A scene for us. Toss high your heads,
  And cheerily speed away:
We shall startle the sleepers in their beds
  Before the dawn of day!

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of Fate
  Forward and back I go,
Bearing a thread to the desolate
  To darken their web of wo—
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
  And a mingled one for all:
But the dark and the light I can not part,
  Nor alter their hues at all.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CAREY.

Among the younger American poets there are few whom we regard with more interest, or whose writings inspire us with more hopeful anticipations, than these two sisters, who were born in a quiet and pleasant district in the vicinity of Cincinnati, where they have always resided, and most of the time in portionless and unprotected orphanage. Their education has been limited by the meagre and infrequent advantages of an obscure country school, from which they were removed altogether at a very early age; and with neither books nor literary friends to guide or encourage them, and in circumstances which would have chilled and withered common natures, they "have been and still are, humble" but most acceptable "worshippers in the glorious temple of song."

Alice and Phœbe Carey have but very recently become known at all in the literary world. It is but two or three years since I first saw the name of either of them, in a western newspaper, and of nearly a hundred of the poems which are now before me, probably not one has been written more than that time. "We write," observes Alice Carey, in a letter which I regret that I may not copy here entire, that the reader's affection might be kindled with his admiration, "we write with much facility, often producing two or three poems in a day, and never elaborate. We have printed, exclusive of our early productions, some three hundred and fifty, which those in your possession fairly represent." And these are the fruits of no literary leisure, but the mere pastimes of lives that are spent in prosaic duties, lightened and made grateful only by the presence of the muse.

In the west, song gushes and flows, like the springs and rivers, more imperially than elsewhere, as they will believe who study her journals, or who read these effusions and those of Amelia Welby, the authors of The Wife of Leon, and other young poets, whose minds seem to be elevated, by the glorious nature there, into the atmosphere where all thought takes a shape of beauty and harmony. A delicious play of fancy distinguishes much of the finest poetry of the sex; but Alice Carey evinces in many poems a genuine imagination and a creative energy that challenges peculiar praise. We have perhaps no other author, so young, in whom the poetical faculty is so largely developed. Her sister writes with vigor, and a hopeful and genial spirit, and there are many felicities of expression, particularly in her later pieces. She refers more than Alice to the common experience, and has perhaps a deeper sympathy with that philosophy and those movements of the day, which look for a nearer approach to equality, in culture, fortune, and social relations.

ALICE CAREY.

THE HANDMAID.

Why rests a shadow on her woman's heart?
In life's more girlish hours it was not so;
Ill hath she learned to hide with harmless art
The soundings of the plummet-line of wo!

Oh, what a world of tenderness looks through
The melting sapphire of her mournful eyes:
Less softly moist are violets full of dew,
And the delicious color of the skies.

Serenely amid worship doth she move,
Counting its passionate tenderness as dross;
And tempering the pleadings of earth's love,
In the still, solemn shadows of the cross.

It is not that her heart is cold or vain,
That thus she moves through many worshippers;
No step is lighter by the couch of pain,
No hand on fever's brow lies soft as hers.

From the loose flowing of her amber hair
The summer flowers we long ago unknit,
As something between joyance and despair
Came in the chamber of her soul to sit.

In her white cheek the crimson burns as faint
As red doth in some cold star's chastened beam;
The tender meekness of the pitying saint
Lends all her life the beauty of a dream.

Thus doth she move among us day by day,
Loving and loved—but passion can not move
The young heart that hath wrapped itself away
In the soft mantle of a Savior's love.

HYMN OF THE TRUE MAN.

: to the True Man's ashes! Weep for those
ose days in old delusions have grown dim;
lives as his are triumphs, and their close
immortality: weep not for him.

thers wafted from the eagle's wings
bright among the rocks they can not warm,
the flowery lays that Genius brings,
he cold turf that wraps his honored form.

ctical rebuker of vain strife,
der in deeds than words, from beardless youth
e white hairs of age, he made his life
eautiful consecration to the Truth.

, neglected long, and trampled down,
w stronger in the echo of his name;
shrinking self-condemned beneath his frown,
e cheek of harlotry grew red with shame.

e with conscious peace, he strewed his way
th sweet humanities, the growth of love;
ng to right his actions, day by day,
thful to this world and to that above.

hosts of blind belief and hideous crime,
spirit-broken loves, and hopes betrayed,
flit among the broken walls of Time,
by the True Man's exorcisms laid.

in his life, who to himself is true,
d blest his death—for memory, when he dies,
, with a lover's eloquence, to renew
r faith in manhood's upward tendencies.

for the self-abased, and for the slave,
d for God's children darkened with the smoke
e red altar—not for him whose grave
greener than the mistletoe of the oak.

PALESTINE.

ET inspiration! shadowing my heart
e a sweet thing of beauty—could I see
r and Carmel ere I hence depart,
d tread the quiet vales of Galilee,
look from Hermon with its dew and flowers,
the broken walls and mossy towers,
which the Son of man in sadness wept,
golden promise of my life were kept.

! the beauteous cities, crowned with flowers,
d robed with royalty! no more in thee,
ed with golden pinnacles and towers,
ey sit in haughty beauty by the sea:
ows of rocks, precipitate and dark,
st still and heavy where they found a grave;
e glides no more the humble fisher's bark,
d the wild heron drinks not of the wave.

still the silvery willows fringe the rills,
dea's shepherd watches still his fold;
round about Jerusalem the hills
and in their solemn grandeur as of old;
Sharon's roses still as sweetly bloom
when the apostles, in the days gone by,
d back the shadows from the dreary tomb,
d brought to light Life's Immortality.

The East has lain down many a beauteous bride.
In the dim silence of the sepulchre,
Whose names are shrined in story, but beside
Their lives no sign to tell they ever were.
The imperial fortresses of old renown— [now?
Rome, Carthage, Thebes—alas! where are they
In the dim distance lost and crumbled down;
The glory that was of them, from her brow
Took of the wreath in centuries gone by,
And walked the Path of Shadows silently.

But Palestine! what hopes are born of thee—
I can not paint their beauty, hopes that rise,
Sinking this perishing mortality
To the bright, deathless glories of the skies:
Where the sweet Babe of Bethlehem was born—
Love's mission finished there in Calvary's gloom,
There blazed the glories of the rising morn,
And Death lay gasping there at Jesus' tomb!

OLD STORIES.

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I list to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the autumn rain.

High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shelter hath;
And the tall grass hides the rabbit,
Asleep in the churchyard path.

On the hills is a voice of wailing
For the pale dead flowers again,
That sounds like the heavy trailing
Of robes in a funeral train.

Oh, if there were one who loved me—
A kindly and gray-haired sire,
To sit and rehearse old stories
To-night by my cabin fire:

The winds as they would might rattle
The boughs of the ancient trees—
In the tale of a stirring battle
My heart would forget all these.

Or if by the embers dying
We talked of the past, the while,
I should see bright spirits flying
From the pyramids and the Nile.

Echoes from harps long silent
Would troop through the aisles of time,
And rest on the soul like sunshine,
If we talked of the bards sublime.

But hark! did a phantom call me,
Or was it the wind went by?
Wild are my thoughts and restless,
But they have no power to fly.

In place of the cricket humming,
And the moth by the candle's light,
I hear but the deathwatch drumming
I've heard it the livelong night.

Oh for a friend who loved me—
Oh for a gray-haired sire,
To sit with a quaint old story,
To-night by my cabin fire.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

In the pyramid's heavy shadows,
And by the Nile's deep flood,
They leaned on the arm of Jesus,
And preached to the multitude:
Where only the ostrich and parrot
Went by on the burning sands,
They builded to God an altar,
Lifting up holy hands.

But even while kneeling lowly
At the foot of the cross to pray,
Eternity's shadows slowly
Stole over their pilgrim way:
And one, with the journey weary,
And faint with the spirit's strife,
Fell sweetly asleep in Jesus,
Hard by the gates of life.

Oh, not in Gethsemané's garden,
And not by Genesareth's wave,
The light, like a golden mantle,
O'erspreadeth his lowly grave;
But the bird of the burning desert
Goes by with a noiseless tread,
And the tent of the restless Arab
Is silently near him spread.

Oh, could we remember only,
Who shrink from the lightest ill,
His sorrows, who, bruised and lonely,
Wrought on in the vineyard still—
Surely the tale of sorrow
Would fall on the mourner's breast,
Hushing, like oil on the waters,
The troubled wave to rest.

VISIONS OF LIGHT.

The moon is rising in beauty,
The sky is solemn and bright,
And the waters are singing like lovers
That walk in the valleys at night.

Like the towers of an ancient city,
That darken against the sky,
Seems the blue mist of the river
O'er the hill-tops far and high.

I see through the gathering darkness
The spire of the village church,
And the pale white tombs, half hidden
By the tasselled willow and birch.

Vain is the golden drifting
Of morning light on the hill;
No white hands open the windows
Of those chambers low and still.

But their dwellers were all my kindred,
Whatever their lives might be,
And their sufferings and achievements
Have recorded lessons for me.

Not one of the countless voyagers
Of life's mysterious main,
Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
Who hath lived and loved in vain.

From the bards of the elder ages
Fragments of song float by,
Like flowers in the streams of summer,
Or stars in the midnight sky.

Some plumes in the dust are scattered,
Where the eagles of Persia flew,
And wisdom is reaped from the furrows
The plough of the Roman drew.

From the white tents of the crusaders
The phantoms of glory are gone,
But the zeal of the barefooted hermit
In humanity's heart lives on.

Oh, sweet as the bell of the sabbath
In the tower of the village church,
Or the fall of the yellow moonbeams
In the tasselled willow and birch—

Comes a thought of the blessed issues
That shall follow our social strife,
When the spirit of love maketh perfect
The beautiful mission of life:

For visions of light are gathered
In the sunshine of flowery nooks,
Like the shades of the ghostly Fathers
In their twilight cells of books!

HELVA.

Her white hands full of mountain flowers,
Down by the rough rocks and the sea,
Helva, the raven-tressed, for hours
Hath gazed forth earnestly.

Unconscious that the salt spray flecks
The ebon beauty of her hair—
What vision is it she expects?
So meekly lingering there.

Is it to see the sea fog lift
From the broad bases of the hills,
Or the red moonlight's golden drift,
That her soft bosom thrills?

Or yet to see the starry hours
Their silver network round her throw,
That 'neath the white hands, full of flowers,
Her heart heaves to and fro?

Why strains so far the aching eye?
Kind nature wears to-night no frown,
And the still beauty of the sky
Keeps the mad ocean down.

Why are those damp and heavy locks
Put back, the faintest sound to win?
Ah! where the beacon lights the rocks,
A ship is riding in!

Who comes forth to the vessel's side,
Leaning upon the manly arm
Of one who wraps with tender pride
The mantle round her form?

Oh Helva, watcher of lone hours,
May God in mercy give thee aid!
Thy cheek is whiter than thy flowers—
Thy woman's heart betrayed!

THE TIME TO BE.

I sit where the leaves of the maple,
And the gnarled and knotted gum,
Are circling and drifting around me,
And think of the time to come.

For the human heart is the mirror
Of the things that are near and far;
Like the wave that reflects in its bosom
The flower and the distant star.

And beautiful to my vision
Is the time it prophetically sees,
As was once to the monarch of Persia
The gem of the Cyclades.

As change is the order of Nature,
And beauty springs from decay,
So in its destined season
The false for the true makes way.

The darkening power of evil,
And discordant jars and crime,
Are the cry preparing the wilderness
For the flower and the harvest-time.

Though doubtings and weak misgivings
May rise to the soul's alarm,
Like the ghosts of the heretic burners,
In the province of bold Reform.

And now, as the summer is fading,
And the cold clouds full of rain,
And the net in the fields of stubble
And the briars, is spread in vain—

I catch, through the mists of life's river,
A glimpse of the time to be,
When the chain from the bondman rusted
Shall leave him erect and free—

On the solid and broad foundation,
A common humanity's right,
To cover his branded shoulder
With the garment of love from sight.

TO LUCY.

The leaves are rustling mournfully,
The yellow leaves and sere;
For Winter with his naked arms
And chilling breath is here:
The rills that all the autumn-time
Went singing to the sea,
Are waiting in their icy chains
For Spring to set them free;
No bird is heard the live-long day
Upon its mates to call,
And coldly and capriciously
The slanting sunbeams fall.

There is a shadow on my heart
I can not fling aside—
Sweet sister of my soul, with thee
Hope's brightest roses died!
I'm thinking of the pleasant hours
That vanished long ago,
When summer was the goldenest,
And all things caught its glow:
I'm thinking where the violets
In fragrant beauty lay,
Of the buttercups and primroses
That blossomed in our way.

I see the willow, and the spring
O'ergrown with purple sedge;
The lilies and the scarlet pinks
That grew along the hedge;
The meadow, where the elm tree threw
Its shadows dark and wide,
And, sister, flowers in beauty grew
And perished side by side:
O'er the accustomed vale and hill
Now Winter's robe is spread,
The beetle and the moth are still,
And all the flowers are dead.

I mourn for thee, sweet sister,
When the wintry hours are here,
But when the days grow long and bright,
And skies are blue and clear—
Oh, when the Summer's banquet
Among the flowers is spread,
My spirit is most sorrowful
That thou art with the dead:
We laid thee in thy narrow bed,
When autumn winds were high—
Thy life had taught us how to live,
And then we learned to die.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARY'S.

One night, when bitterer winds than ours,
On hill-sides and in valleys low,
Built sepulchres for the dead flowers,
And buried them in sheets of snow—

When over ledges, dark and cold,
The sweet moon, rising high and higher,
Tipped with a dimly burning gold
St. Mary's old cathedral spire.

The lamp of the confessional,
(God grant it did not burn in vain,)
After the solemn midnight bell,
Streamed redly through the lattice-pane.

And kneeling at the father's feet,
Whose long and venerable hairs,
Now whiter than the mountain sleet,
Could not have numbered half his prayers,

Was one—I can not picture true
The cherub beauty of his guise;
Lilies, and waves of deepest blue,
Were something like his hands and eyes!

Like yellow mosses on the rocks,
Dashed with the ocean's milk-white spray,
The softness of his golden locks
About his neck and forehead lay.

Father, thy tresses, silver-sleet,
Ne'er swept above a form so fair;
Surely the flowers beneath his feet
Have been a rosary of prayer!

We know not, and we can not know,
Why swam those meek blue eyes with tears;
But surely guilt, or guiltless wo,
Had bowed him earthward more than years.

All the long summer that was gone,
A cottage maid, the village pride,
Fainter and fainter smiles had worn,
And on that very night she died!

As soft the yellow moonbeams streamed
Across her bosom, snowy fair,
She said (the watchers thought she dreamed)
'T is like the shadow of his hair!

And they could hear, who nearest came,
The cross to sign and hope to lend,
The murmur of another name
Than that of mother, brother, friend.

An hour—and St. Mary's spires,
Like spikes of flame, no longer glow—
No longer the confessional fires
Shine redly on the drifted snow.

An hour—and the saints had claimed
That cottage maid, the village pride;
And he, whose name in death she named,
Was darkly weeping by her side.

White as a spray-wreath lay her brow
Beneath the midnight of her hair,
But all those passionate kisses now
Wake not the faintest crimson there!

Pride, honor, manhood, can not check
The vehemence of love's despair—
No soft hand steals about his neck,
Or bathes its beauty in his hair!

Almost upon the cabin walls,
Wherein the sweet young maiden died,
The shadow of a castle falls,
Where for her young lord waits a bride

With clear blue eyes, and fair brown curls
In her high turret still she sits;
But ah, what scorn her ripe lip curls—
What shadow to her bosom flits!

From that low cabin tapers flash,
And, by the shimmering light they spree
She sees beneath its mountain ash,
Leafless, but all with berries red,

Impatient of the unclasped rein,
A courser that should not be there—
The silver whiteness of his mane
Streaming like moonlight on the air!

Oh, Love! thou art avenged too well—
The young heart, broken and betrayed,
Where thou didst meekly, sweetly dwell,
For all its sufferings is repaid.

Not the proud beauty, nor the frown
Of her who shares the living years,
From her the winding-sheet wraps down,
Can ever buy away the tears!

WATCHING.

Thy smile is sad, Elella,
Too sad for thee to wear,
For scarcely have we yet untwined
The rosebuds from thy hair!

So, dear one, hush thy sobbing,
And let thy tears be dried—
Methinks thou shouldst be happier,
Three little months a bride!

Hark! how the winds are heaping
The snow-drifts cold and white—
The clouds like spectres cross the sky—
Oh, what a lonesome night!

The hour grows late and later,
I hear the midnight chime:
Thy heart's fond keeper, where is he?
Why comes he not?—'t is time!

Here make my heart thy pillow,
And, if the hours seem long,
I'll while them with a legend wild,
Or fragment of old song—

Or read, if that will soothe thee,
Some poet's pleasant rhymes:
Oh, I have watched and waited thus,
I can not tell the times!

Hush, hark! across the neighboring hills
I hear the watchdog bay—
Stir up the fire, and trim the lamp,
I'm sure he's on the way!

Could that have only been the winds,
So like a footstep near?
No, smile Elella, smile again,
He's coming home—he's here!

AN EVENING TALE.

Come, thou of the drooping eyelid,
And cheek that is meekly pale,
Give over thy pensive musing
And list to a lonesome tale:
For hearts that are torn and bleeding,
Or heavy as thine, and lone,
May find in another's sorrow
Forgetfulness of their own:
So heap on the blazing fagots
And trim the lamp anew,
And I'll tell you a mournful story—
I would that it were not true!

The bright red clouds of the sunset
On the tops of the mountains lay,
And many and goodly vessels
Were anchored below in the bay—
We saw the walls of the city,
And could hear its vexing din,
As our mules, with their nostrils smoking,
Drew up at a wayside inn:
The hearth was ample and blazing,
For the night was something chill,
But my heart, though I knew not wherefore,
Sank down with a sense of ill.

That night I stood on the terrace
O'erlooking a blossomy vale,
And the gray old walls of a convent
That loomed in the moonlight pale—
Till the lamp of the sweet Madonna
Grew faint as if burning low,
And the midnight bell in the turret
Swung heavily to and fro—
When just as its last sweet music
Came back from the echoing hill,
And the hymn of the ghostly friars
In the fretted aisle grew still—

On a rude bench, hid among olives,
I noted a maiden fair,
Alone, with the night wind playing
In the locks of her raven hair:
Thrice came the sound of her sighing,
And thrice were her red lips pressed
With wild and passionate fervor
To the cross that hung on her breast:
But her bearing was not the bearing
That to saintly soul belongs,
Albeit she chanted the fragments
Of holy and beautiful songs.

'T was the half hour after the midnight,
And, so like that it might be now,
The full moon was meekly climbing
Over the mountain's brow—
When the step of the singing maiden
In the corridor lightly trod,
And I presently saw her kneeling
In prayer to the mother of God!
On the leaves of her golden missal
Darkly her loose locks lay,
As she cried, "Forgive me, sweet Virgin,
And mother of Jesus, I pray!"

When the music was softly melting
From the eloquent lips of morn,
Within the walls of the convent
Those beautiful locks were shorn:
And wherefore the veil was taken
Was never revealed by time,
But Charity sweetly hopeth
For sorrow, and not for crime.

GEORGE BURROUGHS.*

On, dark as the creeping of shadows,
At night, o'er the burial hill,
When the pulse in the stony artery
Of the bosom of earth is still—

When the sky, through its frosty curtain,
Shows the glitter of many a lamp,
Burning in brightness and stillness,
Like the fire of a far-off camp—

Must have been the thoughts of the martyr,
Of the jeers and the taunting scorn,
And the cunning trap of the gallows,
That waited his feet at morn—

As down in his lonesome dungeon
The hours trooped silent and slow,
Like sentinels through the thick darkness,
Hard by the tents of the foe.

Could he hear the voices of music
That thrilled that deep heart of gloom?
Or see the pale and still beauty
That sweetly leaned by the tomb?

Could he note through the cold and thin shadow
That swept through his prison bars,
The white hand of the pure seraph
That beckoned him to the stars?

As, roused to the stony rattle
Of the hangman's open cart,
He smothered, till only God heard it—
The piercing cry of his heart.

Can Christ's mercy wash back to whiteness
The feet his raiment that trod,
Whose soul, from that dark persecution,
Went up to the bosom of God?

Hath he forgiveness, who shouted,
"Righteously do ye, and well,
To quench in blood, hot and smoking,
This firebrand, which is of hell?"

Over fields moistened thus darkly
Wave harvests of tolerance now;
But the tombstones of the old martyrs
Sharpened the share of the plough!

* No purer hearts or more heroic spirits ever perished at the stake, than some crushed and broken on the wheel of bigotry during the Puritan Reign of Terror. Among them, I would instance the Rev. George Burroughs, who prayed with and for his repentant accuser the day previous to his execution, and whose conviction demonstrated the righteousness of God to the Rev. Cotton Mather. After his execution, to which he was conveyed in an open cart, Mr. Burroughs was stripped of his clothing, dragged by the hangman's rope to a rocky excavation, in which, being thrown and trampled on by the mob, he was deadly left partly uncovered.

LIGHTS OF GENIUS.

Upheaving pillars, on whose tops
The white stars rest like capitals,
Whence every living spark that drops
Kindles and blazes as it falls!
And if the arch-fiend rise to pluck,
Or stoop to crush their beauty down,
A thousand other sparks are struck,
That Glory settles in her crown.
The huge ship, with its brassy share,
Ploughs the blue sea to speed their course,
And veins of iron cleave the air,
To waft them from their burning source!
All, from the insect's tiny wings,
And the small drop of morning dew,
To the wide universe of things,
The light is shining, burning through.
Too deep for our poor thoughts to gauge
Lie their clear sources, bright as truth,
Whence flows upon the locks of age
The beauty of eternal youth.
Think, oh my faltering brother! think,
If thou wilt try, if thou hast tried,
By all the lights thou hast, to sink
The shaft of an immortal tide!

DEATH'S FERRYMAN.

Boatman, thrice I've called thee o'er,
Waiting on life's solemn shore,
Tracing, in the silver sand,
Letters till thy boat should land.

Drifting out alone with thee,
Toward the clime I can not see,
Read to me the strange device
Graven on thy wand of ice.

Push the curls of golden hue
From thy eyes of starlit dew,
And behold me where I stand,
Beckoning thy boat to land.

Where the river mist, so pale,
Trembles like a bridal veil,
O'er yon lowly drooping tree,
One that loves me waits for me.

Hear, sweet boatman, hear my call!
Last year, with the leaflet's fall,
Resting her pale hand in mine,
Crossed she in that boat of thine.

When the corn shall cease to grow,
And the ryefield's silver flow
At the reaper's feet is laid,
Crossing, spake the lovely maid:

Dearest love, another year
Thou shalt meet this boatman here—
The white fingers of despair
Playing with his golden hair.

From this silver-sanded shore,
Beckon him to row thee o'er;
Where yon solemn shadows be,
I shall wait thee—come and see!

There! the white sails float and flow,
One in heaven and one below;
And I hear a low voice cry,
Ferryman of Death am I.

SAILOR'S SONG.

Ha! the bird has fled my arrow—
Though the sunshine of its plumes,
Like the summer dew is dropping,
On its native valley blooms;
In the shadow of its parting wing
Shall I sit down and pine,
That it pours its song of beauty
On another heart than mine!

From thy neck, my trusty charger,
I will strip away the rein,
But to crop the flowery prairie
May it never bend again!
With thy hoof of flinty silver,
And thy blue eye shining bright,
Through the red mists of the morning
Speed like a beam of light.

I'm sick of the dull landsmen—
'Tis time, my lads, that we
Were crowding on the canvass,
And standing out to sea!
Ever making from the headlands
Where the wrecker's beacons ride,
Red and deadly, like the shadow
Of the lion's brinded hide;

And hugging close the islands,
That are belted with the blue,
Where a thousand birds are singing
In the dells of light and dew;
Time unto our songs the billows
With their dimpled hands shall keep,
As we're ploughing the white furrows
In the bosom of the deep!

In watching the light flashing
Like live sparks from our prow,
With but the bitter kisses
Of the cold surf on my brow,
May my voyage at last be ended,
And my sleep be in the tide,
With the sea-waves clasped around me,
Like the white arms of a bride!

TO THE EVENING ZEPHYR.

I sit where the wild-bee is humming,
And listen in vain for thy song;
I've waited before for thy coming,
But never, oh, never so long!
How oft with the blue sky above us,
And waves breaking light on the shore,
Thou, knowing they would not reprove us,
Hast kissed me a thousand times o'er!
Alone in the gathering shadows,
Still waiting, sweet Zephyr, for thee,
I look for the waves of the meadows,
And dimples to dot the blue sea.
The blossoms that waited to greet thee
With heat of the noontide oppressed,
Now flutter so light to meet thee,
Thou'rt coming, I know, from the west
Alas! if thou findest me pouting,
'Tis only my love that alarms;
Forgive, then, I pray thee, my doubting,
And take me once more to thine arms!

MUSINGS BY THREE GRAVES.

THE dappled clouds are broken: bright and clear
Comes up the broad and glorious star of day;
And night, the shadowy, like a hunted deer,
Flies from the close pursuer fast away.

Now on my ear a murmur faintly swells,
And now it gathers louder and more deep,
As the sweet music of the village bells
Rouses the drowsy rustic from his sleep.

Hark! there's a footstep startling up the birds,
And now as softly steals the breeze along,
I hear the sound, and almost catch the words
Of the sweet fragment of a pensive song.

And yonder, in the clover-scented vale—
Her bonnet in her hand, and simply clad—
I see the milkmaid with her flowing pail:
Alas! what is it makes her song so sad!

In the seclusion of these lowly dells,
What mournful lesson has her bosom learned?
Is it the memory of sad farewells,
Or faithless love, or friendship unreturned?

Methinks yon sunburnt swain, with knotted thong,
And rye-straw hat slouched careless on his brow,
Whistled more loudly, passing her along,
To yoke his patient oxen to the plough.

'Tis all in vain: she heeds not, if she hears,
And, sadly musing, separate ways they go:
Oh, who shall tell how many bitter tears
Are mingled in the brightest fount below?

Poor, simple tenant of another's lands,
Vexed with no dream of heraldic renown;
No more the earnings of his sinewy hands
Shall make his spirit like the thistle's down.

Smile not, recipient of a happier fate,
And haply better formed life's ills to bear,
If e'er you pause to read the name and date
Of one who died the victim of despair.

Now morn is fully up; and while the dew
From off her golden locks is brightly shed,
In the deep shadows of the solemn yew
I sit alone and muse above the dead.

Not with the blackbird whistling in the brake,
Nor when the rabbit lightly near them treads,
Shall they from their deep slumbering awake,
Who lie beneath me in their narrow beds.

Oh, what is life? at best a narrow bound,
Where each that lives some baffled hope survives:
A search for something, never to be found,
Records the history of the greatest lives!

There is a haven for each weary bark,
A port where they who rest are free from sin;
But we, like children trembling in the dark,
Drive on and on, afraid to enter in.

Here lies an aged patriarch at rest,
To whom the needy never vainly cried,
Till in this vale, with toil and years oppressed,
His long-sustaining staff was laid aside.

Oft for his country had he fought and bled,
And gladly, when the lamp of life grew dim,
He joined the silent army of the dead—
Then why should tears of sorrow flow for him?

We mourn not for the cornfield's deep'ning gold,
Nor when the sickle on the hills is plied;
And wherefore should we sorrow for the old
Who perish when life's paths have all been tried?

How oft at noon, beneath the orchard trees,
With brow serene and venerably fair,
I've seen a little prattler on his knees,
Smoothing with dimpled hand his silver hair.

When music floated on the sunny hills, [drest,
And trees and shrubs with opening flowers were
She meekly put aside life's cup of ills,
And kindly neighbors laid her here to rest.

And ye who loved her, would ye call her back,
Where its deep thirst the soul may never slake;
And sorrow, with her lean and hungry pack,
Pursues through every winding which we take?

Where lengthened years but teach the bitter truth,
That transient preference does not make a friend;
That manhood disavows the love of youth,
And riper years of manhood, to the end.

Beneath this narrow heap of mouldering earth,
Hard by the mansions of the old and young,
A wife and mother sleeps, whose humble worth
And quiet virtues poet never sung.

With yonder cabin, half with ivy veiled,
And children by the hand of mercy sent—
And love's sweet star, that never, never paled,
Her bosom knew the fulness of content.

Mocking ambition never came to tear
The finest fibres from her heart away—
The aim of her existence was to bear
The cross in patient meekness day by day.

No hopeless, blind idolator of chance,
The sport and plaything of each wind that blows,
But lifting still by faith a heavenward glance,
She saw the waves of death around her close.

And here her children come with pious tears,
And strew their simple offerings in the sod;
And learn to tread like her the vale of years,
Beloved of man and reconciled to God.

Now from the village school the urchins come,
And shout and laughter echo far and wide;
The blue smoke curls from many a rustic home,
Where all their simple wants are well supplied.

The labored hedger, pausing by the way,
Picks the ripe berries from the gadding vine:
The axe is still, the cattle homeward stray,
And transient glories mark the day's decline.

PHŒBE CAREY.

THE LOVERS.

Thou marvelest why so oft her eyes
Fill with the heavy dew of tears—
Have I not told thee that there lies
A shadow darkly on her years!
Life was to her one sunny whole,
Made up of visions fancy wove,
Till that the waters of her soul
Were troubled by the touch of love.
I knew when first the sudden pause
Upon her spirit's sunshine fell—
Alas! I little guessed the cause,
'T was hidden in her heart so well:
Our lives since early infancy
Had flowed as rills together flow,
And now to hide her thought from me
Was bitterer than to tell its wo.

One night, when clouds with anguish black
A tempest in her bosom woke,
She crushed the bitter tear-drops back,
And told me that her heart was broke!
I learned it when the autumn hours
With wailing winds around us sighed—
'T was summer when her love's young flowers
Burst into glorious life, and died:
No—now I can remember well,
'T was the soft month of sun and shower;
A thousand times I've heard her tell
The season, and the very hour:
For now, whene'er the tear-drops start,
As if to ease its throbbing pain,
She leans her head upon my heart
And tells the very tale again.

'T is something of a moon, that beamed
Upon her weak and trembling form,
And one beside, on whom she leaned,
That scarce had stronger heart or arm—
Of souls united there until
Death the last ties of life shall part,
And a fond kiss whose rapturous thrill
Still vibrates softly in her heart.

It is an era strange, yet sweet,
Which every woman's thought has known,
When first her young heart learns to beat
To the soft music of a tone—
That era when she first begins
To know, what love alone can teach,
That there are hidden depths within,
Which friendship never yet could reach:
And all earth has of bitter wo,
Is light beside her hopeless doom,
Who sees love's first sweet star below
Fade slowly till it sets in gloom:
There may be heavier grief to move
The heart that mourns an idol dead,
But one who weeps a living love
Has surely little left to dread.

I can not tell why love so true
As theirs, should only end in gloom—
Some mystery that I never knew
Was woven darkly with their doom:
I only know their dream was vain,
And that they woke to find it past,
And when by chance they met again,
It was not as they parted last.
His was not faith that lightly dies,
For truth and love as clearly shone
In the blue heaven of his soft eyes,
As the dark midnight of her own:
And therefore Heaven alone can tell
What are his living visions now;
But hers—the eye can read too well
The language written on her brow.

In the soft twilight, dim and sweet,
Once, watching by the lattice pane,
She listened for his coming feet,
For whom she never looked in vain:
Then hope shone brightly on her brow,
That had not learned its after fears—
Alas! she can not sit there now,
But that her dark eyes fill with tears!
And every woodland pathway dim,
And bower of roses cool and sweet,
That speak of vanished days and him,
Are spots forbidden to her feet.
No thought within her bosom stirs,
But wakes some feeling dark and dread:
God keep thee from a doom like hers—
Of living when the hopes are dead!

BEARING LIFE'S BURDENS.

Oh, there are moments for us here, when, see
Life's inequalities, and wo, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bea

For there are ills that come without forebodin
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that, by corrodi
Eat silently their way into the soul.

And for the evils that our race inherit,
What strength is given us that we may endu
Surely the God and Father of our spirit
Sends not afflictions which he can not cure!

No! there is a Physician, there is healing,
And light that beams upon life's darkest day
To him whose heart is right with God, revea
The wisdom and the justice of his way.

Not him who never lifts his thought to Heav
Remembering whence his blessings have been
Nor yet to him are strength and wisdom giv
Whose days with profitless scourge and fas
spent:

But him whose heart is as a temple holy,
Whose prayer in every act of right is said—
He shall be strong, whether life's ills wear sl
Or come like lightning down upon his hea

He who for his own good or for another
Ready to pray, and strive, and labor, stands
Who loves his God by loving well his broth
And worships him by keeping his command

RESOLVES.

I have said I would not meet him—
Have I said the words in vain?
Sunset burns along the hill-tops,
And I'm waiting here again:
But my promise is not broken,
Though I stand where once we met;
When I hear his coming footsteps,
I can fly him even yet.

We have stood here oft when evening
Deepened slowly o'er the plain,
But I must not, dare not, meet him
In the shadows here again;
For I could not turn away and
Leave that pleading look and tone,
And the sorrow of his parting
Would be bitter as my own.

In the dim and distant ether
The first star is shining through,
And another, and another!
Trembles softly in the blue:
Should I linger but one moment
In the shadows where I stand,
I shall see the vine-leaves parted
With a quick, impatient hand.

But I will not wait his coming—
He will surely come once more;
Though I said I would not meet him,
I have told him so before;
And he knows the stars of evening
See me standing here again—
Oh, he surely will not leave me
Now to watch and wait in vain!

'Tis the hour—the time of meeting—
In one moment 'twill be past;
And last night he stood beside me—
Was that blessed time the last!
I could better bear my sorrow,
Could I live that parting o'er:
Oh, I wish I had not told him
That I would not come once more!

Could that have been the night-wind
Moved the branches thus apart?
Did I hear a coming footstep,
Or the beating of my heart?
No—I hear him, I can see him,
And my weak resolves are vain:
I will fly, but to his bosom,
And to leave it not again!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Did we think of the light and sunshine,
Of the blessings left us still,
When we sit and ponder darkly
And blindly o'er life's ill,
How should we dispel the shadows
Of still and deep despair,
And lessen the weight of anguish
Which every heart must bear?

The clouds may rest on the present,
And sorrow on days that are gone,
But no night is so utterly cheerless
That we may not look for the dawn;
And there is no human being
With so wholly dark a lot,
But the heart, by turning the picture,
May find some sunny spot:

For, as in the days of winter,
When the snowdrifts whiten the hill,
Some birds in the air will flutter,
And warble, to cheer us still:
So, if we would hark to the music,
Some hope with a starry wing,
In the days of our darkest sorrow,
Will sit in the heart and sing.

THE WIFE OF BESSIERES.*

The pathway where the sun went down,
Shone faintly in the western arch,
As tranquil Eve was leading on
Her silent armies in their march:
Bright hosts of onward moving stars
Were in the orient climbing higher,
Where, first among his brethren, Mars
Burned redly as a beam of fire:

In the wide plain that lay below
The dark Bohemian mountain heights,
But lately, from the tents of snow,
Streamed ruddily the camp fire's lights.
But now the grass waves quietly,
The mountains watch that place alone,
And the cool night dews silently
To leaf and flower came stealing down.

Yet in that valley, lone and damp,
A form is gliding to and fro,
And, by the glimmer of her lamp,
I see a mourner's face of wo:
That beacon through the night burns on
The pale face lingering sweetly nigh,
And fades not when the feet of dawn
Shake out the diamonds from the sky.

'Tis she, whose noble lover died
Ere the red morn of Lutzen shone—
The duke of Istria's mournful bride
Still watching by his tomb alone.
Vain weeper, wherefore linger on?
Thy locks with heavy dews are wet—
The feet that to the dead go down,
Ne'er came to meet the faithful yet.

Oh, woman's love hath fondly turned
To those in dungeons, deep and dark,
And beacon fires have steadily burned
To light a long-expected bark:
But what affection, true and tried,
Which death can shake not, nor remove,
Is hers, who feeds the lamp beside
The sepulchre of buried love.

* The king of Saxony erected a monument over Bessieres, where he fell, and over it his disconsolate widow kept a lamp burning, night and day, for a year.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

WHAT were Thy teachings? thou who hadst not
In all this weary earth to lay thy head; [where
Thou who wert made the sins of men to bear,
And break with publicans thy daily bread!
Turning from Nazareth, the despised, aside,
And dwelling in the cities by the sea,
What were thy words to those who sat and dried
Their nets upon the rocks of Galilee?

Didst thou not teach thy followers here below,
Patience, long-suffering, charity, and love;
To be forgiving, and to anger slow,
And perfect, like our blessèd Lord above?
And who were they, the called and chosen then,
Through all the world, teaching thy truth, to go?
Were they the rulers, and the chiefest men,
The teachers in the synagogue? Not so!
Makers of tents, and fishers by the sea,
These only left their all to follow thee.

And even of the twelve whom thou didst name
Apostles of thy holy word to be,
One was a devil; and the one who came
With loudest boasts of faith and constancy,
He was the first thy warning who forgot,
And said, with curses, that he knew thee not!
Yet were there some who in thy sorrows were
To thee even as a brother and a friend,
And women, seeking out the sepulchre,
Were true and faithful even to the end:
And some there were who kept the living faith
Through persecution even unto death

But, Savior, since that dark and awful day
When the dread temple's veil was rent in twain,
And while the noontide brightness fled away,
The gaping earth gave up her dead again;
Tracing the many generations down,
Who have professed to love thy holy ways,
Through the long centuries of the world's renown,
And through the terrors of her darker days—
Where are thy followers, and what deeds of love
Their deep devotion to thy precepts prove?

Turn to the time when o'er the green hills came
Peter the Hermit, from the cloister's gloom,
Telling his followers in the Savior's name
To arm and battle for the sacred tomb;
Not with the Christian armor—perfect faith,
And love which purifies the soul from dross—
But holding in one hand the sword of death,
And in the other lifting up the cross,
He roused the sleeping nations up to feel
All the blind ardor of unholy zeal!

With the bright banner of the cross unfurled,
And chanting sacred hymns, they marched, and
They made a pandemonium of the world, [yet
More dark than that where fallen angels met:
The singing of their bugles could not drown
The bitter curses of the hunted down!
Richard, the lion-hearted, brave in war,
Tancred, and Godfrey, of the fearless band,
Though earthly fame had spread their names afar,
What were they but the scourges of the land?
And worse than these, were men whose touch would
Pollution, vowed to lives of sanctity! [be

And in thy name did men in other days
Construct the inquisition's gloomy cell,
And kindle persecution to a blaze,
Likest of all things to the fires of hell!
Ridley and Latimer—I hear their song
In calling up each martyr's glorious name,
And Cranmer, with the praises on his tongue
When his red hand dropped down amid the fla
Merciful God! and have these things been do
And in the name of thy most holy Son?

Turning from other lands grown old in crime,
To this, where Freedom's root is deeply set,
Surely no stain upon its folds sublime
Dims the escutcheon of our glory yet!

Hush! came there not a sound upon the air
Like captives moaning from their native shor
Woman's deep wail of passionate despair
For home and kindred seen on earth no mo
Yes, standing in the market-place I see
Our weaker brethren coldly bought and sold
To be in hopeless, dull captivity,
Driven forth to toil like cattle from the fold:
And hark! the lash, and the despairing cry
Of the strong man in perilous agony!

And near me I can hear the heavy sound
Of the dull hammer borne upon the air:
Is a new city rising from the ground?
What hath the artisan constructed there?
'Tis not a palace, nor an humble shed;
'Tis not a holy temple reared by hands—
No!—lifting up its dark and bloody head
Right in the face of Heaven, the scaffold sta
And men, regardless of "Thou shalt not kill,
That plainest lesson in the Book of Light,
Even from the very altars tell us still,
That evil sanctioned by the law is right!
And preach, in tones of eloquence sublime,
To teach mankind that murder is not crime!

And is there nothing to redeem mankind?—
No heart that keeps the love of God within
Is the whole world degraded, weak, and blind
And darkened by the leprous scales of sin?
No, we will hope that some, in meekness sw
Still sit, with trusting Mary, at thy feet.

For there are men of God, who faithful stand
On the far ramparts of our Zion's wall,
Planting the cross of Jesus in some land
That never listened to salvation's call.
And there are some, led by philanthropy,
Men of the feeling heart and daring mind,
Who fain would set the hopeless free,
And raise the weak and fallen of mankind.
And there are many in life's humblest way,
Who tread like angels on a path of light,
Who warn the sinful when they go astray,
And point the erring to the way of right;
And the meek beauty of such lives will teach
More than the eloquence of man can preach.

And, blessèd Savior! by thy life of trial,
And by thy death, to free the world from sin
And by the hope that man, though weak and
Hath something of divinity within—
Still will we trust, though sin and crime be n
To see thy holy precepts triumph yet!

SYMPATHY.

In the same beaten channel still have run
The blessed streams of human sympathy;
And though I know this ever hath been done,
The why and wherefore I could never see:
Why some such sorrow for their griefs have won,
And some, unpitied, bear their misery,
Are mysteries, which, thinking o'er and o'er,
Has left me nothing wiser than before.

What bitter tears of agony have flowed
O'er the sad pages of some old romance! [glowed,
How Beauty's cheek beneath those drops has
That dimmed the sparkling lustre of her glance,
And on some lovesick maiden is bestowed,
Or some rejected, hapless knight, perchance,
All her deep sympathies, until her moans
Stifle the nearer sound of living groans!

Oh, the deep sorrow for their sufferings felt, [prove
Where is found something—"better days"—to
What heart above their downfall will not melt,
Who in a "higher circle" once could move:
For such, mankind have ever freely dealt
Out the full measure of their pitying love,
Because they witnessed, in their wretchedness,
Their friends grow fewer, and their fortunes less.

But for some humble peasant girl's distress,
Some real being left to stem the tide,
Who saw her young heart's wealth of tenderness
Betrayed, and trampled on, and flung aside—
Who seeks her out, to make her sorrows less?
What noble lady o'er her tale hath cried?
None! for the records of such humble grief
Obtain not human pity—scarce belief.

And as for their distress, who from the first
Have had no fortune and no friends to fail—
Those who in poverty were born and nursed:
For such, by men, are placed without the pale
Of sympathy—since they are deemed the worst
Who are the humblest; and if want assail
And bring them harder toil, 'tis only said
"They have been used to labor for their bread!"

Oh, the unknown, unpitied thousands found
Huddled together, hid from human sight
By fell disease or gnawing famine—bound
To some dim, crowded garret, day and night,
Or in unwholesome cellars under ground,
With scarce a breath of air or ray of light—
Hunger and rags, and labor ill repaid:
These are the things that ask our tears and aid.

And these ought not to be: it is not well,
Here in this land of Christian liberty,
That honest worth or hopeless want should dwell
Unaided by our care and sympathy:
And is it not a burning shame to tell
We have no means to check such misery,
When wealth from out our treasury freely flows,
To wage a deadly warfare with our foes!

It is all wrong: yet men begin to deem
The days of darkest gloom are nearly done—
A something, like the first daylight beam
That heralds with the coming of the dawn,
Breaks on the sight. Oh, if it be no dream,
How shall we haste that blessed era on:
For there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that shall sympathize with all.

SONG OF THE HEART.

They may tell for ever of worlds of bloom,
Beyond the skies and beyond the tomb—
Of the sweet repose and the rapture there,
That are not found in a world of care:
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh, I know that the bowers of heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of life are there;
But I do not long for their happy flow,
While there burst such fountains of bliss below
And I would not leave, for the rest above,
The faithful bosom of trusting love!

There are angels here: they are seen the while,
In each love-lit brow and each gentle smile;
There are seraph voices that meet the ear,
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer;
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here from the eyes of love!

Yet, when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this bright world willingly;
Though, even then, would the thoughts of this
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss:
And I fain would lean on the loved for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine, till life's changes end,
To guard the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of earth may be,
On the peaceful shore or the restless sea—
In a palace home or the wilderness—
There is heaven for me in a world like this.

THE PRISONER'S LAST NIGHT.

The last red gold had melted from the sky,
Where the sweet sunset lingered soft and warm,
And starry Night was gathering silently
The jewelled mantle round her regal form;
While the invisible fingers of the breeze
Shook the young blossoms lightly from the trees.

Yet were their breaking hearts beneath the stars,
Though the hushed earth lay smiling in the light,
And the dull fetters and the prison bars
Saw bitter tears of agony that night,
And heard such burning words of love and truth
As wring the life-drops from the heart of youth.

For he, whom men relentless doomed to die,
Parted with one who loved him till the last;
With many a vow of faith and constancy
The long, long watches of the night were passed:
Till heavily and slow, the prison door
Swung back, and—told them that their hour was o'er.

'T was his last night on earth! and God alone
Can tell the anguish of that stricken one,
Fettered in darkness to the dungeon stone,

And doomed to perish with the rising sun:
And she, whose faith through all was vainly true,
Her heart was broken—and she perished too.

And will this win an erring brother back
To the sweet paths of pleasantness and peace?
"While crimes are punished but by crimes more black,"
Will ever wickedness and sorrow cease?
No! crime will never fail to scourge the land,
So long as blood is on her ruler's hand.

And oh, how long will hearts in sin and pride
Reject His blessed precepts, who of yore
Taught men forgiveness on the mountain side,
And spoke of love and mercy by the shore?
How long will power, with such despotic sway,
Trample unfriended weakness in its way!

Hasten, O Lord of light! that glorious time
When man no more shall spurn thy wise command,
Filling the earth with wretchedness and crime,
And making guilt a plague-spot on the land:
Hasten the time, that blood no more shall cry
Unceasingly for vengeance to the sky!

MEMORIES.

"She loved me, but she left me."

Memories on memories! to my soul again
There come such dreams of vanished love and bliss
That my wrung heart, though long inured to pain,
Sinks with the fulness of its wretchedness:
Thou, dearer far than all the world beside!
Thou, who didst listen to my love's first vow—
Once I had fondly hoped to call thee bride:
Is the dream over? comes the awakening now?
And is this hour of wretchedness and tears
The only guerdon for my wasted years?

And I did love thee—when by stealth we met
In the sweet evenings of that summer time,
Whose pleasant memory lingers with me yet,
As the remembrance of a better clime
Might haunt a fallen angel. And oh, thou—
Thou who didst turn away and seek to bind
Thy heart from breaking—thou hast felt ere now
A heart like thine o'ermastereth the mind:
Affection's power is stronger than thy will—
Ah, thou didst love me, and thou lovest me still.

My heart could never yet be taught to move
With the calm even pulses that it should:
Turning away from those that it should love,
And loving whom it should not, it hath wooed
Beauty forbidden—I may not forget;
And thou, oh thou canst never cease to feel;
But time, which hath not changed affection yet,
Hath taught at least one lesson—to conceal;
So none but thou, who see my smiles, shall know
The silent bleeding of the heart below.

"EQUAL TO EITHER FORTUNE."

"Equal to either fortune!" This should be
The motto of the perfect man and true—
Striving to stem the billow fearlessly,
And keeping steadily the right in view,
Whether it be his lot in life to sail
Before an adverse or a prosperous gale.

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should rais
When truth would force its way in deed or
Whether for him the popular voice of praise
Or the cold sneer of unbelief is heard:
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hisses of his foes.

"Equal to either fortune," Heaven designs,
Whether his destiny be repose or toil—
Whether the sun upon his palace shines,
Or calls him forth to plant the furrowed soil
So shall he find life's blessings freely strewn
Around the peasant's cottage as the throne.

Man should dare all things which he knows are r
And fear to do no act save what is wrong;
But, guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief, and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Ready to live or die, even in that day
Which man from childhood has been taught to
When, putting off its cumbrous weight of cl
The spirit enters on a nobler sphere:
And he will be, whose life was rightly passe
"Equal to either fortune" at the last.

COMING HOME.

How long it seems since first we heard
The cry of "land in sight!"
Our vessel surely never sailed
So slowly till to-night.
When we discerned the distant hills,
The sun was scarcely set,
And, now the noon of night is passed,
They seem no nearer yet.

Where the blue Rhine reflected back
Each frowning castle wall,
Where, in the forest of the Hartz,
Eternal shadows fall—
Or where the yellow Tiber flowed
By the old hills of Rome—
I never felt such restlessness,
Such longing for our home.

Dost thou remember, oh, my friend,
When we beheld it last,
How shadows from the setting sun
Upon our cot were cast?
Three summer-times upon its walls
Have shone for us in vain;
But oh, we're hastening homeward now,
To leave it not again.

There, as the last star dropped away
From Night's imperial brow,
Did not our vessel "round the point"?
The land looks nearer now!
Yes, as the first faint beams of day
Fell on our native shore,
They're dropping anchor in the bay,
We're home, we're home once more!

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

utiful as morning in those hours,
as her pathway lies along the hills,
len fingers wake the dewy flowers,
ftly touch the waters of the rills,
e who walked more faintly day by day,
ntly she perished by the way.

ot hers to know that perfect heaven
sionate love returned by love as deep;
s to sing the cradle-song at even,
ing the beauty of her babe asleep;
r and brethren"—these she had not known,
ch as do the Father's will alone.

ıd she something still for which to live—
s desolate, where angel-like she came,
ttle ones" to whom her hand could give
of water in her Master's name;
aking hearts to bind away from death,
e soft hand of pitying love and faith.

er won the voice of popular praise,
ıunting earthly triumph as but dross,
to keep her Savior's perfect ways,
g in the still path his blessed cross,
le her life, while with us here she trod,
cration to the will of God!

hath lived and labored not in vain:
gh the deep prison cells her accents thrill,
sad slave leans idly on his chain,
ars the music of her singing still;
ittle children, with their innocent praise,
ably in men's hearts her Christian ways.

at a beautiful lesson she made known—
hiteness of her soul sin could not dim;
) lay down on God's altar stone
arest treasure of her life for him.
ıe of sacrifice never, never waned,
ıld she live and die so self-sustained!

ıds supported not her parting soul,
ıispered words of comfort, kind and sweet,
reading onward to that final goal,
the still bridegroom waited for her feet;
ıe walked, yet with a fearless tread,
) Death's chamber, and his bridal bed!

DEATH SCENE.

ING, still slowly dying,
ıs the hours of night rode by,
had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky:
after the middle watches,
ıs we softly near her trod,
ıen her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

e moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
the sight of the life immortal
)n her spirit's vision fell;
en the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some convent picture,
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Savior,
Went up on the heavenly side

LOVE AT THE GRAVE.

Remembrancer of nature's prime,
And herald of her fading near,
The last month of the summer time
Of leaves and flowers is with us here

More eloquent than lip can preach,
To every heart that hopes and fears,
What solemn lesson does it teach,
Of the quick passage of our years.

To me it brings sad thoughts of one,
Who in the summer's fading bloom
Bright from the arms of love went down
To the dim silence of the tomb.

How often since has spring's soft shower
Revived the life in nature's breast,
And the sweet herb and tender flower
Have been renewed above her rest!

How many summer times have told
To mortal hearts their rapid flight,
Since first this heap of yellow mould
Shut out her beauty from my sight.

Since first, to love's sweet promise true,
My feet beside her pillow trod,
Till year by year the pathway grew
Deeper and deeper in the sod.

Now these neglected roses tell
Of no kind hand to tend them nigh—
Oh God! I have not kept so well
My faith as in the years gone by!

But here to-day my step returns,
And kneeling where these willows wave,
As the soft flame of sunrise burns
Down through the dim leaves to thy grave—

I cry, forgive, that I should prove
Forgetful of thy memory;
Forgive me, that a living love
Once came between my soul and thee!

For the weak heart that vainly yearned
For human love its life to cheer,
Baffled and bleeding, has returned
To stifle down its crying here.

For, steadfast still, thy faith to me
Was one which earth could not estrange;
And, lost one! where the angels be,
I know affection may not change!

MARY LOCKHART LAWSON.

Miss Lawson is a native of Philadelphia. Her father, the late Alexander Lawson, of that city, was a countryman, friend, and instructor of Wilson, the ornithologist, and in the life of that remarkable man is frequently referred to for the most admirable traits of character. He was an artist of such excellence that Lucien Bonaparte was accustomed to speak of him as the master of all the engravers in natural history.

Miss Lawson's poems have appeared principally since 1842, in the Knickerbocker and in Graham's Magazine. She has occasionally written with considerable felicity in the Scottish dialect, but I think her English poems best, notwithstanding her perfect and loving familiarity with the language and the literature of the fatherland of her parents. They are characterized by a pleasing fancy, and frequently by tenderness of feeling, and a minute and artistlike truthfulness of rural description. Some of her religious pieces are graceful and fervid expressions of trust and devotion.

THE BANISHED LOVER.

"Chaque pas qui m'eloignoit de vous, separoit mon corps de mon ame, et me donnoit un sentiment anticipé de la mort. Je voulois vous decrire ce que Je verrois. Vain projet! Je n'ai rien vu que vous."
St. Preux.

They tell me of the prospect I survey,
They speak of streams, and skies of deepest blue,
That shine o'er fertile vales and flowery meads;
Of mountain clefts, with torrents dashing through:
It may be so; for Nature to the gay
Is ever beautiful—it charms not me!
I only feel my soul remains afar—
My passion-clouded eyes see naught save thee.

The tender, blissful thoughts that fill my soul,
Bound by mine oath to thee, I fain would quell;
For I have promised, dear one! for thy sake,
To yield no more to love-enrapturing spell:
I would obey—like other mortals seem;
Bear with my fate, and brave reality:
But shrinking from the wretchedness it brings,
I cling to visions that are full of thee.

I know that we must part: but do not prove
Too pitiless, beloved! nor urge too far
The sufferings of a grieved and tortured heart,
Where love and honor hold perpetual war:
I go at thy command; but can I join
A dreary world, where thou art naught to me?
No! better far in solitude to dwell,
And cheer its lonely hours with dreams of thee.

Yet oft will memory paint one happy scene,
One moment fraught with ecstasy of bliss,
When, thrilling with the soft clasp of thy hand,
My lips met thine in one long glowing kiss:
Ah, fatal gift! that was our parting doom—
How wert thou shadowed by Fate's stern decree!
Alas! that clouds of sadness should have dimmed
The first, the only boon of love from thee!

BELIEVE IT.

If thy heart whispers that I love thee still,
Yet living on a memory of the past,
Or that mine eyes with tender tear-drops fill,
As o'er Hope's ruined page my glance is cast—
That oft thy name is blended with my prayer,
Thine image mingled with the morning's light,
That sleep, which drowns all waking dreams of care,
But wafts thy softened shadow to my sight—
Believe it

If when thou dost recall that vine-clad grove, [ding,
The moonbeams filled with checkered light and sha-
Where first we breathed our trembling vows of love,
And lingered till the stars' soft rays were fading,
Thy fancy paints me wandering sad and slow
Through those dim paths that once thy footstep pressed
With deep regrets and sighs of lonely wo,
That find no echo in thine altered breast—
Believe it.

Though when we meet, I school my downcast eye
And faltering lip to speak a careless greeting,
Or mid the crowd in silence pass thee by,
Lest I betray my heart's unquiet beating:
'T is that no eye save thine shall ever see
My soul gush forth in yearning to thine own,
Or coldly trace the feelings felt for thee,
And read the love revealed in look and tone—
Believe it.

Wronged by thine anger, prized perchance no more,
From me undying thought thou canst not sever,
Still may I trust to meet thee on that shore
Where pure affection lights the soul for ever:
Though earthly hope in meekness I resign,
E'en while my heart's full tenderness revealing,
Remember, if one doubt arise in thine,
These words of truth in bitter tears I'm sealing:
Believe it!

THE HAUNTED HEART.

'T is true he ever lingers at her side,
But mark the wandering glances of his eye:
A lover near a fond and plighted bride,
With less of love than sorrow in his sigh!
And well it is for her, that gentle maid,
Who loves too well, too fervently, for fears;
She deems not her devotion is repaid
With deep repinings o'er life's early years.

For oft another's image fills his breast,
E'en when he breathes to her love's tender vow;
While her soft hand within his own is prest,
And timid blushes mantle her young brow,
Fond memory whispers of the dreamy past,
Its hopes and joys, its agony and tears:
In vain from out his soul he strives to cast
One shadowy form—the love of early years.

Ne'er from his heart the vision fades away:
Amid the crowd, in silence, and alone,
The stars by night, the clear blue sky by day,
Bring to his mind the happiness now flown;
A tone of song, the warbling of the birds,
The simplest thing that memory endears,
Can still recall the form, the voice, the words,
Of her, the best beloved of early years.

He dares not seek the spot where first they met,
Too dangerous for his only hope of rest—
His strong but fruitless effort to forget
Those scenes that wake deep sorrow in his breast;
And yet the quiet beauty of the grove
All plainly to his restless mind appears,
Where, as the sun declined, he loved to rove
With her, the first fond dream of early years.

He sees the stream beside whose brink they strayed,
Engrossed in converse sweet of coming hours,
And watched the rippling currents as they played,
In ebb and flow, upon the banks of flowers:
And the old willow, 'neath whose spreading shade
She owned her love—again her voice he hears,
He starts—alas! the vision only fades
To leave regretful pangs for early years.

It was his idle vanity that changed
The pure, deep feelings of her trusting heart,
Whose faithful love not even in thought had ranged,
But worshipped him, from all the world apart:
Now cold and altered is her beaming eye,
And no fond hope his aching bosom cheers,
That she will shed one tear, or breathe one sigh,
For him she loved so well in early years.

He feels she scorns him with a bitter scorn:
He questions not the justice of his fate,
For long had she his selfish caprice borne,
And wounded pride first taught her how to hate.
Oh, ye who cast away a heart's deep love,
Remember, ere affection disappears,
That keen reproachful throbs your soul may move
Like his who lives to mourn life's early years!

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The evening star, with mild yet radiant light,
Shines clearly 'neath the young moon's pallid crest.
The last faint gleam of crimson sunset fades
In mellowed hues of brightness from the west,
Soft shadows fall upon the mountain's brow,
And steal with gradual pace o'er wood and stream
A balmy stillness floats upon the earth,
And life is peaceful as a tranquil dream.

O God, whose mantle shades this lovely world,
And leaves a ray of glorious beauty round;
In that far home where angels spread their wings,
What infinite perfection must abound,
What visions of ecstatic, wondrous bliss,
In thy sublime, thy awful presence dwell,
When in this sphere, all dimmed by sin and pain,
Thy gifts of light and love words may not tell!

Would that my soul each wayward pulse could still,
That I might know thee, Father, as thou art—
That I within thy paths of peace might walk,
And take my place amid the "pure in heart;"
Then might I hope, as death's dark clouds drew near,
Amid the deepening gloom thy smile to see,
But oft my wandering footsteps guide me far
From out the way that leads alone to thee.

What if we view upon the brink of wo,
A dazzling gleam steal through the gates of heaven,
And feel at once, while close its pearly doors,
How long its entrance to our steps was given,
Till, in the utter madness of our souls,
Our last faint lingering hope in silence died,
While at the moment of our dreadful doom,
Perchance, we basked in worldliness and pride.

And while in folly's gilded courts I stand,
Is this my fate? Ah, no! by these sad tears,
Plead for me, Jesus, meek and holy one,
For thou hast shared earth's agonies and fears;
Thou seest the struggles of my changing soul—
Oh, let its darker thoughts of grief depart,
And hear my prayer, when, kneeling low, I crave
Thy words of truth may reach my troubled heart.

Devoid of merit, what have I to boast,
When man's best virtues are unworthy thee?
Yet in thy mercy will I place my trust,
And in the Cross my hope and promise see;
And though unresting conscience sternly tells
Of talents unemployed and wasted powers,
Lend me thine aid, and to thy service, Lord,
I'll dedicate the remnant of my hours.

MARIA LOWELL.

MARIA WHITE, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1844 was married to James Russell Lowell, and for her genius, taste, and many admirable personal qualities, she is worthy to be the wife of that fine poet and true hearted man. has published several elegant translat from the German, and a large number of o nal poems of the imagination, some of w illustrate questions of morals and huma

JESUS AND THE DOVE.

With patient hand Jesus in clay once wrought,
And made a snowy dove that upward flew.
Dear child, from all things draw some holy thought,
That, like his dove, they may fly upward too.

MARY, the mother good and mild,
Went forth one summer's day,
That Jesus and his comrades all
In meadows green might play.

To find the brightest, freshest flowers,
They search the meadows round,
They twined them all into a wreath
And little Jesus crowned.

Weary with play, they came at last
And sat at Mary's feet,
While Jesus asked his mother dear
A story to repeat.

"And we," said one, "from out this clay
Will make some little birds;
So shall we all sit quietly,
And heed the mother's words."

Then Mary, in her gentle voice,
Told of a little child
Who lost her way one dark, dark night,
Upon a dreary wild;

And how an angel came to her,
And made all bright around,
And took the trembling little one
From off the damp, hard ground;

And how he bore her in his arms
Up to the blue so far,
And how he laid her fast asleep,
Down in a silver star.

The children sit at Mary's feet,
But not a word they say,
So busily their fingers work
To mould the birds of clay.

But now the clay that Jesus held,
And turned unto the light,
And moulded with a patient touch,
Changed to a perfect white.

And slowly grew within his hands
A fair and gentle dove,
Whose eyes unclose, whose wings unfold,
Beneath his look of love.

The children drop their birds of clay,
And by his side they stand,
To look upon the wondrous dove
He holds within his hand.

And when he bends and softly breathes,
Wide are the wings outspread;
And when he bends and breathes again,
It hovers round his head.

Slowly it rises in the air
Before their eager eyes,
And, with a white and steady wing,
Higher and higher flies.

The children all stretch forth their arms
As if to draw it down:
"Dear Jesus made the little dove
From out the clay so brown—

"Canst thou not live with us below,
Thou little dove of clay,
And let us hold thee in our hands,
And feed thee every day?

"The little dove it hears us not,
But higher still doth fly;
It could not live with us below—
Its home is in the sky."

Mary, who silently saw all—
That mother true and mild—
Folded her hands upon her breast,
And kneeled before her child.

THE MAIDEN'S HARVEST.

THERE goeth with the early light
Across a barren plain,
One who, with face as morning bright,
Singeth, "I come again:

"And every grain I scatter free
A hundred fold shall yield,
Till waveth as a golden sea
This dark and barren field."

She casteth seed upon the ground,
From out her pure white hand,
And little winds steal up around
To bear it through the land.

She strikes her harp, she sings her song,
She sings so loud and clear—
"Arise, arise, ye sleeping throng,
And bud and blossom here!"

When o'er the hills she passed away,
The Spring remembered her,
And came, with sun and air of May,
The barren earth to stir.

And falling dew the spot did love,
  And lingered there till noon;
And winds and rains moved on above
  In softly changing tune.

So when the Autumn cometh round,
  The golden heads bend low,
And near and nearer to the ground
  Their royal beard doth flow.

The poor rejoice: in throngs they come
  To reap the dropping grain;
Their voices rise in busy hum—
  "Who, who hath sowed the plain?

"And who hath wrought such bounteous cheer
  Where all before was dead?"
They bless the unseen giver dear
  Who sent this daily bread.

With harp in hand, a maiden bright
  Passed slowly by the throng;
With face as fair as sunset light
  The maiden sang her song:

"In morning time I sowed this plain—
  Blessèd the evening be,
Which gives back every little grain
  A hundred fold to me!"

SONG.

Oh, Bird, thou dartest to the sun
  When morning beams first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run,
  As sweetly would I sing;
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
  Unto the source of fire—
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup,
  And quenchest thy desire.

Oh, Dew, thou droppest soft below
  And plastest all the ground;
Yet when the noontide comes, I know
  Thou never canst be found.
I would like thine had been my birth;
  Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep the night through on the earth,
  To waken in the sky.

Oh, Clouds, ye little tender sheep,
  Pastured in fields of blue,
While moon and stars your fold can keep
  And gently shepherd you—
Let me, too, follow in the train
  That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
  With new washed fleeces white.

Oh, singing Winds, that wander far,
  Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
  Along the bending dome—
I often listen to your song,
  Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
  That shine so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free—
  And Bird, and Dew, and Light,
Can dart upon the azure sea,
  And leave me to my night.

Oh, would like theirs had been my birth:
  Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth,
  To waken in the sky.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head
  The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
  So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
  That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
  And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
  We called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem—
  For, sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
  To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
  And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
  Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
  Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
  Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched pleа
  Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
  Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
  To crown love's morning hour,
And how in her was imaged forth
  The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
  Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
  That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
  Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
  Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
  Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
  Will soon be coming round:
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
  Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
  Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
  Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes
  Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
  Her spirit to sustain:
But up in groves of paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

SARA J. CLARKE.

Miss Clarke, better known as "Grace Greenwood," was born of New England parentage, in Onondaga, an agricultural town near the city of Syracuse, in New York. At an early age she was taken to Rochester, which is still the residence of her brother and my friend of many years, Mr. J. B. Clarke, whose success in the law shows how erroneous is the common impression that literary studies are incompatible with the devotion to business necessary to professional eminence. It was probably the displays of his abilities, in many graceful poems and prose writings, that first led Miss Clarke to the cultivation of her tastes and powers in the same field. Certainly it was a great advantage to have so accomplished a critic, bound by such bonds, to watch over her earlier essays, and guard her from the dangers to which youthful authorship is most exposed. In a recent letter she says of Rochester: "It was for some years my well-beloved home; here it was that I spent my few school-days, and received my trifle of book knowledge. It was here that woman's life first opened upon me, not as a romance, not as a fairy dream, not as a golden heritage of beauty and of pleasure, but as a sphere of labor, and care, and suffering; an existence of many efforts and few successes, of eager and great aspirations and slow and partial realizations."

The parents of Miss Clarke subsequently removed to New Brighton, on the Beaver river, two miles from its junction with the Ohio, and thirty miles below Pittsburg; and it was from this beautiful village, in a quiet valley, surrounded by the most bold and picturesque scenery, that in 1844 she wrote the first of those sprightly and brilliant letters under the signature of "Grace Greenwood," by which she was introduced to the literary world. They were addressed to General Morris and Mr. Willis, then editors of the New Mirror, and being published in that miscellany, the question of their authorship was discussed in the journals and in literary circles; they were attributed in turn to the most *piquant* and elegant of our known writers; and curiosity was in no degree lessened by intimations that they were by some Diana of the West, who, like the ancient goddess, inspired the men who saw her with madness, and in her chosen groves and by her streams used the whip and rein with the boldness and grace of Mercury. Such secrets are not easily kept, and while the fair magazinist was visiting the Atlantic cities, in 1846, the veil was thrown aside and she became known by her proper name. She has since been among the most industrious and successful of our authors, and has written with perhaps equal facility and felicity in every style—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Her apprehensions are sudden and powerful. The lessons of art and the secrets of experience have no mists for her quick eyes. Many-sided as Proteus, she yet by an indomitable will bends all her strong and passionate nature to the subject that is present, plucks from it whatever it has of mystery, and weaves it into the forms of her imagination, or casts it aside as the dross of a fruitless analysis. Educated in a simple condition of society, where conventionalism had no authority against truth and reason, and the healthful activity of her mind preserved by an admirable physical training and development—all her thought is direct and honest, and her sentiment vigorous and cheerful. But the energy of her character and intelligence is not opposed to true delicacy. A feeble understanding, and a nature without the elements of quick and permanent decision, on the contrary, can not take in the noblest forms of real or ideal beauty. It is the sham delicacy that is shocked at things actual and necessary, that fills the magazines with rhymed commonplaces, that sacrifices to a prudish nicety all individualism, and is the chief bar to æsthetic cultivation and development. She looks with a poet's eye upon Nature, and with a poet's soul dares and aspires for the beautiful, as it is understood by all the great intelligences whose wisdom takes the forms of genius.

It is as a writer of prose that Miss Clarke

is best known, and it may be that her prose compositions have more individuality and illustrate a wider range of knowledge and reflection than her poems, but the author of Ariadné and some of the other pieces here quoted has given a name to other ages.

ARIADNE.*

Daughter of Crete—how one brief hour,
E'en in thy young love's early morn,
Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower—
Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh lorn!
The breast which pillowed thy fair head,
Rejects its burden—and the eye
Which looked its love so earnestly,
Its last cold glance hath on thee shed;
The arms which were thy living zone,
Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
Shall others clasp, deserted one!

Yet, Ariadné, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art grovelling in thy wo:
Arouse thee! joy to bid him go;
For god above, or man below,
Whose love's warm and impetuous tide
Cold interest or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear;
To cloud one morning's golden light—
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night—
To cause the soft flash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'T is *thou* shouldst triumph; thou art free
From chains which bound thee for a while;
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud princess on that lonely isle:

"Go—to thine Athens bear thy faithless name;
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,
If I had ever loved thee as thou art,
Folding mean falsehood to my high, true heart!

"But thus I loved thee not: before me bowed
A being glorious in majestic pride,
And breathed his love, and passionately vowed
To worship only me, his peerless bride;
And this was thou, but crowned, enrobed, entwined,
With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind!

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine;
My love around thee poured such halo-beams,
Hadst thou been true, had made thee all divine.
And I, too, seemed immortal in my bliss,
When my glad lip thrilled to thy burning kiss!

"Shrunken and shrivelled into Theseus now
Thou standst: behold, the gods have blown away
The airy crown that glittered on thy brow—
The gorgeous robes which wrapped thee for a day;
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings—
A poor lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendor still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after-fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of ill—
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole
Like a poor thief, all noiseless from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high heaven, she sets thee free;
Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame:
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee;
And e'en her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou thinkst to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha! it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars!
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky!

"If poor and humbled thou believest me,
Mole of a demigod, how blind art thou!
For I am rich—in scorn to pour on thee:
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride;
Naxos be hallowed, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff where cold and pale
Thou watchest his receding sail,
Where thou, the daughter of a king,
Wailst like a wind-harp's breaking string,
Bendst like a weak and wilted flower
Before a summer evening's shower—
There shouldst thou rear thy royal form,
Like a young oak amid the storm,
Uncrushed, unbowed, unriven!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon him there,
Like lightning stroke from heaven!
There shouldst thou mark o'er billowy crest
His white sail flutter and depart;
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart;
And this brief, burning prayer alone
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:
"Just Jove! thy wratchful vengeance stay,
And speed the traitor on his way;
Make vain the siren's silver song,
Let nereids smile the wave along—
O'er the wild waters send his bark
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track;
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him, should he dare to turn!"

* The demigod Theseus having won the love of Ariadné, daughter of the king of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's H——— Family, the blind girl is described as singing "Ariadné á Naxos," in which Ariadné is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling upon him in her despairing anguish.

DREAMS.

THERE was a season when I loved
The calm and holy night,
When like yon silvery evening star,
Just trembling on our sight,
My spirit through its heaven of dreams
Went floating forth in light.

Night is the time when Nature seems
God's silent worshipper;
And ever with a chastened heart
In unison with her,
I laid me on my peaceful couch,
The day's dull cares resigned,
And let my thoughts fold up like flowers,
In the twilight of the mind:

Fast round me closed the shades of sleep,
And then burst on my sight
Visions of glory and of love,
The stars of slumber's night!
Dreams, wondrous dreams, which far around
Did such rich radiance fling,
As the sudden, first unfurling
Of a young angel's wing.

Then sometimes blessèd beings came,
Parting the midnight skies,
And bore me to their shining homes,
The bowers of paradise;
I felt my worn, world-wearied soul
Bathed in divine repose—
My earth-chilled heart in the airs of heaven
Unfolding as a rose.

Nor were my dreams celestial all,
For oft along my way
Clustered the scenes and joys of home,
The loves of every day:
Soft, after angel-music, still
The voices round my hearth—
Sweet, after paradisean flowers,
The violets of earth.

But now I dread the night: it holds
Within its weary bounds
Strife, griefs, and fears, red battle-fields,
And spectre-haunted grounds!

One night there sounded through my dreams
A trumpet's stirring peal,
And then methought I went forth armed,
And clad in glittering steel—
And sprang upon a battle-steed,
And led a warrior band,
And we swept, a flood of fire and death,
Victorious through the land!

Oh, what wild rapture 't was to mark
My serried ranks advance,
And see amid the foe go down
Banner, and plume, and lance!
The living trampled o'er the dead—
The fallen, line on line,
Were crushed like grapes at vintage time,
And blood was poured like wine!

My sword was dripping to its hilt,
And this small, girlish hand
Planted the banner, lit the torch,
And waved the stern command.
How swelled and burned within my heart
Fierce hate and fiery pride—
My very soul rode like a bark
On the battle's stormy tide!

My pitying and all-woman's soul—
Oh no, it was not *mine!*
Perchance mine slumbered, or had left
Awhile its earthly shrine;
So the spirit of a Joan d'Arc
Stole in my sleeping frame,
And wrote her history on my heart
In words of blood and flame.

My dead are with me in my dreams,
Rise from their still, lone home—
But are they as I loved them here?
O Heaven, 't is thus they come!
Silent and cold, the pulseless form
In burial garments dressed,
The pale hands holding burial-flowers
Close folded on their breast!

My living—they in whose tried hearts
My wild, impassioned love
Foldeth its wings contentedly,
And nestles as a dove—
They come, they hold me in their arms;
My heart, with joy oppressed,
Seems panting 'neath its blessèd weight,
And swooning in my breast;

My eyes look up through tears of bliss,
Like flowers through dews of even,
There 's a painful fulness in my lips,
Till the kiss of love is given:
When sudden their fresh, glowing lips
Are colorless and cold,
And an icy, shrouded corse is all
My shuddering arms enfold!

Have I my guardian angels grieved,
That they have taken flight?
Or frown'st thou on me, oh my God!
In the visions of the night?
Yet with a child's fond faith I rest
Still on thy fatherhood;
Speak peace unto my troubled dreams,
Thou merciful and good!

And oh! if cares and griefs must come,
And throng my humble way,
Then let me, strengthened and refreshed,
Strive with them in the day;
This glorious world which thou hast made,
Spread out in bloom before me,
Thy blessèd sunshine on my path,
Thy radiant skies hung o'er me.

But when, like ghosts of the sun's lost rays,
Come down the moonbeams pale,
And the dark earth lies like an eastern bride
Beneath her silvery veil—
Then let the night, with its silence deep,
Its dews, and its starry gleams,
Be peace, and rest, and love—O God,
Smile on me in my dreams!

ILLUMINATION,

FOR THE TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMS IN MEXICO.

Light up thy homes, Columbia,
For those chivalric men
Who bear to scenes of warlike strife
Thy conquering arms again;
Where glorious victories, flash on flash,
Reveal their stormy way—
Resaca's, Palo Alto's fields,
The heights of Monterey!

They pile with thousands of thy foes
Buena Vista's plain;
With maids, and wives, a' Vera Cruz,
Swell high the list of slain;
They paint upon the southern skies
The blaze of burning domes—
Their laurels dew with blood of babes:
Light up, light up thy homes!

Light up your homes, oh fathers!
For those young hero bands
Whose march is still through vanquished towns
And over conquered lands;
Whose valor wild, impetuous,
In all its fiery glow
Pours onward like a lava-tide,
And sweeps away the foe!

For those whose dead brows Glory crowns,
On crimson couches sleeping;
And for home faces wan with grief,
And fond eyes dim with weeping:
And for the soldier, poor, unknown,
Who battled madly brave,
Beneath a stranger-soil to share
A shallow, crowded grave.

Light up thy home, young mother!
Then gaze in pride and joy
Upon those fair and gentle girls,
That eagle-eyed young boy;
And clasp thy darling little one
Yet closer to thy breast,
And be thy kisses on its lips
In yearning love impressed.

In yon beleaguered city
Were homes as sweet as thine;
There trembling mothers felt loved arms
In *fear* around them twine;
The lad with brow of olive hue,
The babe like lily fair,
The maiden with her midnight eyes
And wealth of raven hair.

The booming shot, the murderous shell,
Crashed through the crumbling walls,
And filled with agony and death
Those sacred household halls;
Then, bleeding, crushed, and blackened, lay
The sister by the brother,
And the torn infant gasped and writhed
On the bosom of the mother!

Oh, sisters, if you have no tears
For fearful scenes like these;
If the banners of the victors veil
The victims' agonies;
If ye lose the babe's and mother's cry
In the noisy roll of drums;
If your hearts with martial pride throb high—
Light up, light up your homes!

THE LAST GIFT.

I leave thee, love: in vain hast thou
The God of life implored;
My clinging soul is torn from thine,
My faithful, my adored!
My last gift—I have on it breathed
In blessing and in prayer;
So lay it close, close to thy heart,
This little lock of hair!

I know thou wilt think tenderly
And lovingly on me;
Thou wilt forget my waywardness
When I am gone from thee;
Thou wilt remember all my love,
Which made thee think me fair;
Thou wilt with many tears begem
This little lock of hair!

And yet at last, thy grief's wild storm
Will sigh itself to rest;
And thou mayst choose another love,
And clasp her to thy breast:
But when she hides her glowing face
In tearful gladness there,
Oh, do not let *her* hand displace
This little lock of hair!

The dark, rich hue thou oft hast praised,
The ringlet still shall hold;
Still, as the sunlight on it falls,
Give out quick gleams of gold:
Though years roll by, no trace of change
Its glossy rings shall wear—
It never will grow gray, beloved,
This little lock of hair!

And when the earth weighs chill and damp
Above my resting-place,
When fall moist tresses heavily
Around my cold, dead face—
'T is sweet to know a part of me
Thine own life-glow may share—
Thou 'lt keep it warm, love, always warm,
This little lock of hair!

Ah, dearest! see how pale and cold
Has grown this hand of mine!
No longer now it glows and thrills
Within the clasp of thine.
I go!—soon where my dying head
Is pillowed with fond care,
No trace of me shall linger, save
This little lock of hair!

I see thee not! I faintly feel
The fast tears thou dost weep;
Kiss down my quivering eyelids, love,
Thus, thus, and I will sleep.
I go where angels beckon me,
I go their heaven to share—
Yet with a longing envy leave
This little lock of hair!

A LOVER TO HIS FAITHLESS MISTRESS.

Thou false! thy voice is in mine ear;
The love-looks of thine eyes,
To meet my gaze most passionate,
In dreamy softness rise;
I feel the beating of thy heart--
I breathe thy perfumed sighs!

Thou false! thy thrilling fingers part
The locks from off my brow;
And on these lips, where live no more
Fond prayer and burning vow,
The wine and honey of thy kiss
Are lingering even now.

I mock myself with visions vain:
Another life than mine
Bathes in the rose-light of thy love;
Blush, tone, and glance of thine,
Are pouring through another heart
A tide of life divine!

At last I know thee—and my soul,
From all thy spells set free,
Abjures the cold, consummate art
Shrined as a soul in thee,
Priestess of falsehood—deeply learned
In all heart-treachery!

Yet look thou on me, if thine eyes
May dare again to scan
A face where honor is not masked,
Nor truth put under ban—
Wouldst know me for that poor, sad thing,
A spirit-broken man!

Ay, look!—is not this head yet borne
Full haughtily and high?
Is this lip tremulous with sighs,
Or pale with agony?
And wouldst thou feel a prouder fire
Outflashing from mine eye!

Each lingering, murmuring thought of love,
The heart which thou hast riven
Crushes to silence—each regret
For false joys thou hast given,
And flings thy very memory
To all the winds of heaven!

Go, lavish on another now
Thy frothy love's excess;
Go measure out thy practised words
Of lip-deep tenderness;
Go dupe him with thy well-trained smiles,
Thy meaningless caress!

Leave *him* in trusting folly blest—
Enchant, enchain him still—
Awake his most adoring thoughts,
Make every heartstring thrill,
Hold thou his life and very soul
The blind slaves of thy will!

I give thee joy: thou hear'st fond lips
A new love's tale repeating;
Thine every glance wealth's pomp and glare
And glittering gauds are meeting,
And merrily to the ring of coin
Thy hollow heart is beating!

Thou workest miracles, fair saint,
Not found in legends old:
Thy showers of silver tears return
To thee in showers of gold;
Thy melting kisses change to gems,
Sweet lady bought and sold!

HERVEY TO NINA.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN FREDERIKA BREMER

Divided in our lives, and yet twin-hearted,
Our sad first parents shared a happier fate;
When from Love's Eden, dearest, we departed,
'T was ours to sever at the outer gate.

Ah, yet I know whatever path thou 'rt tracing,
Thy tearful eye is sometimes backward cast;
Thou art not coldly from thy heart effacing
The thrilling story of our blissful past—

When life was like a sunset's glories blended
With all the waking splendors of the morn; [ed,
And when, dear love, if some light showers descend-
It seemed 't was but that rainbows might be born.

Oh warm, oh beautiful, oh glorious season,
Like the first blushing time of Cashmere's roses!
My soul forgets cold truth and worldly reason,
And in thy lap of languid joy reposes.

In reveries delicious I revisit
Each spot where Love's impassioned tale was told;
Where moments passed of pleasure so exquisite,
Time should have marked their flight with sands of gold.

Again upon my throbbing breast thou 'rt leaning,
Oh, fondly, wildly loved one—oh, adored!
Again come back thy words of tenderest meaning,
That once such raptures through my bosom poured.

Again I feel the wish, intense and burning,
To live within thy life, to drink thine air;
That deep, mysterious, and mighty yearning
Would draw me down from heaven, wert thou not there.

A fount there was within each bosom flowing,
That gushed not water, but love's purple wine;
Sparkling with rapture and with passion glowing,
It maketh mortals for a space divine.

'T was joy to know thee of that fountain drinking
Within my soul upspringing but for thee;
And I of thine as deeply, all unthinking
There might be madness in that draught for me.

When all of bliss the earth-born may inherit
Divinely lavish was around us thrown,
And when the mystic union of the spirit
Had twined our glowing beings into one—

Then were we parted: Hope's ecstatic vision
Grew dim with tears, and Joy's young pinion furled;
Pillowed on flowers, we had a dream Elysian,
And we have wakened in a stormy world!

Gone, gone, for ever! we beheld it vanish,
As a warm cloud melts in the blue above;
Yet from our souls no power create can banish
The golden memory of that dream of love!

CANST THOU FORGET?

r thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
ı out the shadowy realm of doubts and dreams,
ow Love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
ing our beings in its gorgeous gleams—
Canst thou forget?

of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,
ınd us was the morning breath of May;
met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
ı kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their
way: Canst thou forget?

thou forget when first thy loving fingers
gently back the locks upon my brow?
› my woman's thought that touch still lingers
softly glides along my forehead now!
Canst thou forget?

thou forget when every twilight tender,
dews and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove,
vhen the nights which came in starry splendor
ned dim and pallid to our heaven of love?
Canst thou forget!

thou forget the childlike heart-outpouring
er whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
ashes drooped to veil her eyes adoring,
speaking silence, and her blissful tears?
Canst thou forget?

: thou forget the last most mournful meeting,
trembling form clasped to thine anguished
breast,
ıeart against thine own, now wildly beating,
r fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-op-
pressed— Canst thou forget?

t thou forget, though all Love's spells be broken,
wild farewell which rent our souls apart?
that last gift, Affection's holiest token,
severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—
Canst thou forget?

t thou forget, beloved one—comes there never
angel of sweet visions to thy rest?
:s she not back the fond hopes fled for ever,
ile one lost name thrills through thy sleeping
breast— Canst thou forget?

IVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

ı, Earth! thy face hath not the grace
That smiling Heaven did bless,
hen thou wert "good," and blushing stood
In thy young loveliness;
ıd, mother dear, the smile and tear
In thee are strangely met;
ıy joy and wo together flow—
But ah! we love thee yet.

ıou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
Thrills with the lark's sweet song;
hen Nature seems to wake from dreams,
And laugh and dance along;
ıou 'rt fair at day, when clouds all gray
Fade into glorious blue;
When sunny Hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou 'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smiles of the sun;
When through the shades that twilight spreads
The stars peep, one by one;
Thou 'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod;
When moonlight pale on hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

And thou art grand, where lakes expand,
And mighty rivers roll;
Where Ocean proud with threatenings loud
Mocketh at man's control;
And grand thou art when lightnings dart
And gleam athwart the sky;
When thunders peal, and forests reel,
And storms go sweeping by!

We bless thee now, for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed;
For dew and showers, and beauteous bowers,
And blue skies overhead;
For morn's perfume, and midday's bloom,
And evening's hour of mirth;
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth!

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be, when sadly we
Shall turn to thee, and say:
"We are worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine for rest;
We come, we come, all wearied home—
Room, mother, in thy breast!"

"THERE WAS A ROSE."

There was a rose, that blushing grew
Within my life's young bower;
The angels sprinkled holy dew
Upon the blessed flower:
I glory to resign it, love,
Though it was dear to me;
Amid thy laurels twine it, love,
It only blooms for thee.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lost from some seraph's diadem—
It shone with Heaven's own light!
The world could never tear it, love,
That gem of gems from me;
Yet on thy fond breast wear it, love,
It only shines for thee.

There was a bird came to my breast,
When I was very young;
I only knew that sweet bird's nest,
To me she only sung;
But, ah! one summer day, love,
I saw that bird depart:
The truant flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart.

THE SCULPTOR'S LOVE.

THE sculptor paused before his finished work—
A wondrous statue of divinest mould.
Like Cytherea's were the rounded limbs,
The hands, in whose soft fulness, still and deep,
Like sleeping Loves, the chiseled dimples lay,
The hair's rich fall, the lip's exquisite curve;
But most like Juno's were the brow of pride,
And lofty bearing of the matchless head.
While over all, a mystic holiness,
Like Dian's purest smile, around her hung,
And hushed the idle gazer, like the air
Which haunts at night the temples of the gods.

As stood the sculptor, with still folded arms,
And viewed this shape of rarest loveliness,
No flush of triumph crimsoned o'er his brow,
Nor grew his dark eye luminous with joy.
Heart-crushed with grief, worn with intense desires,
And wasting with a mad, consuming flame,
He wildly gazed—his cold cheek rivalling
The whiteness of the marble he had wrought.
The robe's loose folds which lay upon his breast
Tumultuous rose and fell, like ocean-waves
Upheaved by storms beneath; and on his brow,
In beaded drops, the dew of anguish lay.
And thus he flung himself upon the earth,
And poured in prayer his wild and burning words:

"Great Jove, to thy high throne a mortal's prayer
In all the might of anguish struggles up!
Thou see'st this statue, chiseled by my hand—
Thou hast beheld, as day by day it grew
To more than earthly beauty, till it stood
The wonder of the glorious world of art.
The sculptor wrought not blindly: oft there came
Blest visions to his soul of forms divine;
Of white-armed Juno, in that hour of love,
When fondling close the cuckoo, tempest-chilled,
She all unconscious in that form did press
The mighty sire of the eternal gods
To her soft bosom!—Aphrodite fair
As first she trod the glad, enamored earth
With small, white feet, spray-dripping from the sea;
Of crested Dian, when her nightly kiss
Pressed down the eyelids of Endymion—
Her silvery presence making all the air
Of dewy Latmos tremulous with love.

"And now (deem not thy suppliant impious,
Our being's source, thou Father of all life,)
A wild, o'ermastering passion fires my soul;
I madly love the work my hand hath wrought!
Intoxicate, I gaze through all the day,
And mocking visions haunt my couch at night;
My heart is faint and sick with longings vain,
A passionate thirst is parching up my life.

"I call upon her, and she answers not!
The fond love-names I breathe into her ear
Are met with maddening silence; when I clasp
Those slender fingers in my fevered hand,
Their coldness chills me like the touch of death!
And when my heart's wild beatings shake my frame,
And pain my breast with love's sweet agony,
No faintest throb that marble bosom stirs!

"Oh, I would have an eye to gaze in mine;
An ear to listen for my coming step;
A voice of love, with tones like Joy's own
To ring their silver changes on mine ear;
A yielding hand, to thrill within mine own,
And lips of melting sweetness, full and wa
Would change this deathless stone to mortal
And barter immortality for love!

"If voice of earth, in wildest prayer, may
To godhood, throned amid the purple cloud
To animate this cold and pulseless stone,
Grant thou one breath of that immortal air
Which feedeth human life from age to age,
And floats round high Olympus.—Hear, O

"And so this form may shrine a soul of
Whose starry radiance shall unseal these ey
Send down the sky's blue deeps, O Sire di
One faintest gleam of that benignant smile
Which glows upon the faces of the gods,
And lights all heaven.—Hear, mighty Jove

He stayed his prayer, and on his statue g
Behold, a gentle heaving stirred its breast!
O'er all the form a flush of rose-light passe
Along the limbs the azure arteries throbbed
A golden lustre settled on the head,
And gleamed amid the meshes of the hair;
The rounded cheek grew vivid with a blush
Ambrosial breathings cleft the curvéd lips,
And softly through the archéd nostril stole;
The fringed lids quivered and uprose, and e
Like violets wet with dew drank in the ligh

Moveless she stood, until her wandering
Upon the rapt face of the sculptor fell:
Bewildered and abashed, it sank beneath
The burning gaze of his adoring eyes.
And then there ran through all her trembling
A strange, sweet thrill of blissful consciousn
Life's wildest joy, in one delicious tide,
Poured through the channels of her newborn
And Love's first sigh rose quivering from her b

She turned upon her pedestal, and smile
And toward the kneeling youth bent tender
He rose, sprang forward with a passionate c
And joyously outstretched his thrilling arm
And lo! the form he sculptured from the st
Instinct with life, and radiant with soul,
A breathing shape of beauty, soft and warn
Of mortal womanhood, all smiles and tears,
In love's sweet trance upon his bosom lay.

THE DREAM.

LAST night, my love, I dreamed of thee—
Yet 't was no dream elysian;
Draw closer to my breast, dear Blanche,
The while I tell the vision:
Methought that I had left thee long,
And, home in haste returning—
My heart, lip, cheek, with love and joy
And wild impatience burning—

I called thee through the silent house;
But here, at last, I found thee,
Where, deathly still and ghostly white,
The curtains fell around thee.
Dead—dead thou wert!—cold lay that fi
In rarest beauty moulded,

And meekly o'er thy still, white breast
The snowy hands were folded.
Methought thy couch was fitly strewn
With many a fragrant blossom;
Fresh violets thy fingers clasped,
And rosebuds decked thy bosom:
But thine eyes, so like young violets,
Might smile upon me never,
And the rose-bloom from thy cheek and lip
Had fled away for ever!
I raised thee lovingly—thy head
Against my bosom leaning,
And called thy name, and spoke to thee
In words of tenderest meaning.
I sought to warm thee at my breast—
My arms close round thee flinging;
To breathe my life into thy lips,
With kisses fond and clinging.
Oh, hour of fearful agony!
In vain my phrensied pleading;
Thy dear voice hushed, thy kind eye closed,
My lonely grief unheeding!
Pale wert thou as the lily-buds
Twined mid thy raven tresses,
And cold thy lip and still thy heart
To all my wild caresses!.....
I woke, amid the autumn night,
To hear the rain descending,
And roar of waves and howl of winds
In stormy concert blending.
But, oh! my waking joy was morn,
From heaven's own portals flowing,
And the summer of thy living love
Was round about me glowing!
I woke—ah, blessedness! to feel
Thy white arms round thee wreathing—
To hear, amid the lonely night,
Thy calm and gentle breathing!
I bent above thy rest till morn,
With many a whispered blessing—
Soft, timid kisses on thy lips
And blue-veined eyelids pressing.
While thus from Slumber's shadowy realm
Thy truant soul recalling,
Thou couldst not know whence sprang the tears
Upon thy forehead falling.
And oh, thine eye's sweet wonderment,
When thou didst ope them slowly,
To mark mine own bent on thy face
In rapture deep and holy!
Thou couldst not know, till I had told
That dream of fearful warning,
How much of heaven was in my words—
"God bless thee, love—good-morning!"

DARKENED HOURS.

With folded arms and drooping head,
I stand, my heart's blest goal unwon;
My soul's high purpose unattained—
But life—but life goes hurrying on!
I pause and linger by the way,
With fainting heart and slumbering powers,
And still the grand, immortal height
Which I would climb, before me towers.
And still far up its rugged steep,
The poet-laurel mocks mine eyes;
While sweetly on its summit wave
The fadeless flowers of paradise.
My voice is silent, though I mark
The toil and wo of human lives,
The beauty of that human love
That meekly suffers, trusts, and strives.
My voice is silent, though I see
The captive pining in his cell,
And hear the exiled patriot breathe
O'er the wild seas his sad farewell
No song of joy is on my lip
While Freedom's banners are unfurled,
And Freedom's fearless battle-shouts
And triumph-lays ring round the world!
No glow of rapturous feeling comes
To flush my cheek, or light mine eye,
While golden splendors of the morn
Are kindling all the eastern sky.
Nor when, while dews weigh down the rose,
I read amid the shadowy even
That bright Evangel of our God,
Whose words are worlds, the starry heaven.
Yet was my nature formed to feel
The gladness and the grief of life—
To thrill at Freedom's name, and joy
In all her brave and holy strife;
To tremble with the perfect sense
Of all things lovely or sublime,
The glory of the midnight heaven,
The beauty of the morning time.
God-written thoughts are in my heart,
And deep within my being lie
Eternal truths and glorious hopes,
Which I must speak before I die
Who shall restore the early faith,
The fresh, strong heart, the utterance bold?
Ah! when may be this weary weight
From off my groaning spirit rolled?
To Thee I turn, before whose throne
No earnest suppliant bows in vain:
My spirit's faint and lonely cry
Thou wilt not in thy might disdain.
Awake in me a truer life!
A soul to labor and aspire;
Touch thou my mortal lips, O God,
With thine own truth's immortal fire!
Be with me in my darkened hours—
Bind up my bruised heart once more;
The grandeur of a lofty hope
About my lowly being pour!
Give strength unto my spirit's wing,
Give light unto my spirit's eye,
And let the sunshine of thy smile
Upon my upward pathway lie!
Thus, when my soul in thy pure faith
Hath grown serene, and free, and strong
Thy greatness may exalt my thought,
Thy love make beautiful my song.

LOVE AND DARING.

Thou darest not love me! thou canst only see
The great gulf set between us: hadst thou *love*,
'T would bear thee o'er it on a wing of fire!
Wilt put from thy faint lip the mantling cup,
The draught thou 'st prayed for with divinest thirst,
For fear a poison in the chalice lurks!
Wilt thou be barred from thy soul's heritage,
The power, the rapture, and the crown of life,
By the poor guard of danger set about it!
I tell thee that the richest flowers of heaven
Bloom on the brink of darkness. Thou hast marked
How sweetly o'er the beetling precipice
Hangs the young June-rose with its crimson heart:
And wouldst not sooner peril life to win
That royal flower, that thou mightst proudly wear
The trophy on thy breast, than idly pluck
A thousand meek-faced daisies by the way!
How dost thou shudder at Love's gentle tones,
As though a serpent's hiss were in thine ear!
Albeit thy heart throbs echo to each word,
Why wilt not rest, oh weary wanderer,
Upon the couch of flowers Love spreads for thee,
On banks of sunshine!—voices silver-toned
Shall lull thy soul with strange, wild harmonies,
Rock thee to sleep upon the waves of song;
Hope shall watch o'er thee with her breath of dreams,
Joy hover near, impatient for thy waking—
Her quick wing glancing through the fragrant air.
Why dost thou pause hard by the rose-wreathed
Why turn thee from the paradise of youth. [gate!
Where Love's immortal summer blooms and glows,
And wrap thyself in coldness as a shroud!
Perchance 'tis well for *thee*—yet does the flame
That glows with heat intense and mounts toward
As fitly emblem holiest purity [heaven,
As the still snow-wreath on the mountain's brow.
Thou darest not say, "I love," and yet thou lovest,
And think'st to crush the mighty yearning down,
That in thy spirit shall upspring for ever!
Twinned with thy soul, it lived in thy first thoughts,
It haunted with strange dreams thy boyish years,
And colored with its deep, empurpled hue,
The passionate aspirations of thy youth.
Go, take from June her roses; from her streams
The bubbling fountain-springs; from life take love,
Thou hast its all of sweetness, bloom, and strength.
There is a grandeur in the soul that dares
To live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield;
That plucks its joy in the shadow of Death's wing,
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eye
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and not fall!

A MORNING RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of l
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrir
its strife—
When its fruits turned to ashes are mock
taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate
Then come ye not near me my sad heart t
With Friendship's soft accents or Sympathy
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant youn
With his high-arched neck and his nostril
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the stron
The strength of my spirit returneth again:
The bonds are all broken which fettered my
And my cares borne away on the wings of the
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed
And the queen in my nature now puts on her
Now we 're off like the winds to the plains
they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing t
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he
On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' earl
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
Still faster, still farther he leaps at my chec
Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in m
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track—
See his glancing hoof tossing the white pebble
Now a glen dark as midnight—what mat
we 'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks
frown;
The thick branches shake as we're hurrying th
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew.
What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlis
Such a steed in the might of his strength ma
mand!
What a glorious creature! ah, glance at hir
As I check him a while on this green hillock's
How he tosses his mane with a shrill, joyous
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately
Hurrah, off again—dashing on, as in ire,
Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with
Ho, a ditch!—shall we pause? No, the bo
we dare—
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through
Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may pr
Not the 'wildering waltz in the ballroom's
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring ra
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shor
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

"HELEN IRVING" is the graceful *nom de ume* of Miss ANNA H. PHILLIPS, of Lynn, assachusetts—probably the youngest of ir young American poetesses. She is not professional authoress, having written but tle, and published less; but, judging by the ality rather than the quantity of her proctions, she can not be denied the possesion of a fine poetical genius. Her first poem, ove and Fame, which appeared in the Home ournal, in the spring of 1847, Mr. Willis thus introduced to the public; "We might have called attention, very reasonably and justly, to the beautiful versification of this production—to the melody, and the varied succession of melody, in the flow of the stanzas. They prove the nicest possible ear, with the happiest subjection to critical judgment. True genius is in the conception, we think, and an assurance of successful genius lies in the twin excellence of giving so beautiful a thought its fit embodiment."

LOVE AND FAME.

r had passed in all its grandeur, that sounding summer shower
Iad paid its pearly tribute to each fair expectant flower,
ınd while a thousand sparklers danced lightly on the spray,
Close folded to a rosebud's heart one tiny rain-drop lay.

Throughout each fevered petal had the heaven-brought freshness gone,
They had mingled dew and fragrance till their very souls were one;
The bud its love in perfume breathed, till its pure and starry guest
Grew glowing as the life-hue of the lips it fondly pressed.

He dreamed away the hours with her, his gentle bride and fair,
No thought filled his young spirit, but to dwell for ever there,
While ever bending wakefully, the bud a fond watch kept,
For fear the envious zephyrs might steal him as he slept.

But forth from out his tent of clouds in burnished armor bright,
The conquering sun came proudly in the glory of his might,
And, like some grand enchanter, resumed his wand of power,
And shed the splendor of his smile on lake, and tree, and flower.

Then, peering through the shadowy leaves, the rain-drop marked on high,
A many-hued triumphal arch span all the eastern sky—
He saw his glittering comrades all wing their joyous flight,
And stand—a glorious brotherhood—to form that bow of light!

Aspiring thoughts his spirit thrilled—"Oh, let me join them, love!
I'll set thy beauty's impress on yon bright arch above,
And, as a world's admiring gaze is raised to iris fair,
'T will deem my own dear rosebud's tint the loveliest color there!"

The gentle bud released her clasp—swift as a thought he flew,
And brightly mid that glorious band he soon was glowing too—
All quivering with delight to feel that she, his rosebud bride,
Was gazing, with a swelling heart, on this, his hour of pride!

But the shadowy night came down at last—the glittering bow was gone,
One little hour of triumph was all the drop had won:
He had lost the warm and tender glow, his distant bud-love's hue,
And he sought her sadly sorrowing—a tear-dimmed star of dew.

NINA TO RIENZI.*

LEAVE thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus,
Why should I quit thy side?
Say, shall I shrink with craven fear,
Thine own, and freedom's bride?
Whence comes the sternness on thy lip—
Needs Nina to be tried?

* It is recorded, that when the "last of the tribunes" saw, in the discontent of the people and the withdrawal of the favor of the church, approaching peril, he bade his young wife seek shelter with those who would cherish and shield her, and leave him to meet danger alone. But she nobly preferred suffering and death with him she loved, to life with separation from him.

I leave thee! didst thou win and wed
A fond, weak girl—to twine
Her arms around thee in thy joy—
To press her lips to thine,
And breathe a love born of the heart,
But not the soul divine!

To thrill with childish awe, whene'er
Thy brow grew dark with thought,
And when the threat'ning lightnings gleamed
Thy dark'ning sky athwart,
Shrink from the crash, and leave thee lone,
Amid the wrecks it wrought!

Am I not thine—wedded to thee
In heart, and soul, and mind—
Thou, and free Rome, within my breast
As on one altar shrined—
My destiny, my very life,
Closely with thine entwined!

Thou calledst me thine, when freemen flung
Fame's laurel on thy brow;
And am I less thine own—my love
Less fondly cherished now,
When Rome dishonoring miscreants dar
That fame to disavow!

Look in mine eyes! thou know'st thy lo
Has been to me a heaven,
In which my soul has floated, like
The one pure star of even—
Proud in the lofty consciousness
Of glory gained and given.

Nay, strive not to look coldly, love,
Thou reckst not of the power
With which my heart will cling to thine
In mad misfortune's hour—
Glowing more bright its changeless truth
As darker storms shall lower.

And oh, Rienzi! should Heaven deem
Thy sacred mission done,
How glorious 'twere to die with thee,
My own, my worshipped one—
As, bathed in living light, the day
Dies with the setting sun!

THE END.

PUBLICATIONS

OF

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